CIRCULATION LAST WEEK,
118,000.

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TOLEDO WEEKLY BLADE

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THE NEW BLADE
Sewing Machine
See Fifth Page.

Poetry.

THE CIRCUS IN THE BARN.

"Only three pins!" cried little Ray,
"To go into our barn to-day,
And see a circus with a clown;
A bearback rider, Jimmie Brown,
And lemonade, a pin a glass—
Bill Jones will sell it on the grass,
I'm going to be the ticket man,
I want to sell all that I can:
One for mamma, one for Bess,
And six for all her dolls, I guess;
And then, you know, Jane must come, too,
And little Ned, and Grace, and you."
I'd not a pin, and so I went
To mamma's cushion—some were bent
And would not pass, and I had quite
A time to make the change just right,
Then when we all got to the door
A downcast look my lad's face wore;
The circus men could not agree
As to who the ringmaster should be;
The trapeze boy had hurt his head
And should not act, his mother said;
The clown's Aunt Kate forgot that day
The circus came and went away,
And did not sew the silver stars
Upon his trousers, nor the bars
Of blue and red. It was too bad,
And so I told my little lad.
He said he wished he was a man,
Then he could carry out each plan;
But I wished much that I could be
A lad again, and once more see
Those good old days when pins were made
The lawful currency of trade.
—[Doll's Dressmaker.

A SERENADE.

Soft beams the moon above,
Bright glow the stars, my love,
As thy dark eyes, when they gaze in my own.
Gently the zephyrs blow,
Murmurs the streamlet low,
Night her thin mist-robe o'er Nature has thrown.

Hear the cicala's note,
Now near, and now remote,
Strikes, with monotonous shrillness, the ear.
The night bird's song, so sweet,
Silent is, and at thy feet,
I alone sing to thee, Chita, so dear.

Still is her casement dark.
No sign—ah! doth she hark?
Will she not fling e'en a rosebud to me?
Well, she's my heart's delight,
Tho' she is "out of sight,"
Both in slang parlance and reality.
—[William Barclay Dunham, in New York Sun.

OUGH!

The ploughboy whistled behind his plough,
For his lungs were sound and he had to cough;
He guided his team with a pliant bough,
And watered it well by the wayside trough.

The toil was hard for the land was rough—
It lay on the shores of an Irish lough—
But his well-fed team was stout and tough
And he plied his bough to flank and hough.

He toiled all day and the crow and chough
Flew around his head though he oft cried "Shough!"
But his plough at eve struck a hidden sough
With a force that sent the share clear through.

The frightened team ran off with the plough,
With the speed of the wind from the ploughboy, though
He he shouted "Woa!" and into a slough
It plunged, where the mud was soft as dough.
—[Globe-Democrat.

For the Blade.

YOUR FLOWERS.

BY IDA ESTELLE CROUCH.

From the haunts of the woodland echoes,
Where the nymphs of the wildwood dwell,
From the tremulous shades of the forest,
From the cool, dim deeps of the dell,

Come these children of air and sunshine,
Whose sweetness and purity blend—
The snowy blooms of the bloodroot,
As a cherished gift from a friend.

Miscellany.

Marshall Wilder's Jests.

Two on Thanksgiving—Healy as a Politician—An Admirer of System—Traveling in America and in England.

[Copyright, 1891.]

Thanksgiving is so near at hand that the farmers are putting the last touches of fat upon their old turkeys, and the ministers are fattening up their old Thanksgiving sermons, which reminds me of a little story which may be interesting and beneficial to both of the industrial classes named. It's only this:

One fall an old farmer began to feed up the only two turkeys he had remaining. One of them ate everything that was offered him, but the other went hungry and kept himself very thin, for he was an experienced old chap, who had seen all of his family and friends disappear, and knew just where they'd gone. So he said to himself, "If I don't eat anything, I won't be fit to kill, and I'll have a chance to peck through another year." So he went on starving himself until there wasn't much of him left except bones and feathers, but just before Thanksgiving the farmer killed both turkeys, put a big stone in the middle of the thin one, and sold him to the grocer for rather more than the fat one brought. Moral: It's never safe to refuse a good thing.

Everybody ought to be thankful on Thanksgiving day. Some people think they haven't got much to be thankful for, but they might, at least, be grateful that things aren't any worse. But there's a good many that never can be satisfied. They remind me of a little boy that I met in the street. He was crying so hard that he appealed to my sympathies. "Well boy, said I, "lost your mother?"

"Nope," said he.

"Lost something else?" said I.

"Yep," said he, with a sob.

"What is it, then?" said I.

"I didn't feel good," sobbed he, "and I cried, an' a man give me a penny, an' I felt bad some more, an' another man give me a penny, an' now I feel bad 'cause I've lost my belly-ache that made me feel bad in the first place."

Everybody ought to feel good-natured on Thanksgiving day, ought to be friendly to whoever they meet, no matter who it is. They ought to be like an old fellow up in Vermont, upon whom a young man called one day, introduced himself as the son of an old local preacher who had preached about there, and said he'd called upon this old parishioner of his father's merely for sentimental reasons.

"Come in, come in!" exclaimed the old parishioner, heartily. "Your father was a warm friend of mine. I'd be glad to see your father's dog. Come right in!"

I've been reading a great deal of politics lately, as everybody's had to. I've also heard about the row which Jim Healy got into over in England lately, and the two together remind me of a story I heard about Jim when he was a boy. His father was in doubt as to whether to make him a lawyer, a parson or a merchant. So he put on a table a bible, a sixpence and an apple, and called the boy in, determining to choose a profession according to his son's choice. Young Jim came in and saw the articles on the table. Without hesitation, he put the sixpence between the leaves of the bible, tucked the bible under his arm, and began to eat the apple.

"That settles it," exclaimed Healy, the elder. "If he's such a hog as that, I'll make a politician of him."

Every time I've started out on one of my reading tours lately, I've had a hard time to get to the ticket-window of the railway station. There are always a lot of people there who are asking questions. They remind me of an old woman whom I heard of in London who went to a station a little way out of the city and asked when the next train would go to London.

"Twelve-fifteen," said the agent, It was then 9 a. m.

Shortly afterward the woman came again and asked the same question. Same reply.

At 10 o'clock, same question, same answer, and so on at intervals of thirty minutes until 11:30. Then the agent was vexed.

"Madam," said he, "no train will pass this station—express, freight, goods, or accommodation, to London or from London—until 12:15."

"Oh," responded tge old lady, much relieved, "then I think I'll venture to cross the tracks."

All railroads ought to have more system about their passenger office business. Everybody admires system, even those that suffer by it, if they happen to be business men. Why, I heard about a Hebrew who climbed up two flights of stairs to a room where Jones & Brown had set up a bankrupt sale of gloves. The gloves had been marked down to $1.50 a pair. Jones was present.

"Gif you seventy-fife cents," said Moses.

"No."

"Call it a dollar?"

"No."

"Dollar ten?"

"No."

"Well, now then, we'll be reasonable. Call it one fifteen?"

"No siree!" exclaimed Jones, thoroughly exasperated, "not a cent less than one-fifty." And he seized the Hebrew and fired him down stairs.

Now it so happened that Brown was coming up just then, and, supposing it was all right, he fired Moses down the second flight. There he chanced to fall against a porter, who conceived it to be the proper thing to assist matters, and he fired the fellow down the steps into the street. The Hebrew landed on all fours, got up, and looked back at Jones & Brown's establishment with evident admiration.

"Mine gracious!" he exclaimed, "vot a system!"

Still, in railroading, there's no possibility of suiting everybody and setting everybody at rights. I remember hearing about an Irishman, who once was journeying by a slow train to Philadelphia. At Trenton, where they stopped, they met one of the magnificent limited trains bound for New York., and while both halted, the Irishman saw one of his friends in the window of the limited.

"Come over," said Mike, "and see how I thravel."

Paddy went over and all through the limited train, and admired it greatly.

"Immense!" said he.

"Isn't it foine?" said Mike.

Meanwhile, the limited resumed its journey. The two Irishmen noticed this presently.

"Wonderful!" exclaimed Paddy. "Here we are; you're bound for Philadelphia, and I for New York—and—be jabbers!—we're on the same train!"

There'd be a great deal less fun in the world if there weren't any Irishmen in it. They're always doing something to amuse other people, and not knowing it themselves. There was one of them once watching a German who was playing a trombone. Presently Dutchy laid down his instrument and went out for a beer. Paddy investigated, and promptly pulled the horn to pieces. Dutchy returned.

"Who's meddled with my trombone?" he asked indignantly.

"Oi did," said Paddy. "Here ye've been for two hours trying to pull it apart, and I did it in one minute."

I believe I've remarked before that one sees a good deal of human nature in traveling in railway cars, and its just the same the other side of the water that it is here. One day in a suburban tram-car in London that I got into, the seats were all full but one vacant place. Man, very drunk, hanging to a strap, tries to sit down. Another man, not relishing a beery companion, spreads himself all over the seat. The "jag" steadies himself a minute, pulls himself together and asks sobriety to "move up." Sobriety refuses.

"You're drunk," says sobriety.

"I know that—hic—" replied the "jag" with some difficulty. "I'm drunk, but I'll get over it. Yore a—hic—hog, and you'll never get over it."

Merrily yours,
MARSHALL P. WILDER.

AS IT IS IN GOTHAM.

Weariness.

The sermon seemed never so long before
As once when I waited outside the door
In order to see her home in the rain,
Then I found my rival had beat me again.

A Crowded Church.

Mrs. Hicks—Was the church crowded this morning?

Dick Hicks—I should say it was; the minister had to stand up.

Anticipations.

With great delight the parson sees
All youthful lovers—
The joyous thought of wedding fees
About him hovers.

On the Way Home From Church.

Funnyman—The soloist mentioned a strange fact in natural history this morning.

Mrs. F.—What was that?

Funnyman—Why, she sang about "Fleas like a bird." I never saw one.

A Very Good Excuse.

When she prays she never looks at me,
Yet I call it not unkind—
Hardly the proper thing it would be,
For, you see, I sit behind.
—[N. Y. Herald.

A Man of Business.

A man said that he wanted to see the president of the bank, and was told that the president was busy. "But I must see him," the visitor insisted. "It is to his interest as well as mine, and if you don't show me in, you will be the cause of the bank losing money, that's all."

His air was so commanding and his voice was so persuasive that he was shown into the president's room.

"Good morning, sir!"

"Good morning," the president responded, giving the visitor a look of inquiry.

"I wish to open an account with you."

"Ah! sit down, sir."

The visitor seated himself and then said: "Yes, I want to deposit with you."

"Glad to hear it, sir. About what amount do you wish to deposit?"

"Well, I don't exactly know yet," the visitor answered. "In fact, it somewhat depends. I have just started a paper, a weekly publication of great merit, I assure you, and I should very much like an advertisement from your bank; and as you are a thorough business man, I didn't know but I might make this sort of a deal with you: 'Give me an advertisement and I will let the sum that it amounts to go in as a deposit.' Here," and he whipped out a "dummy" of his sheet, "look at this magnificent space. Ain't it a lulu? I mean don't it show up to the queen's taste? Now you take this space for three months at one hundred dollars and just credit me upon your books for that amount. Don't you see how easy and business-like it is?"

It was some time before the president could speak, and he did not use violent language, but it was noticed that when the visitor came out, his countenance looked as though it had been subjected to hard usage.—[Arkansaw Traveler.

A Cautious President.

The frequency with which New York bank cashiers take advantage of their opportunities is causing some disgust. The president of a New York bank remarked not long since to one of the principal stockholders and depositors.

"I feel much safer with the funds than I did last week."

"I am glad to hear it. I have been feeling very uneasy about my money. What precautions have you taken?

"I've had a special telephone wire connected with the Grand Central depot and the man who sells tickets has got a photograph of our cashier, so if he tries to go to Canada we will know in time to have the scoundrel arrested."

About a week afterward the president himself went to Montreal with most of the assets.—[Texas Siftings.

Not Evidence at All.

On a Niagara street car the other night was an aged Irishman who held a pipe in his mouth. The conductor told him he could not smoke, but he paid no heed. Presently the conductor came into the car and exclaimed with a show of irritation: "Didn't I tell you you couldn't smoke on this car?

"Well, Oi'm not smokin'."

"You've got a pipe in your mouth."

"So Oi have me feet in me boots, but Oi'm not walkin'."—[Buffalo Courier.

YESTERDAY AND TO-DAY.

A Romance for the Reader to Work Out for Himself.

It is at the Union depot, Chicago. A train has just pulled in. Outside the great iron gates is a hurrying throng. One woman, who passes westward, attracts attention. She possesses the remains of patrician beauty. Her silken gown, covered with cut jet, glitters like black mail. Diamonds flash at her throat. There is a rouge on her cheek. Her insolent eyes are artistically darkened.

"Robert!"

The cry is wrung from her. A man with hair prematurely gray has just descended the broad steps. He holds a girl of six by the hand. She is daintly dressed in snowy mull. A great shirred white hat makes a background for the smiling little face, the innocent blue eyes, the golden curls. The man endeavors to pass.

"Only this once!" the woman pleads.

"You may speak to her." He steps aside.

"We have come," cries the child in joyful confidence as the stranger leans down, "to meet mamma."

The woman pales under her paint.

"Not my own mamma, you know!" in sweet explanation. "She died long ago."

"Do you," low and fiercely, "remember her?"

"A little. She was like you! But she had not such a shining brooch or such pink cheeks."

The woman shrinks as from a blow.

"Do you love this—this mamma?"

"Yes; she is good, but she wants me to, and," with a wistful sincerity, "I do love my own mamma best!"

There is a vibration of the rails. A shriek. The train thunders in. The woman leans to kiss the rose lips of the child. She draws back suddenly. It would be a sacrilege. May not God's angels record this moment as one of magnificent expiation? The train disgorges. The man takes the child's hand. She looks back at the lovely lady.

"Good-by," she cries, laughingly. The eyes that follow her are wet and tender.

"Why is she crying, papa, and why are you?"

"Hush, dear! He takes a sweet-faced woman in his arms.

"We have missed you so!"

"Have you, darling?" she asks the child.

"O, yes!"

Her stepmother caresses the soft curls; kisses her gently.

The woman by the stairway sees it all.

Then they go home.—[Chicago Tribune.

WHISPERED SOFT AND LOW.

The Lullaby Which was Sung Above for Little Josef.

In one corner of a large bare room, in which the chairs are ranged primly 'round the walls, sits Nita rolling pudgy cigarettes from a pile of Buetra Abajo tobacco and white rice papers. She can hardly see to tuck in the ends with her bone bodkin for the tears that persist in filling her black eyes. She turns quickly as a voice from the bed of straw in an opposite corner feebly calls:

"Nita."

"Yes, Josef."

"Has the padre come yet?"

"No, dear. He will soon be here."

"Do you know, little sister," exclaimed he, "that I do not think I shall see him when he comes? It is very near."

"What is near, my pretty one?"

"Heaven, Nita."

A sob shakes her bosom and she goes to his side and presses her warm, living hands on his cold forehead.

"Nita, darling," continues he, "do you remember when our little mother was here how she would place her hands on thy head and on my head when the day was gone and we were ready for rest?"

"Yes, Josef."

"And do you remember the pictures we used to look at in the big book? The angels, with their great wide wings; the floods of dazzling light; the great, golden throne, with the mighty King seated on it; the musicians with their cymbals and drums and castanets? Do you remember, Nita?"

"Yes, my sweet one. Do you see all that?"

"No. I see nothing; but it is as it was when mamaita was here with her hands about us at the close of day. I hear music, but it is not the clashing of cymbals. It is a little song. An old song. 'Nita, it is the lullaby mamaita used to sing to us. Soft and low. Soft and low. Do you hear it? Listen!"

She makes no answer, for her face is buried in the straw, and her frame is shaken with a storm of woe.

"Kiss me, Nita," whispers the boy. "Kiss me. The lullaby is finished, and I must go to rest. Kiss me—good night."

She passionately presses her red lips to his pallid ones, and then he sighs, his heart stops its beating, and he is dead.

As the girl lifts her head she sees in the open door the black-robed padre, with hands clasped and eyes downcast in prayer.

"O, father," she says, reproachfully, "you came too late to give him absolution."

The eyes of the good man are raised and he whispers:

"He needed it not, my child. Purity cannot be purified."—[Chicago Tribune.

THE METRIC SYSTEM.

Its Use Has Been Authorized but Never Enforced in This Country.

Several British consuls have recently warned their countrymen they were losing considerable trade in foreign countries owing to their persistent use of English weights and measures in their circulars and price lists, which were frequently unintelligible to most of the foreign dealers, whereas their French, German and other competitors used the metric system, which was familiar to everybody, and naturally attracted custom. These warnings apply equally well to the exporters of the United States, says the *Scientific American*. The use of the metric or decimal system was authorized by our laws many years ago, but the use has not yet been made compulsory; hence the majority of the people cling to the old system and dislike to change, although the metric is more simple and easily understood.

The metric system is so much more convenient, saves so much time, and has now become so generally adopted throughout the world that the United States ought no longer refuse to fall into line. A very little pressure would suffice to bring about the change. It would do the business, probably, if Congress were simply to pass a law requiring that estimates, contracts and bills specifying weights and measures, when not made out metrically, must bear a revenue stamp of one dime. Rather than pay a small tax, everybody would at once use the decimal system, and the change would be as smooth as the system itself.

TALL GIRLS ARE GOOD FORM.

Slimness and Aspiring Height Are Quite the Thing at Present.

It is the fashion for girls to be tall. This is much more than saying that tall girls are the fashion, says a writer in *Harper's*. It means not only that the tall girl has come in, but that girls are tall and are becoming tall because it is the fashion, and because there is a demand for that sort of girl. There is no hint of stoutness, indeed the willowy pattern is preferred, but neither is leanness suggested; the women of the period have got hold of the poet's idea, "tall and most divinely fair," and are living up to it. Perhaps this change in fashion is more noticeable in England and on the continent than in America, but that may be because there is less room for change in America, our girls being always of an aspiring turn. Very marked the phenomenon is in Europe this year; on the street, at any concert or reception, the number of tall girls is so large as to occasion remark, especially among the young girls just coming into the conspicuousness of womanhood. The tendency of the new generation is toward unusual height and gracious slimness. The situation would be embarrassing to thousands of men who have been too busy to think about growing upward, were it not for the fact that the tall girl, who must be looked up to, is almost invariably benignant, and bears her height with a sweet timidity that disarms fear. Besides, the tall girl has now come on in such force that confidence is infused into the growing army, and there is a sense of support in this survival of the tallest that is very encouraging to the young.

WHEN THE LAMP IS LIGHTED.

An Autumn Girl.

I am a locket.

I hang about Julie's neck by a bit of narrow ribbon.

The two men before the fire have both seen me before.

Jack is thinking of the blaze of the August sun that day on the sands when he helped her cut his photograph to fit my circle. He is thinking he has neglected her lately. Poor Julie! Yet in the bottom of his heart he loves her still.

He does not know that Tom, who is looking at me now has a fresher memory. For he is of September. It was a foggy evening, and in coming down the mountain path they walked closely side by side—he and Julie—and he gave her his picture that night when they parted. And as soon as she had locked her door, she put it in her locket. She used Jack's to measure with in cutting the card.

"If you will excuse me I'll call papa, I think some man in the library is waiting to see him on business." And Julie smiled brightly as she leaves the room.

As she does so I fall tingling to the floor at the feet of the two men.

It was very careless of me.

Two heads collide.

"I beg your pardon, Tom."

"Not at all, Jack."

"I will keep the locket until she returns."

"Thanks! But I confess to personal interest in that locket."

"You? When it holds my portrait!" (smiling.)

"Your portrait!" (smiling also.) "Hardly."

"You insinuate——"

"That it holds my own."

A moment's pause. Both hiss:

"Prove it!"

My lid flies open.

A sigh—two sighs.

"He wanted to 'see papa,' Jack."

"Yes, Tom—and 'on business'."

The face is that of the man in the library.

They are not in it.—[Truth.

Opinion For Smokers.

"Few people know how to smoke a cigar properly" said a tobacconist. "In fact, few know anything at all about a cigar. Many imagine that in order to obtain all the flavor of a good cigar it is necessary to keep the tip absolutely free from ashes. As a result they snap the cigar with their fingers until the wrapper is broken and their Habana is useless. They destroy their cigar in the attempt to remove the very thing that preserves its flavor.

"Again, it is the popular belief that a cigar partly smoked and then allowed to go out is worthless. But the contrary is the case. A good cigar is made still better if the smoker lights it, consumes it partly and, after expelling all smoke from the weed, permits it to go out. Try it and see. I do not say that this holds good with a poor cigar or with a good cigar unless you force the smoke out of it, but do as I say and will see that it adds to the pleasure of your smoke.

"Not one man out of one hundred can tell a good cigar. Why, men come in here and buy 25-cent cigars who cannot distinguish between what they buy and a 5-cent cigar, so far as the quality goes. A man's taste must be educated in this as in anything else. He must be taught to tell a good cigar from a bad one. Some men have smoked such rank cigars for years that now they cannot taste a cigar unless it is the blackest, strongest and sharpest on the market. The stronger a cigar the more likely it is to be of inferior quality.

"Lastly never buy a 10-cent cigar. Let it be 5 or 15 or over, but never a 10-cent one. Why? Because the 10-cent cigar is made of the leavings of higher-priced cigars and for that reason is inferior to them. A good 5-cent cigar is made of first-class second-grade tobacco, which makes a better smoke than second-class first-grade tobacco, or the 10-cent cigar"—[New York Sun.

Something Wrong.

At the breakfast table yesterday morning:

"Well," said the "brute" to his wife as he took his place, "who are the new neighbors next door?"

"Why, how should I know?" answered the wife.

"Don't you know their name?"

"Of course not."

"Are they wealthy?"

"I'm sure I don't know."

"The man an old skinflint?"

"I don't know."

"His wife extravagant?"

"You will have to ask some one else."

"Any daughter? And are they proud and stuck-up?"

"Why, Harry? I don't know."

"Anything mysterous about them? A secret connected with the family?"

"I don't know anything about them."

"What! You don't?"

"No."

"They have been here twenty-four hours. I'll send the doctor up as I go down town."

"What are going to send the doctor up for?"

"Something must be the matter with you. That family has lived next to us for a whole day and you don't know the first thing about them yet. You need attending to."

And then he buried himself in his paper.—[Exchange.

The Colonel's Dinner.

A Confederate soldier of Gen. Bragg's army has much to say of the state of semi-starvation in which he and his comrades were much of the time kept.

"While we were in Chattanooga my father paid me a visit. Rations were mighty scarce. I was very glad to see him, but felt ashamed to have him know how badly off we were for something to eat. We were living on parched corn.

"Finally I hit upon a plan for getting him a good dinner. I invited him to go with me to the colonel's tent.

"'Col. Field,' said I, 'I wish to introduce you to my father, and, as rations are a little short in the mess just now, perhaps you will be good enough to invite him to dine with you?'

"'Certainly,' answered Col. Field; 'I shall be happy to have both of you remain to dinner.'

"I accepted the invitation with many thinks, and just then a young negro came in with a frying-pan of parched corn and dumped it on an old cloth.

"'Master,' he said, 'dinner is ready;' and we all sat down. The colonel, like the private soldier, had nothing to eat but parched corn."—[Youth's Companion.

A Conqueror.

In the smoking compartment.

Noisy youth (to fellow spirits)—"Correct, boys, we're a dangerous lot of mashers."

The quiet passenger—"Gentlemen, I don't take kindly to slang, but I believe I have made more mashes—as you call them—than all of you put together."

"Prove what you say."

"I'm a baggage master."—[Pittsburg Bulletin.

The Fireman's Hope.

Sick Fireman—"I hope, my dear boy, that I haven't been too good in this life"

Consoling Friend—"Why I am astonished to hear you express any such hope as that! Explain the meaning of it."

Sick Fireman—"Oh, well, I don't believe I'd enjoy myself a bit in the next world if I didn't have a chance to run to a fire now and then."—[Boston Courier.

Power of Will.

Expectant Nephew—"How is my rich uncle to-day?"

Family Physician—"Much better. His will keeps him alive."

Nephew (sadly)—"I'm afraid that's so. He made his will in my favor twenty years ago, and I don't believe he'll die while that will is in existence."—[Good News.

Our Serial Story.

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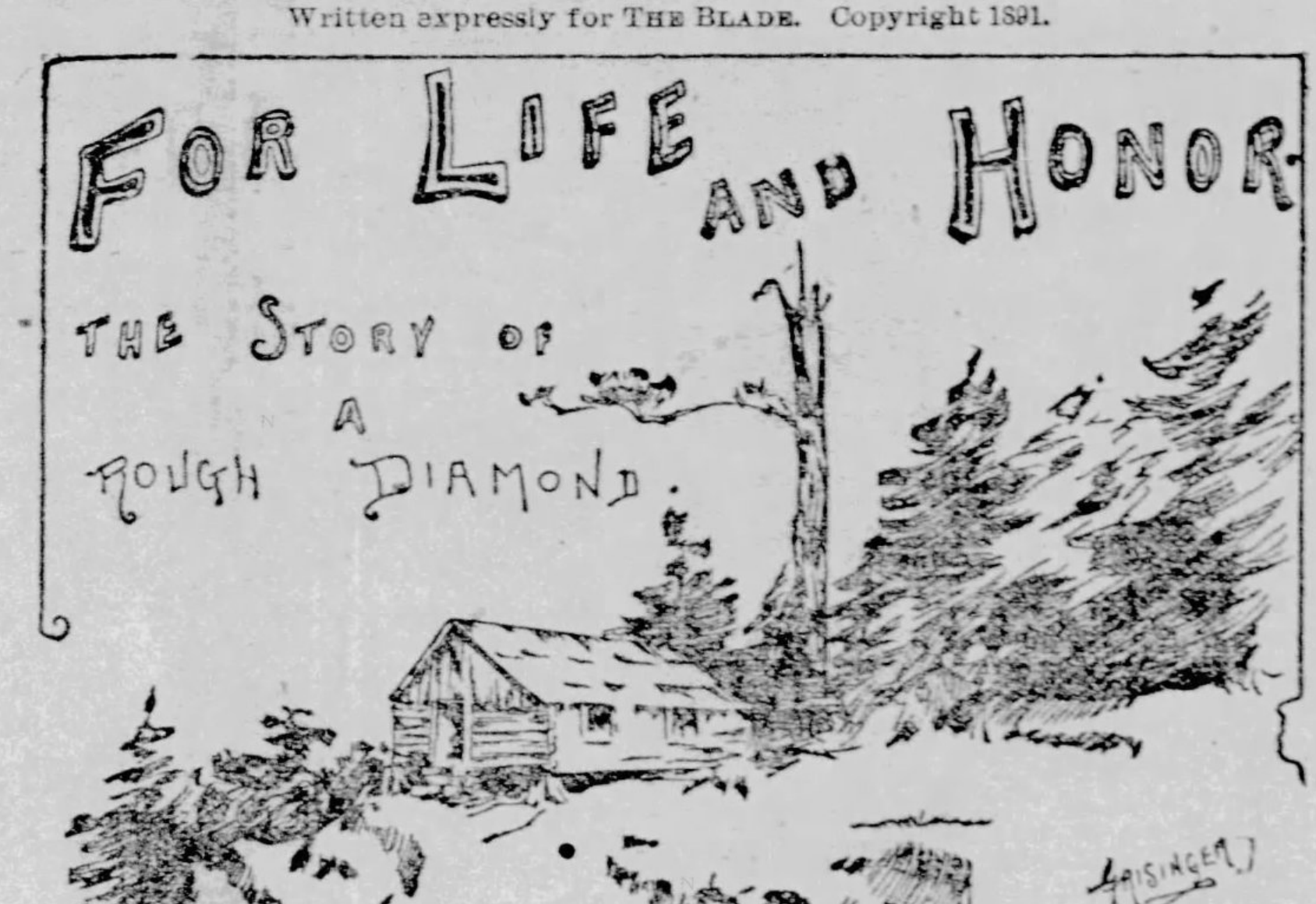


CHAPTER XXI.—(CONTINUED.)

Meanwhile, Colonel Vandeveer, utterly unconscious of the troubles at home, was closeted in Detective Tipton's private office. That gentleman had just returned, and the colonel, anxious to hear the result of his mission, had at once called upon him for the details.

"Well, colonel," said Tipton, beginning his narrative, "my search reminds me very much of the man who started on a road with which he was unfamiliar. As he went on the road dwindled to a footpath, then shrank into a cow-trail through the woods, and finally ended in a squirrel track which ran up a tree."

"I infer, then, Mr. Tipton, that your search has not been attended with that degree of success which you could have wished?"

"It looks so at present," replied the detective, "though it may be that the squirrel track goes around to the other side of the tree, and when we follow it we shall have plain sailing to the end. The only difficulty is to get around the tree."

"I must say, Mr. Tipton," remarked the colonel, "that it is impossible for me to follow your figure of speech exactly."

"Well," said Mr. Tipton, "I will begin and tell my story in detail, and then you can determine whether we will proceed further in the search. When I went to Mound City, I did not find much difficulty in obtaining information from persons who remembered the Piper family. It seems Mr. Piper was an industrious, hard-working man, though apparently without business talent—that indefinable faculty which enables a man to accumulate property. Then, he had much sickness in his family. Mrs. Piper was frequently ill, and the daughter was also an invalid. Mr. Piper, too, seems to have been a very intelligent man, above the average of his neighbors as to education. He was also a deeply religious man. He apparently became discontented with his Missouri home, because he fancied that the country was unhealthy. Then, the fact that he was accumulating nothing, or rather, to tell the exact state of the case, that he had run behind hand and was in debt, may have had something to do with the change of location. At any rate, he sold out his farm and nearly all his household goods—all, in fact, except what could be conveniently packed in an emigrant wagon—and with his wife and two children started for Kansas."

"Two children? I thought there was but one."

"Yes, that was another thing which I discovered. A second daughter was born shortly before they removed to Kansas—some six months, in fact. I had some had some difficulty in picking up the clue after their removal. No one seemed to have heard from them directly. There were various stories told at second-hand of the place to which they had removed, but one was about as definite as the other. There was nothing to do but to take them in their order. I spent some time in Kansas before I finally struck their trail, which I did in the most extraordinary manner—one of those coincidences which sometimes happen. At one of the places I visited I happened on a farmer who had emigrated to Kansas at the same time as the Pipers, and he gave me the first reliable information which I obtained concerning their Kansas home."

"You did succeed, in finding where they went, then?"

"Yes, I found out. It was the last scene of all so far as poor Piper himself was concerned. He took up a homestead, built himself a rude shanty, and set to work to break up his farm, but one day he got sick and within a week was a corpse. Some kind of fever carried him off, what it was nobody knows."

"Leaving his wife and baby, of course?"

"Yes, and in as miserable a condition as they could well be left. There was a team of horses, the little bits of household stuff that they had brought with them, and the wagon, forming the sole possessions of the widow. She seems to have been a woman possessing a good deal of grit, and she attempted to make the crop of corn herself. She worried along somehow till toward fall—they had come to Kansas in the early spring—when an emigrant train came along and she struck a bargain with one of the men to stay and cut the crop for her. There seems to have been something mysterious about the matter, something that people didn't understand. In point of fact, the few settlers about there came to the conclusion that it was not exactly proper for a lone woman to be living there with a strange man around, although he bunked under the wagon, while she occupied the shanty with her child. At any rate, the neighbors made a fuss about it, and the upshot of the whole matter was that she married this fellow."

"Married him! Who was he? What was his name?"

"Nobody knew what his name was—that is, nobody remembered it. They remembered Piper's name from the fact of his lamentable death and the heroic struggle of his widow to make a living."

"But what became of Mrs. Piper and her husband?"

"Well, although they were married, people turned a cold shoulder to them, and about a year after that, or perhaps a year and a half, a large emigrant train, bound for California, came along, and before any one knew it the whole family had bundled bag and baggage and gone off with them. It might have been weeks before any one would have found out where they had gone, if one of the neighbors had not, out of curiosity, gone over to the trail, about a half a mile from the house, as the train passed and saw their wagon and themselves among the others. Things must have been very unpleasant with them, for they gave up the homestead—just abandoned it outright. The man who saw them found out that the train was made up of people chiefly from Missouri and Arkansas. He was a Missourian himself, and found one of his old acquaintances among the others. As it happened, luckily, he knew where this man is now living in California. His name is Jackson, and he lives down in the southern part of the state."

"How long ago was this?"

"It must have been nearly fifteen years ago."

"And you could find no further trace of Mrs. Piper and her baby?"

"No, nor of the husband, either. Though I don't suppose that we care much about hunting him up. As I told you when I began, the trail ran up a tree. Now, if we want to go around that tree and see if it goes any further, I shall have to hunt up Jackson."

"I don't know, Mr. Tipton, that it is necessary to follow this matter any further. In point of fact, I have lost all interest in the search for the Piper family within the last few days. I have found that there is an heir to the estate, whose claim is superior to theirs."

Mr. Tipton looked astonished. "Indeed? Pray, whom may that be?"

"Before I say anything further, Mr. Tipton, I wish you to consider yourself engaged professionally, and also to understand that what I am about to say to you shall be in confidence, for your own guidance in pursuing the work that I propose to have you undertake."

"That goes without saying, colonel. This entire conversation is confidential. It is all in a business way."

"Then, sir," said the colonel impressively, bending over toward Tipton, as he spoke, "I have to inform you that George Tempest is still alive."

"Ah! ah!" exclaimed Tipton. "Then the drowning was a clever ruse to throw his pursuers off the track, eh?"

The colonel drew himself up and gazed at Mr. Tipton sternly. "No, sir, not at all, not at all, sir. If you will have the goodness to listen, I shall explain the matter by telling you how that occurred."

"I had better take memoranda, colonel," said Tipton, producing a book from his pocket and sharpening his pencil. "Now, if you will have the goodness to begin at the very beginning, I shall be obliged."

The colonel, accordingly, related the entire story as it had been told him, first by Harry and afterward by George himself. Mr. Tipton asked a number of questions as the recital went on, and was apparently very much impressed by the narrative.

When the colonel had finished, the detective returned his book to his pocket, put away his pencil, and then sat apparently plunged in deep thought, idly drumming with his finger upon the table.

"Well, Mr. Tipton, may I ask your opinion?"

"If you will tell me what it is that you wish me to do, I will then be able to express an opinion. So far as the story is concerned, I think that the man who attempted to murder Tempest should be arrested sooner or later. I fancy it will not be difficult to lay hands on him whenever we wish. But, again, colonel, what is it that I am expected to do?"

"I wish you, if possible, to find the real murders of Mr. Tempest, or, failing that, to collect such evidence as will clear George Tempest from all complicity in the crime."

"Colonel, are you perfectly certain in your own mind that George did not commit the crime himself?" asked Tipton.

"I always feared that it might turn out that George was the real culprit, but the fact that he has returned to San Francisco voluntarily, and prepared to at once commence the prosecution of the search to discover the criminal, convinces me that, however strong the circumstantial evidence against him may be, yet he is innocent. It is at his request that I come to engage you in the enterprise."

"Well, colonel," said Tipton, "it may be that I was mistaken in the conclusion I arrived at when we abandoned the matter down at Rosita. I am willing to accept the theory of his innocence and work energetically in the case. It is, however, as difficult a thing as I ever saw. We have one advantage now that we did not have then. Young Tempest is at hand, and he can furnish us information which we may require at every step of our progress."

"Very well, then, Mr. Tipton, I suppose you would first like to see Tempest himself?"

"I should, indeed," was the detective's reply.

"Then, suppose you call at my residence at 8 o'clock this evening. I will see that the young man is on hand, and we will map out the campaign which must be undertaken."

To this Mr. Tipton readily agreed, and the colonel took his departure.

Harry on leaving his sister, had gone directly to his mother's room, and had made her acquainted with the astounding fact that not only was George Tempest alive, but that he was in the city, and that it was he with whom Kate had been walking when she was seen by Clayton. He, also, had the difficult task to perform of informing her that George and Kate had been rash enough to engage themselves to one another, and that this had led to Kate's writing that unfortunate note to Clayton, which he had answered in such a boorish manner

Mrs. Vandeveer was astounded, perplexed and yet relieved. Astounded to find that George Tempest was still in the land of the living; perplexed that Kate had so speedily yielded her promise to marry a man who was hunted as a criminal; relieved to find that the horrible suspicions to which the letter of Clayton had given rise in her own mind, were utterly without foundation. Harry had a somewhat difficult task to make his mother understand that in Kate's excited condition, nothing but gentleness and kindness could be used; that she must not be scolded nor blamed, and he had the satisfaction before he left the house of taking her up to Kate's room and seeing her kiss her daughter tenderly and treat her with all her customary kindness and gentleness.

"Now," said Harry to himself, as he walked rapidly in the direction of George's lodgings, "first to put George Tempest on his guard, and then to call Mr. Erastus Clayton to account for his cowardly letter," and the young man's face flushed with anger, his hands were involuntarily clenched, as he thought of that remarkable missive.

George, however, while furiously angry at Clayton's letter, did not feel at all alarmed for his own safety.

"Pshaw, Harry," he exclaimed, "suppose that scoundrel has been dodging my footsteps, he only imagines that Kate has bestowed her affections upon a 'churl of low degree,' and I am quite sure from what you say that letter contains, that he has not recognized me. In point of fact, I don't think he ever saw me more than once or twice, and probably never sufficiently to enable him to recognize me. Be sure, however, that I will take all needful precautions to avoid any possible recognition on his part. I suppose that it will be necessary for me to change my boarding place."

"A prime necessity, I should say," answered Harry, "and that, too, without loss of time. Let us go at once and find some new stopping place."

This proved to be a work of so much difficulty, however, that after spending most of the afternoon in the search without finding anything suitable, Harry suddenly remembered that there was no reason why George should not share his own room, and he immediately proposed the plan.

"No, Harry," said George, decidedly, "I can not impose myself upon the generosity of your family for concealment. Besides, don't you think it would be very difficult to prevent a knowledge of my presence in the house from reaching the servants?"

"I think not," returned Harry. "You can share my room at night. I will see that you are well fed and—"

"That of itself would be a suspicious circumstance to the servants," returned George. "It is not usual for you to have your meals brought to your room, I fancy, and of course I could not ventur into the dining-room."

Harry laughed and admitted that there might be a difficulty there. "But," said he, "I can provide you food in other ways, and every evening we can walk out and take supper at some quiet restaurant."

"Even admitting that difficulty to be solved, how can I remain concealed in the house during the day without the servants finding me?"

"That is very easy. No one comes to my room except the chambermaid. She is as regular as clockwork, taking the rooms in succession. It is very easy to find her time for attending it, and at that juncture to quietly go down into the library or one of the other rooms and turn the key in the door. When she is finished, you can come back and be perfectly certain that you will not be intruded upon until the next morning at the same hour."

In short, Harry's arguments finally prevailed upon Tempest, and it was decided that the matter should be mentioned to the family and if there should be no objections—and Harry, of course, felt certain that there would be none—he would at once take up his quarters there.

The two young men separated, George promising to be on hand promptly at 8 o'clock.

The whole family had spent a somewhat anxious and weary day, and when they gathered around the tea-table all bore traces of the excitement and worry through what they had gone. Kate was pale, heavy eyed and drooping. Her mother's face also showed signs of the excitement through which she had gone. The colonel looked perplexed and anxious; while Harry, as he expressed it himself, was "thoroughly beat out." Nobody had much appetite and the meal was dispatched almost in silence, each person being busy with his own thoughts.

Promptly at 8 o'clock George was admitted, and by previous arrangement was taken at once to the library by Harry, where the colonel was already awaiting him. Mr. Tipton was due at 8:30, and the evening was to be spent in preparing for the search for the unknown murderer. It was decided, of course, that George should remain in the house until such time as his presence might be needed at Rosita. He looked anxiously at the door, expecting that Kate might possibly appear, but in this he was doomed to disappointment. She and her mother were sitting in the latter's room, and although she was every whit as anxious as her lover to be in his company, she did not dare to offer to go the library. She had a feeling that she was some how in disgrace, although not one word had been spoken by any member of the family which she could have interpreted to mean anything of the sort.

The three gentlemen sat awaiting the coming of the detective. The door-bell rang a sonorous peal, and the colonel, looking at the clock, remarked:

"Ah, Mr. Tipton is very punctual tonight. It lacks ten minutes of his time."

The door was thrown open and a servant appeared on the threshhold with a distressed face.

"Please, sir, here are two gentlemen to see you and they would insist on coming up direct," said she in a frightened voice.

Hardly was the last word out of her mouth when she was hastily pushed aside two police officers in uniform entered the room.

"What do you want?" demanded the colonel sharply.

"Only a matter of important business, Colonel Vandeveer," replied the first, and stepping quickly to George Tempest's side, he placed his hands upon his shoulder with the words, "You are my prisoner!"

"Upon what charge?" exclaimed Harry, an indefinable feeling of dread coming over him.

"I arrest this man, George Tempest, for the murder of his uncle at Rosita a year ago, and here is my warrant," said he, producing a folded paper.

"Who made the affidavit upon which this warrant was issued?" demanded the colonel, with a feeling that perhaps Tipton had played him false.

"Mr. Erastus Clayton, sir," was the officer's reply.

CHAPTER XXII.

RILL AND HARRY.

San Francisco rang with the marvelous story of George Tempest. It was telegraphed far and wide; the newspapers were filled with it, and it was the sole topic of conversation wherever two or three persons congregated themselves together. Public opinion had, however, veered about somewhat as to the guilt of the young man. At the time of the murder there probably was not one man in a thousand of those who had read the newspaper accounts of the crime but was convinced that George committed it. Now that the long story was related of George's flight to the East, of his pursuit and attempted murder by Shanks, and his return to San Fancisco, determined again to set on foot an inquiry into the murder, with a view not only to his own exculpation, but to the bringing of the real murderer to justice, the feeling of the people was divided. Many believed fully in George's innocence, while others adhered pertenaciously to the theory of his guilt.

Detective Tipton had reached the Vandeveer residence a few minutes after the arresting officers. He immediately had hurried interviews, first with Colonel Vandeveer, and then with George himself, the result of which was that carriages were summoned, and a visit was first paid to a magistrate's office, before whom Tempest made affidavit as to the facts in the base attempt made by Shanks against his own life. A warrant was promptly issued and placed in the hands of an officer.

Tipton, however, was not content with this. Long before the carriage containing George reached the prison, the detective found the sheriff, who accompanied him to the telegraph office. An half hour's vigorous telegraphing disclosed the fact that Shanks was at that time in Rosita, and before the astounding news was made public upon the street that George Tempest was arrested and was imprisoned on the charge of murdering his uncle, Tipton had the satisfaction of placing in Colonel Vandeveer's hands a telegram from the sheriff at Rosita, announcing that Shanks had been arrested and placed in jail for his murderous attempt.

After accompanying George to the prison and seeing that he would be provided with all necessary comforts, the colonel and Harry proceeded without loss of time to retain the best legal talent in the city for his defense. It was nearly midnight when this had been done and they returned home.

Late as was the hour, they found the three ladies of the family gathered in the library, awaiting them. Kate was fearfully pale and evidently felt most terribly the disgrace her lover was undergoing. Rill sat by her side, lines of anxious thought upon her brow, and her dark eyes wearing a most piteous look. Mrs. Vandeveer was weeping silently behind her handkerchief. The colonel and Harry comforted them as best they might, and insisted that all should retire immediately, the colonel himself offering his arm to Mrs. Vandeveer, and with gentle persistance urging that she should go at once to her room. Kate, with a handkerchief pressed to her eyes, followed silently.

Harry had thrown himself into an easy chair and was wrapped in gloomy reverie, thinking himself alone, when a small hand fell with gentle touch upon his arm. Looking up he saw Rill standing by his side.

"Harry," said she, with reproachful accent, "why did you not let me know that Mr. Tempest was alive and here in this house? Did you suppose for an instant that I would betray him?"

Harry was puzzled what reply to make when he gazed into her face, and saw sorrow and righteous anger depicted therein. "No, Rill, no. No one dreamed that you would be disloyal."

"Then why could I not be told? You know how deeply I am indebted to Mr. Tempest, and how very happy it would have made me to know that he was yet alive. His supposed death has been the greatest sorrow that I have ever known. If you did not fear that I would betray his presence here, why did you not let me know of it? Or, at least, why could you not tell me that he was yet alive?"

"Why, Rill," began Harry in embarrassment, "it was all a blunder on my part. That is—rather, it was neglect. You see—"

"Oh, Harry Vandeveer! How can you? Did not you, in this very room, only a few days ago, tell me, when I asked you what had suddenly come over everybody in the house except Mrs. Vandeveer, that there was nothing the matter, and that it was all my imagination? Harry, I am ashamed of you!"

And the little lady stood erect, her face flushed, her eyes flashing with anger at the slight she felt had been placed upon her.

Harry had risen from his seat and gazed down into Rill's face with a strange feeling of mixed embarrassment and amusement.

"I assure you, Rill," he began, "that no one had the least intention of slighting you in this matter. You see—"

"There is no need, Harry," she interrupted in a severe tone, "for you to attempt to shift any portion of the blame upon any one else. I know perfectly well that you had the management of the whole affair. Why, even sister Kate would not tell her mamma about it this morning until after she had consulted you. I acquit every one else save yourself. It is with you alone that I have a quarrel."

"Indeed, Rill, I beg your pardon for not telling you as soon as it was known to any member of the family beside myself. In point of fact, I was so much occupied with other things in connection with the matter that I really did not think of telling you at all. If it had crossed my mind I certainly should have done so. Kate found it out by accident merely. It was not intended that any member of the family, save myself and possibly my father, should know anything about it."

"I can understand," replied the girl, in a dejected tone, "that you did not think of me at all in the matter. It may seem ungrateful, after all the kindness which has been showered upon me in this house by every member of the family—and I include yourself, because you have been very, very kind—for me to feel hurt at this. But I can't help it. I do feel hurt—wounded to the core; for I see that you, at least, regard me only as a cipher, a stranger, an interloper in the family circle."

"Why," Rill, remonstrated Harry, "how can you talk so?"

"Because it is true. I am of so little moment that you do not even think of me in in this matter. Oh, Harry, Harry!" and the girl dropping into the chair which had been occupied by him, leaned her head upon the cushion arm, and burst into a fit of weeping.

"My dear little girl," exclaimed Harry, dropping upon his knee by her side and clasping her hand, "I am mortified beyond measure that things have happened so. There was not the slightest intention of keeping you in ignorance of the matter. If you will but think a moment and listen to me reasonably, I will explain how it occurred."

Rill made no reply, but her tears continued.

"And how can you say I regard you as but a cipher, an interloper in our family circle? To me you are far more precious than that. My dear little Rill, it may be the wrong time to say it now that you are wounded and angry at me, but I love you dearly. I love you better than all the world beside."

Rill shrank from him at these words and attempted to withdraw her hand from his detaining clasp. Harry would not permit this, however, and went on:

"Do not draw from me, Rill. Forgive me for what you deem my neglect. Did you not hear me say that I love you, Rill?"

Rill lifted her face, covered with blushes, to meet Harry's gaze, and answered in a piteous voice:

"Oh, Harry, don't! I know you think me but a child; I was a child at least in thought and intellect when I came to this house; but I am such no longer."

"You misunderstand me, Rill; indeed you do. Do you dream that I am talking to you as a man might talk to a little child? You are no longer a little girl; you are a young lady. I recognize that fact, or I would not dare to speak to you as I have just now done. Listen to me, Rill. I love you!"

"What do you mean, Harry?"

"I mean, Rill, that I wish you to become my wife."

A vivid blush again overspread her face, and a light sprang into her eyes that Harry had never before seen in them.

"Rill, don't be cruel. You understand me now, I know. Hear me say once more that I love you as truly, as dearly as man ever loved woman. Will you marry me, Rill?"

Her eyes sought his for an instant, as if to reassure herself that he spoke in very truth, and then she whispered, "Yes, Harry."

In a moment Harry had her clasped to his bosom, and rapturously whispered: "Do you love me, Rill?"

"Yes, Harry," was again the soft responce, and the triumphant lover kissed her again and again, pressing her to his heart in the joy of his passion.

"Oh, Harry," exclaimed she after a moment, "see how late it is. Indeed, indeed, I must not stay a minute longer."

"But, before you go, dear love, tell me, do you forgive me for neglecting to tell you of George Tempest?"

"I forgive you everything and anything, now that I know you love me, Harry."

The girl started to leave the room, but Harry gently put forth a detaining hand.

"What is it, Harry? Indeed, indeed, I must go."

"Haven't you forgotten something, my darling?"

Rill glanced apprehensively down, feeling in her pocket as she did so, under the impression that she had dropped her handkerchief.

"Why, no, I think not, Harry," said she, looking up in surprise. "What do you mean?"

"Only that you had forgotten to kiss me good night, darling!"

Rill blushed rosily and gazed up at Harry through her mane of tumbled hair. He extended his arms invitingly. In an instant she was nestled on his bosom, her arms twined about his neck, while her lips again met his.

"Now, Harry, I must go. Good night."

And radiantly happy she fled from the library to her own room.

TO BE CONTINUED.

A Feminine Triumph.

Old Lady—"No use talkin', I used to say this higher edication of gals was all folderol; but I see I was wrong. There's my granddarter, for instance. She's just a wonder."

Friend—"I understand she graduated with high honors."

Old Lady—"Yes, graduated from Vassar, and she kin do what neither her mother nor me could ever hope to do if our lives depended on it."

Friend—"Indeed! And what is that?"

Old Lady—"She kin tell the time a train is goin' to start by lookin' at a railway guide."—[New York Weekly

Meddergrass Instructs a Collegian.

"Hello, Hayseed!" called out a rude young freshman to Farmer Meddergrass.

"Young man," replied the farmer, "you attend that college on the hill there, don't you?"

"Yes."

"Then let me tell you something that is not taught there; it is unpardonably incorrect to speak of hayseed. That is something that does not exist. Hay is dried grass and the proper term is grass seed. Just remember that."—[Brooklyn Life.

It Was Misconstrued.

In a Pittsburg factory:

Stranger No. 1—"What does that signboard say?"

Stranger No. 2—"'Visitors must not talk with the hands.'"

Stranger No. 1—"Well, that doesn't concern me. I don't know the deaf-and-dumb alphabet, anyhow."—[Pittsburg Bulletin.

Recent Literature.

Latest Volumes to be Found on the Blade's Book Table.

From G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York City, comes a very valuable and interesting book entitled "The Living World; Whence It Came and Whither It Is Drifting," by H. W. Conn, author of "Evolution of To-day." It is a review of the speculations concerning the origin and significance of life, and all the facts known in regard to its development, with suggestions as to the direction in which the development is now tending.

The same publishers give us a pretty volume entitled "Celtic Fairy Tales," selected and edited by Joseph Jacobs, editor of *Folk Lore*. The book is well illustrated by John D. Batten, which adds to the fascination of the text.

Lee & Shepard, Boston, Mass., issue "Mostly Marjorie Day," by Virginia F. Townsend, whose name is a guarantee of the excellence of the novel. The readers of the one issued some five years ago entitled "A Boston Girl's Ambitions," will be sure to desire to peruse the present volume.

The same publishers issue the third of a series of what may be called extravaganzas for young people. It is certainly one of the funniest of stories, which is told under the title of "Extraordinary Experiences of Little Captain Doppelkop on the Shores of Bubbleland." The author, Ingersoll Lockwood, is already known by the first two of the series.

Lee & Shepard also send "New and True" by Mary Wiley Staver. This is a volume of original verses for children. The lines have a happy, joyous ring which will be very attractive to the little folks, and the verses are charmingly illustrated. The book is a royal octavo, strongly bound in plain cloth set off by touches of black and gold.

"Grandfather Grey," is a companion to "Grandmother Grey," a pretty love poem of the olden time which appeared a year ago. The author is Kate Tannett Woods, and she has written with the same charming simplicity combined with strength and beauty of thought as characterized its predecessor. Lee & Shepard, Boston, are the publishers.

"The Mountains of Oregon" has for its author W. G. Steel, Fellow of the American Geographical Society. The object of the book is to give information in regard to the state of Oregon, and the objects which are of the greatest interest to the people of the Eastern and Middle states. It is published by David Steel, Postoffice box 770, Portland, Oregon.

"The Woman's Manual of Parliamentary Law," has for its author Harriette R. Shattuck, who is president of the Boston Political Class. The volume is convenient for any one who desires to learn how to conduct meetings properly, but it is especially prepared for the use of women in their club unions and other organizations. Published by Lee & Shepard, Boston, Mass.

From the same publishers comes a volume entitled "White Slaves; or, The Oppression of the Worthy Poor." This is a description of the Boston tenement houses where the sun never shines at all except on the roof top, or now and then a single ray finds its way down into the dark court.

Among the earliest of what was called sensational novels was one entitled "Rutledge," a most brilliantly written story. The author, Miriam Coles Harris, now publishes "An Utter Failure," through D. Appleton & Co., New York City.

From the United States Book Co., 150 Worth street, New York City, in Lovell's Political and Scientific Series, comes a pamphlet by Henry George, containing an essay entitled, "The Condition of Labor; an Open Letter to Pope Leo XIII." Besides this is "An Encyclical Letter of Pope Leo XIII," also on "The Condition of Labor."

In the Leisure Hour series, published by Henry Holt & Co., New York City, comes a story by B. L. Farjeon, entitled "The Shield of Love." It is a very pretty, well-told story, as all of those by this author are. The last part is exceedingly intense and dramatic.

Houghton, Mifflin & Co. issue a book under the title of "Three Tales," by Wm. Douglass O'Connor. There is a very attractive preface written by Walt Whitman concerning the author, who died two years ago in Washington. The names of the three tales are "The Ghost," "The Brazen Android" and "The Carpenter."

A story published in pamphlet form by Rand, McNally & Co., Chicago, is entitled "A Pagan of the Alleghenies," by Marah Ellis Ryan, author of "Told in the Hills" and others. The story is full of exciting interest.

A very pretty little book for the benefit of the young people is one by Fannie D. Bergen entitled "Glimpses at the Plant World." It is written in very clear, simple language, and yet the facts told are put under most attractive guise. Many curious plants are described and illustrated by drawings. It is published by Lee & Shepard, Boston.

A very pretty edition of "Snow Bound," by John Greenleaf Whittier, comes from the publishing house of Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston. This exquisite poem is well illustrated, the designs being by E. H. Garrett. They are exceedingly appropriate to the text. The volume is bound in white cloth.

LONDON'S NEW MAYOR.

How He Fell in Love With a Pretty Chambermaid and Married Her.

But women are the same as men,
As oft I've said, and say again;
Their virtues, though, are all their own,
Their vices what the men have sown.

The new lord mayor of London, Alderman Evans, reaches the chief civic dignity at the early age of 43. He is a very wealthy dry goods merchant and is head of the firm which his grandfather and father created. As lord mayor he will have during his year of office the rank and precedence of an English earl, a salary of $50,000 and the right to go to court with his wife. His wooing of the lady he married some years ago is quite a romantic story. Mrs. Evans, or as she will have become by the time you print this article, the lady mayoress of London, is the daughter of Mr. Boakes, known in Sevenoaks as Lorry (Laurence) Boakes, a plumber, whose wife was, previous to marriage, a cook. Both are exceedingly good-looking people, industrious and respectable. The daughter, at the age of about sixteen, filled the office of chambermaid at the Oak Hotel, Sevenoaks, where Alderman Evans used to spend autumn holidays, Sevenoaks being a pretty little town in Kent close to where Lord Sackville, formerly English minister at Washington, has his country seat of Knole.

Miss Boakes was exceedingly pretty and well-conducted in her duties as chambermaid, so much so that Alderman Evans was smitten with her, and in the most honorable manner possible took her from her calling at the hotel and placed her in a ladies seminary, where she received the education of a lady, and then the worthy alderman married her. Unlike some cases of a similar romantic nature, the marriage has resulted in the most happy outcome that can possibly be expected—a family of living children, fond parents, and without a cloud of the past to overshadow the high position Mr. Evans had attained.

Good as a Self-Winder.

Stranger—"Have you any self-winding watches?"

Jeweler—"Self-winding?"

"Yes, something that will wind itself, you know. My wife has been pestering me for a new watch, but I know she'll never remember to wind it after the first night, and it will rust out, just like the old one."

"I have nothing of that kind; but I have a patent phonographic watch which shouts 'Wind me' at the proper time every night."

"That won't do. My wife'll just say, 'In a minute,' and then forget all about it. I'll tell you what we want. You fix it so that when it needs winding it will start up and whistle 'Comrades' until she attends to it.—[New York Weekly.

That Depends.

Tenn de Foots—I heah they give a man plenty of chances in the West.

Colonel Yellowstone—Well, it depends on what he has done. Ordinarily he has a chance with the vigilantes, and a chance with the judge, and a chance with the jury—even after that he has a chance of the rope being shot in two before life is extinct.—[Puck.

OLD DAYS AT WEST POINT

CAPTAIN KING'S REMINISCENCES.

A Midnight Alarm and What it Meant—The Fun of Tent-Dropping—How it Feels to be Tossed in a Blanket.

[Written for the Blade by Capt. Charles King, U. S. A. Copyright, 1891.]

NOW if you have read the previous letter and learned how lively a time we had on fair nights, it must have occurred to you that the West Point plebe at least could rejoice in foul weather. Well, we did, for when it rained hard we were not "pulled out by the heels," or slid on our blankets about the company street. But, do not imagine that we were left to undisturbed slumbers. That would have been regarded as sheer neglect on the part of the upper class men. Well I remember the thankfulness with which the three of us, my two plebe tentmates and myself, hailed the first real rainy night. "No yanking to-night!" we said and doubtless looked for hours of repose.

But we reckoned without our hosts. Hardly had we fallen asleep than there came a heavy thumping at the street end of our tent floor. "Wake up! Wake up, there, promptly! Every one of you," came the order in stern, authoritative tones. "Answer to your names. Are you awake, Mr. D—?" "Yes, sir." "You, Mr. H—?" "Yes, sir." "You, Mr. K—?" "Yes, sir." "Very well—it's time to turn over."

And turn over we had to, and, quickly falling asleep in the new position, we would be almost as quickly awakened by another vigilant yearling and required to turn back again. Everybody seemed to take a hand at this. The corporal of the guard, making his rounds, would take occasion to "stir up the animals" in Company A. The sentries on Nos. 2 and 3 would think nothing of deserting post for half a minute or so, "turning over" every plebe in our street and being back at their stations in abundant time to challenge any new comer.

But this is preferable to yanking, which involved so much involuntary travel and trouble. We rejoiced in rainy nights, but we dreaded rainy days. Only on rainy days could the tent walls be kept lowered in the afternoon, and only when the walls were down was "smoking out" a possibility. A dozen yearlings would suddenly surround a "plebe hotel." The occupant or occupants would find retreat cut off. Armed with pipes and tobacco, with vile-smelling compounds from the chemical or ordnance laboratory, and anything they thought would upset the stomach of the youth selected as the victim of the day, the hardened sinners among the old cadets would swarm into the tent, and in ten minutes the smoke would be so thick a knife could hardly cut it. The aggressors could slip out for "second wind" and fresh air from time to time, but not so the hapless plebe. I saw three yearlings turn very green the afternoon of my own visitation, and rejoiced exceedingly that they were made sick before I succumbed. But that did not help much in the final overthrow. Smoking out was a brutality. There is no other word for it, and I never would have anything to do with the system when we in turn became "old cadets" in '63, and did what I could to stamp it out when, as an officer of the senior class in '65, I had some authority in the premises.

But for pure, rollicking, unadulterated fun (for the yearlings) tent-dropping was perhaps the most popular way of "deviling plebes" in the early war days. Snoozing soundly and dreamlessly, or perhaps wondering why they had not been yanked for ten whole minutes, the occupants of a plebe tent would suddenly be aroused by the crash of tumbling muskets, the simultaneous smothering that resulted from being buried under all the miscellaneous clothing hung under the ridge poles, and by the heavy canvas of the tent itself. The modern cadet is sometimes criticised as a soldier who doesn't know how to pitch his tent, but we fellows of the early 60's had more than enough practice. A favorite time for the execution of this maneuver was just before the arrival in camp of the commanding officer of some one of the companies. It was such joy to the yearling to observe the exasperation of the officer who found half a dozen tents in his particular bailiwick leveled with the ground, and no clew to the culprits. Any smart, active yearling would down any tent in camp in ten seconds or less, but it took a good half hour to straighten things afterward. One night—how long it was tradition in the corps—a very good and gallant soldier, as afterward turned out, made the mistake of letting his yearlings see that he was very angry at their conduct. He let drive some furious comments over the meek shoulders of his cadet assistant; ordered ten yearlings to turn out forthwith and put up the tents of the half-smothered plebes—who would far rather have been left to work out their own salvation; the yearlings obeyed orders; set up the tents. "Now you can go," said the official, and go they did. So did pretty much every plebe's hotel in camp before he could fairly turn away. It was a hot July night. Tent walls were "triced up" all through the camp among the abodes of the older cadets, that the occupants might catch every whiff of cool, fresh air wafted down the Hudson.

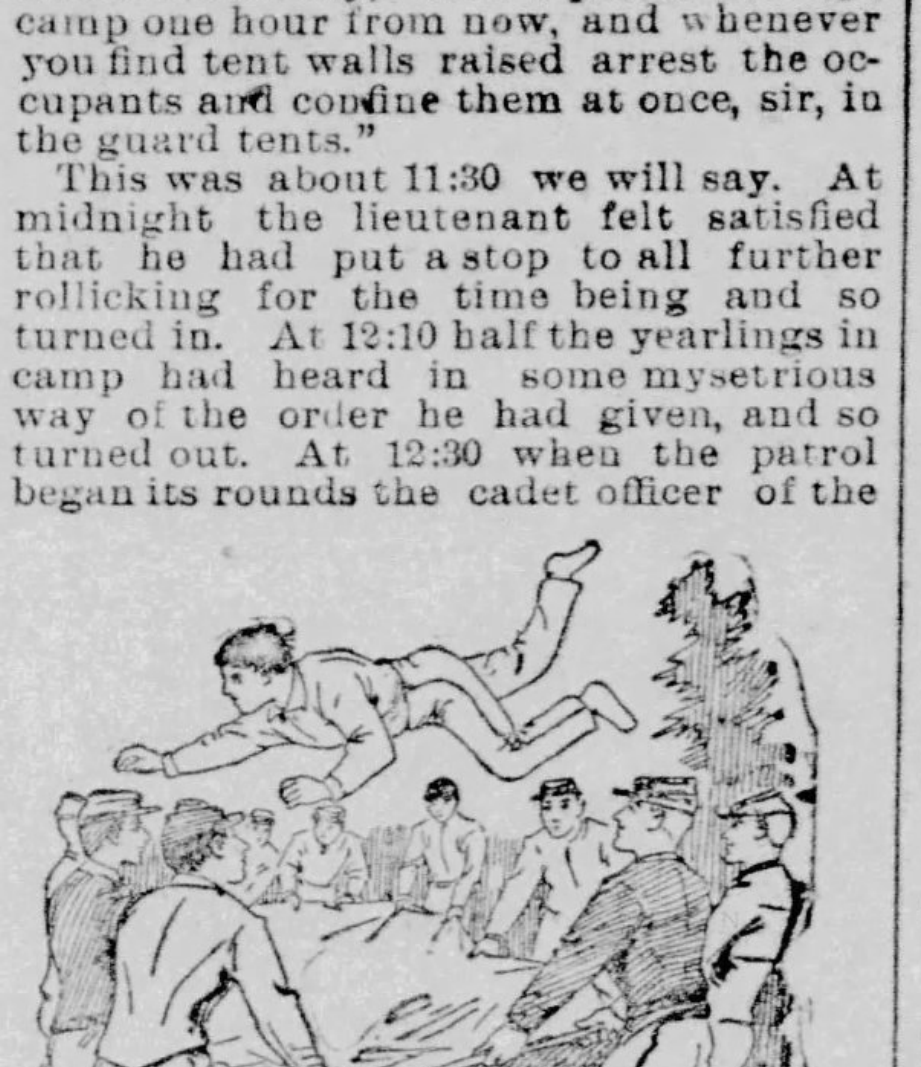
SMOKED OUT.

The scamps who let down the tents the second time would dive purposely under the raised walls of, and into, some tent not their own; crawl out under the back, and by speedy and noiseless detour, reach their own roost. "Report the occupants of every tent whose walls were raised," was the prompt order. "Have those walls lowered instantly—and kept down. We'll see if this business can't be stopped."

So long as the walls were kept down, no inmate, of course, could slip to and fro unseen; he must appear upon the company street where he was almost sure to be caught. So long as the walls were up, the youngsters could skip or scramble back of and between the tents and a dozen men could not catch them. Lieutenant "Blank" thought he had nailed the matter when he had seen the walls of every old cadet's tent lowered to correspond with those of the plebs, but, lest they should raise them again after he had gone to bed, he bethought himself of a plan.

"Mr. C——," said he quietly to the officer of the day, "send a patrol through camp one hour from now, and whenever you find tent walls raised arrest the occupants and confine them at once, sir, in the guard tents."

This was about 11:30 we will say. At midnight the lieutenant felt satisfied that he had put a stop to all further rollicking for the time being and so turned in. At 12:10 half the yearlings in camp had heard in some mysterious way of the order he had given, and so turned out. At 12:30 when the patrol began its rounds the cadet officer of the guard was properly astonished to find that, while all the walls of all the other tents were properly lowered, those of every pleb hotel in camp, as though in direct defiance of orders, were hoisted high as they could be. In vain the occupants, aroused from unaccustomed but most welcomed slumber, pleaded utter innocence. In vain they protested that when they went to sleep their walls were fastened down. Nothing could shake the indomitable cause. Orders were orders. Every plebe in camp was routed out; a long procession of dismal, drowsy, half-dressed fellows was formed, and amidst the delirious but stifled rejoicings—the triumphant delight of the yearlings, the whole gang was marched to the guard tents. When at 1 o'clock Lieutenant "Blank's," comrade officer, Lieutenant G——, on duty as officer in charge, arrived at the post No. One and the guard and prisoners were turned out for inspection, he was amazed to find about one-third the numerical strength of the corps drawn up in line—if not in uniform.



TOSSING A "PLEBE."

"What on earth does this mean, sir?" he queried as his quick glance told him they were all "plebes." "By whose order are these gentlemen confined?"

"Lieutenant "Blank's," sir."

"And for what offense?"

"Tent walls raised, sir, after repeated orders had been given against it."

We never heard what Mr. "Blank" had to say anent this turning of the tables upon him, but never on the plain of West Point was there a happier set of yearlings. They actually gave the plebes two or three days and nights of grace in commemoration of the exploit, but this happened to the class just ahead of ours. We had no days or nights of grace at all.

Tossing in a blanket? Well, that differed little from the process described in Tom Brown at Rugby, or the literature of the Carnival at St. Paul. It was not very general, because it called for a dozen men at a blanket, and, even on a dark night, was rather conspicuous. I was tossed only once, but in the midst of it somebody gave the alarm: "Patrol's coming," and there was a scatter to the four winds. When the patrol reached the scene I was picking myself up, somewhat sore and rueful, for I had come down pretty hard, and, would you really believe it, the cadet in command, one of the most distinguished of our staff officers of to-day, insisted on my immediate incarceration for "taking part in a disturbance near color line—11:15 p. m.!"

CHARLES KING.

CONTINUED NEXT WEEK.

BRILLIANTS.

Man, as says each bearded sage,
Is but a piece of clay;
Whose mystic moisture, lost by age,
To dust it falls away.
—[Chatterton.

Buried and cold, when my heart stills its motion,
Green be thy fields, sweetest isle of the ocean,
And thy harp-striking bards sing aloud with devotion,
Erin, Mavourneen, Erin go Bragh!
—[Campbell.

Of no distemper, of no blast he died,
But fell like autumn fruit that mellowed long,
E'en wondered at because he dropt no sooner;
Fate seemed to wind him up for fourscore years;
Yet freshly ran he on ten winters more,
Till, like a clock, worn out with eating Time,
The wheels of weary life at last stood still.
—[Dryden.

The fool and knave 'tis glorious to offend,
And Godlike an attempt the world to mend—
The world, where lucky throws to blockheads fall,
Knaves know the game and honest men pay all.
—[Edward Young.

Each atom in Nature is bound to its maker,
From glass-blade to radiant star;
So let us still cherish a motto so hallowed—
From God there is nothing afar.
Then shout Hallelujah! from every bell lily,
From God we are never apart;
Let pure incense rise as we chime forth our gladness
And worship him straight from the heart.
—[J. Henry Wiggin.

O Nature, we all maun yield to thee,
Your regal sway gainsay who can;
For you made beauty, and beauty may be
The polar star of the heart of man.
There's beauty in man's commanding frame,
There's beauty in earth and air and sea;
But there never was beauty that tongue could name,
Like the smile of love in a fond young e'e.
—[James Hogg.

Danger in Cold Baths.

The coldest natures take the hottest baths and are not enfeebled by them. It is blood heated by youth or the fire of full life which likes the cold dip or spray, but beware how you have to nerve yourself to endure it. A cold bath may be a risky experiment. The rule that cold bathing is safe when followed by good reaction is not wholly sound. I recall a woman who used to take baths of the coldest well water daily and feel great refreshment from them, who afterward charged weakness of the heart and general debility to this excessive stimulus. Dr. Shoemaker says all the persons he has known who boasted of breaking a film of ice to take a bath died early, yet doubtless they felt a good reaction at the time.—[Indianapolis Journal.

School-Book Progress.

School-book Publisher—"Hooray! I have found it! Send a printer here! Start the presses! We'll get out a new and revised set of school-books! Hoopla!"

Superintendent—"What have you found, sir?"

Publisher—"A new way to pronounce an old word."—Street & Smith's Good News.

Misanthropic.

Jones—"I take no more pleasure in life. The world is full of thieves and rascals. I don't really believe there is an honest man left in the world."

Smith—"Cheer up. When a man acknowledges his own frailties he has already taken a step in the direction of reform."—[Texas Siftings.

What Is Catarrh

Catarrh is an inflammation of the mucous membranes, and may affect the head, throat, stomach, bowels or bladder. But catarrh of the head is the most common, often coming on so gradually that it has a firm hold before the nature of the trouble is suspected. Catarrh is caused by a cold, or succession of colds, combined with impure blood. Its local symptoms are fullness and heat in the forehead, dryness in the nose and back part of the throat, and a disagreeable discharge from the nose. When the disease gains a firm hold on the system, it becomes chronic, and is then exceedingly dangerous and treacherous, liable to develope into consumption. The eyes become inflamed and red, there is throbbing in the temples, ringing noises in the ears, headache, capricious appetite, and sometimes loss of sense of smell and hearing. Hood's Sarsaparilla is the remedy for this ever increasing malady. It attacks at once the source of the disease by purifying and enriching the blood, which, as it reaches the delicate passages of the mucous membrane soothes and rebuilds the tissues, giving them tendency to health instead of disease, and ultimately curing the affection. At the same time Hood's Sarsaparilla builds up the whole system and makes one feel that he has taken a new lease of life.

"For several years I had a catarrhal affection in my throat, and had tried several medicines but could find nothing to help me. I must say I was very much benefited by using Hood's Sarsaparilla, and would recommend it very highly." ELIAS P. DEVRIES, Omaha, Neb.

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Sold by all druggists. $1; six for $5. Prepared only by C. I. HOOD & CO., Lowell, Mass.
100 Doses One Dollar

Sold by all druggists. $1; six for $5. Prepared only by C. I. HOOD & CO., Lowell, Mass.
100 Doses One Dollar

Faded, jaded, tired, overworked women — weak, nervous, delicate and suffering ones. These are the women who are helped to health and strength by Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription. It's a legitimate medicine, that corrects and cures; a tonic that invigorates and builds up; a nervine that soothes and strengthens. And if it doesn't do what its makers claim for it, they don't want your money.

For all the functional derangements, painful disorders, and chronic weaknesses that afflict womankind, the "Prescription" is a safe and certain remedy—a *guaranteed* one. In "female complaints" of every nature, periodical pains, internal inflammation and ulceration, leucorrhea, and all kindred ailments—if it fails to benefit or cure, you have your money back.

No other medicine for women is sold on such trying terms. If any *could* be, you may be sure that it *would* be. Is something else which pays the dealer better, likely to be "just as good?"

WASHINGTON'S PORTRAIT.

The Long Lost Painting By Gilbert On The Island of Man.

One of the most singular of stories in the annals of art is the theft and disappearance of an authentic full length of George Washington, painted by Gilbert Stuart, the friend and pupil of West. The long missing portrait was one of three replicas made by Stuart from the well-known original painted to the commisssion of the celebrated Marquis of Lansdowne. That original and two of the copies are well and clearly accounted for; but the third disappeared in the following manner, and has never since been heard of. The portrait was painted for a Mr. Gardner Baker, of New York, an active member of the society of St. Tammany, which, at his suggestion, established a museum. This museum was, in 1795, made over to Baker, who added, amongst other attractions, the full length of the great General. In 1798 he appears to have gone to Boston to exhibit the picture; but, dying there of yellow fever, the portrait went to Mr. Laing in satisfaction of a claim. By-and-by the Committee charged with furnishing the President's house at Washington bought the picture, which was entrusted to one Winstanley, a tricky ne'er-do-well of a painter, to pack and deliver. Winstanley, however, copied the Stuart in his own vile way, delivered the copy, and fled to England with the original. Stuart himself was the first to discover and denounce the fraud. But though he repudiated the canvas that still hangs in the White House, and though the evidence against it is overwhelming, patriotic citizens of the States still believe it to be the genuine portrait repeated by Stuart himself for the Lansdowne full length. What became of the genuine work stolen by Winstanley, painter and thief?

Well, there is considerable reason to believe that it is now in the possession of Mr. Wm. Burrows, a picture dealer at Douglas, Isle of Man. Some time ago there was a sale at Mount Vernon in that Island, in consequence of the death of Mrs. Harrison, who was a Mrs. Hancock (having been twice married) and a daughter of one Breed, who formerly owned Breed Island in Boston Harbour, whose name is immortalized in the battle of Breed's Hill, and who settled in the Isle of Man early in the century. Among a variety of pictures disposed of at the aforesaid sale, was a fine full-length in oil of George Washington, and a capital impression of the engraving which Heath made from Lansdowne portrait thus robbing Stuart of his copyright, and leading to probably the first and certainly the bitterest dispute on record concerning American and English artistic rights. Mr. Burrows bought all the pictures at the sale; and the print, the masterly style of the painting, and its all but complete identity with the engraving led him to conclude he had acquired a genuine Stuart-Washington. Hence those recent paragraphs anent the "discovery" in the Isle of Man; hence a journey to London, picture in hand, to consult the experts.

Now the experts all agree that it is not only a genuine Stuart, but a very fine specimen in point alike of handling, color, design, and (not less important) of preservation. Our picture is taken from Heath's engraving, and is obviously a noble portrait. Mr. Burrows' canvas is essentially the same (the difference between it and the Lansdowne being extremely slight, and not even so marked as those which as a rule, naturally appear in replices;) but fine as is the black-and-white, it does not equal the delicacy and distinction of the work in Mr. Burrows' possession, but which ought properly to be in the National Portrait Gallery. The only portrait of Washington there is poor—so poor, indeed, that apparently the authorities don't think it worth exhibiting. Washington, after all, is as much British as American; and the National Album certainly should contain a likeness worthy of a man and of the two peoples. But the authoroties are so impecunious that they can only offer a comparatively small price. Such an offer is made, it is understoood; but the figure named is quite below the market value of the picture; which, unless some special means are taken to acquire it for the nation, will assuredly be snapped by some patriotic, American millionaire.

Finally there is the question of identity. Space forbids such a lengthy statement as could be made of facts; but, briefly, the considerations in favor of this being the replica originally for the White House are these: Winstanley came to England, presumably with the portrait, about the same time as Breed. What more likely than Breed purchased the picture for his Isle of Man home, which he named "Mount Vernon," after Washington's?. It has hung in the principal room there for nearly ninety years; Heath's engraving (purchased probably at the time of publication) being in the bed-room. It is pretty certain that Winstanley stole the picture to sell; it is not unlikely that he sold it to Breed. This Isle of Man picture is a genuine Stuart, and obviously a careful reflex of the Laudsdowne portrait; it supplieis in all essen tial points, apparently, the missing full length. If, therefore, this is not the White House portrait, then Stuart passed another full length hitherto unrecorded; or there was a painter who painted in exactly Stuart's manner, and forged his signiture, about whom history and we know nothing.—[London Black and White.

A Great Remedy

is Dr. Hoxsie's Certain Croup Cure. It allays inflamed membranes, keeps the air passages of the throat clear, and renders croup a harmless disease. 50 cts.

Seneca's Prophecy.

It would seem that an appropriate inscription for a monument to Columbus is offered in one of the choruses of Seneca, who was put to death by Nero, 65 A. D., in which the "divine pagan" predicts the discovery of a new world in the later ages. This remarkable prophecy is contained in the following verses from that highly wrought tragedy, "The Medea:"

Venient annis, secula seris,
Quibus Oceanus vincula verum,
Laxet, et ingens pateat tellus,
Tethysque novos detegat orbes,
Nec sit terris ultima Thule.
Act II., 375-9.

Probably no translation of "The Media" has ever been published in this country, and there is none, in either prose or poetry, to be found in the city library. In the absence of any authoritative translation (for I have never been able to find one) the following is presented by one who has not taken out a poetic license:

In the far off years an age shall come
When the ocean, forsooth, shall loose its chains,
And a wonderful continent shall appear.
The sea shall bring new worlds to view,
And the Ultima Thule no more shall be.
—[Chicago Herald.

A Division of Labor.

Author—"Supposing this play should turn out a success?"

Actor—"I will pay you and give it out that I am the author."

Author—"Supposing that it should fall flat!"

Actor—"You will be the author."

Author—"Supposing it should be neither one nor the other?"

Actor—"The good things will be mine and the bad ones yours."—[Life.

Weak, Nervous Men!

Send for sealed particulars, free, of Common Sense Home Treatment, which will speedily restore you to complete vigor and manhood. No electric nonsense, no stomach drugging. Albion Pharmacy Co., Albion, Mich.

Question Bureau.

Rules.—1. Send your real name and address. The name will not be published.

2.—Send only one question at a time, if you expect full replies. If more than one, they *must* be on the same general subject, not on different ones.

3.—Do not ask us where you can *buy* or *sell* anything, nor ask for addresses of business men or firms. This would be free advertising.

4.—Do not ask whether any business man or firm is reliable.

5.—Send only questions whose replies will be of general interest to our readers. We reserve the right not to answer queries which we consider are not so. Mathematical problems, puzzles, etc., are barred by this rule.

6.—No replies by mail to questions, in any case.

"Poor Richard."

J. T. G., Elgin, Ore.: "Poor Richard" was Benjamin Franklin. Franklin began the publication of an almanac called "Poor Richard's Almanac," in 1732, and continued it annually for 25 years. The almanac purported to be written by Richard Saunders, and its distinguishing feature was a series of maxims of prudence and industry in the form of proverbs. Dr. Franklin, in his autobiography, says of it:

"I endeavored to make it both entertaining and useful. I considered it as a proper vehicle for conveying instruction among the common people, who bought scarcely any other books. I therefore filled all the little spaces that occurred between the remarkable days in the calendar will proverbial sentences, such as inculcated industry and frugality as a means of procuring wealth, and thereby securing virtue. These proverbs, which contained the wisdom of many ages and nations, I formed into a connected discourse, prefixed to the almanac of 1757, as the harangue of a wise old man to the people attending an auction. The piece being universally approved, was copied in all the newspapers of the American continent, reprinted in Great Britain on a large sheet of paper, to be stuck up in houses. Two translations were made of it in France, a great many numbers bought by the clergy and gentry and distributed among their poor parishioners and tenants."

Opening Mail Matter.

T. L. S., Elk Park, N. C.: A postmaster has the right to open and examine all mail matter except that of the first class—that is, sealed letters or sealed packages on which letter postage is paid. In opening any other class of mail matter, however, he is only allowed to do so for the purpose of seeing if there is any writing therein not allowed by law; and he is not allowed to say anything about the matter to any other person. A postmaster is allowed to read postal cards to see if any improper matter is contained thereon, but he must not communicate the contents to anybody. For the postmaster to open a sealed letter is a penitentiary offense. In case a sealed letter has been opened in the postoffice, or a postmaster has communicated the contents of postal cards or packages which he may have opened in pursuance of his duty, complaint should be made at once to the Postmaster General, Washington, D. C. You must state all the facts of the case, putting in nothing that you are not able to prove. You must give the names of the witnesses and what they will testify to. A postoffice inspector will be sent to examine into the case. Please read Rule 3 at the head of this column.

Pronunciation.

H. W. F., Toledo, O.: The name of the great Finnish epic is pronounced Kal-e-va-la, accent on the first; "a" in the first syllable as in "hat;" "a" in the third as in "far."

R. A. R., Belle Valley, Pa.: The name Besant, when it means Walter Besant, the English author, is pronounced Be-zant, accent on second. Dumas is pronounced Du-mah, accent on second. Du Chaillu is pronounced Du Sha-yu, accent on third. Tolstoi is pronounced Tol-stoy, accent on the first. Portiere is pronounced por-ti-ar, accent on third. The vowels of the first and second are sounded short, that in the third has the sound of a in air. Repousse is pronounced ru-poo-say, accent on third; the vowel in the first is sounded short, that in last, long. Recherche is pronounced ru-shar-sha, accent on third. The vowel in the first is short, in the second has the sound of a in air, in the third long. Tete a tete is pronounced tat-a-tat, accent on the third; the a in the first and third is sounded long, the middle a has the same sound as in ask.

We have not type with the diacritical marks, hence are unable to undertake nice shades of pronunciation. We would much prefer that such questions should not be sent us.

English Dukes.

C. E. H., Cottonwood Falls, Kans.: In England the dukedom is the highest dignity in the peerage. It was introduced by Edward III, who in 1337 created his eldest son, Edward the Black Prince, Duke of Cornwall. The second dukedom was conferred March 6, 1351, upon Henry Plantagenet, son and heir of the Earl of Derby, under the title of Duke of Lancaster. In the reign of Elizabeth, in 1572, the whole order became extinct, but was revived about 50 years afterwards by King James, who created George Villiers Duke of Buckingham. A duke is styled "his grace," and the "most noble," and is officially addressed by the crown as "Our right trusty and right entirely beloved cousin and counsellor." The Prince of Wales, besides being Duke of Cornwall, is also Duke of Rothsay. His brother, Prince Alfred, is Duke of Edinburgh; the grandson of King George is Duke of Cambridge. "Royal dukes" are those dukes who are of the royal family. Besides these, there are 21 English, eight Scottish and two Irish dukes. The title is conferred by the crown originally, but is hereditary, descending to the eldest son.

Talleyrand.

J. W. S., Hunter, Cal.: Charles Maurice de Talleyrand-Perigord, Prince of Benevento, the most shrewd and unprincipled of all modern diplomatists, was born in Paris in 1754. He was trained for the church, but at no time of his life did he show the least inclination toward a Christian or even a moral life. In spite of this fact, he obtained several ecclesiastical positions; among others, that of abbot of St. Denis, in the diocese of Rheims. When the states general were convened in 1789, he was elected to represent his diocese. Under the first Napoleon, by intrigue and cleverness, he became in 1797 minister of foreign affairs, and exerted a powerful influence from that date in French politics. He was also minister of foreign affairs under Louis XVIII, and under King Louis Philippe he was French minister to England. He died at Paris March 17, 1838.

We do not know where you can obtain a copy of the federalist. It consists of a number of large volumes, and it would be utterly impossible for us to devote space enough to print it in THE BLADE.

The "Campbellites."

W. W. F., Carterville, Mo.: The Campbellite church, otherwise designate "The Disciples of Christ," "Christians," "The Church of Christ," etc., had its origin in the movement by Thomas Campbell and his son Alexander in 1809, to heal the divisions between the Christian churches. It was thought that by taking the Bible alone as a guide, allowing to every one full liberty of opinion as to matters not fully revealed, this could be done. The first trouble that was found was over infant baptism and baptism by sprinkling. The church decided that there was no Scripture warrant for either practice, and therefore affiliated with the Baptists. The Campbellites afterward took up "baptism for the remission of sins," and the practice of weekly communion. In forcing these matters upon the Baptists, a spirit of opposition was aroused, which led to the separation of the Campbellites from the Baptists, and the organization of the church as now found.

Stamp Taxes During the War.

C. M. P., Washington, D. C.: As a means of raising money to carry on the war of the rebellion, the United States government passed an internal revenue law, which imposed heavy special taxes on distilling, rectifying and selling all kinds of liquors; which required the payment of a heavy income tax upon all annual incomes over $1,000, and required internal revenue stamps placed upon all packages of patent medicines, etc., and upon all deeds, mortgages, notes, wills, and a number of other legal documents. The amount of the stamp was a certain per cent of the value of the deed, mortgage, note, etc. Shortly after the close of the war, the more obnoxious and annoying of these provisions were repealed and later others, so that now the special tax on tobacco, liquors and oleomargarine are all that is left of the internal revenue war tax.

Our Non-Interest Bearing Debt.

N. L. M., Findlay, O.: The non-interest bearing debt of the United States is composed of the following items: First, greenbacks; second, old demand notes which have never been presented for payment; third, national bank notes outstanding of banks which have ceased business, but which have not yet been presented for redemption by the goverment; fourth, fractional currency yet outstanding; fifth, gold certificates; sixth, silver certificates; seventh, currency certificates; eighth, treasury notes of 1890. When the secretary of the Treasury reports a decrease in the amount of non-interest bearing debt, it means that he has paid off notes, etc., under some one or more of these items, except the first. The amount of greenbacks is fixed by law, and cannot be diminished without an act of Congress.

Vacancies in Representation.

L. R., Pana, Ill., regarding that portion of the federal constitution which says: "When vacancies happen in the representation from any state, the executive thereof shall issue writs of election to fill such vacancy," says: "The writ of election is directed to the proper officer of the Congressional district in which the vacancy occurs. Who is the proper officer?"

The governor issues the writs of election to the sheriffs of the counties composing the district, who in turn issue their proclamations calling the election.

C. W. C., Delano, Cal.: We have not seen the poem you mention. Why do you not write to the publishers of the magazine in which it appeared, and get a copy of that issue?

The Sugar Duty.

E. E. L., Topeka, Kans., asks: "For what reason was the import duty on sugar taken off?" The reason was, first, that it was not a protective duty, because it did not increase the amount of sugar grown in the United States. There is only a very small area in the extreme South whose soil and climate is such that the common sugar cane will flourish; hence we could not hope through the increase of the cultivation of that cane to produce all the sugar we needed. As this was not the case, the duty on it was a revenue one, and paid by the consumer, of course; hence it was taken off, and over $50,000,000 a year saved to the sugar consumers of the United States.

Dragon Flies.

R. E. G., Leetonia, O.: The insects so common in the United States, and called by ignorant people and children "snake feeders," and by others the "devil's darning needles," should be properly called dragon flies. They belong to the order *neuroptera*, and the generic name is *libellula*, of which there are quite a number of species, some twenty different ones inhabiting New England alone. This insect is a light and graceful flyer, with four large shining delicate wings of nearly equal size. They are among the most voracious and cruel of insects, darting with swiftness and voracity upon gnats, mosquitoes, butterflies, and almost any soft-bodied winged insect. They are in no way injurious to men, but are directly beneficial in destroying many noxious insects. They hover above pools of water in search of prey, or dart from a post or fence upon insects coming near. Of course, the belief of children that they bring food to snakes is utterly without foundation.

The Ohio Amendment.

J. A. M., Stryker, O.: The taxation amendment and the proposition to hold a new constitutional convention in Ohio, were both defeated at the recent election. The official vote of the state is not yet made public; when it is we shall publish it. The provision of the constitution is that, in a vote on such questions, they can only carry if they receive a majority of all the votes polled at that election; hence persons who did not vote at all on those propositions really voted against them. In 1883, when the prohibition amendment was voted on, that amendment had a majority of the "yes" and "no" votes thereon, but there were several thousand people who did not vote at all on it, and consequently it did not receive a majority of the total vote of the state at that election, and was thus lost.

Malthus's Theory.

C. M. P., Washington, D. C., writes: "Malthus says that the population of the world increases in a geometrical ratio, and the food supply in an arithmetical ratio. Please make plain the proportion of increase."

In a geometrical ratio, the increase is by multiplication. In an arithmetical ratio, it is by addition. Considering the ratio in each case to be 2, the geometrical ratio would be 1, 2, 4, 8, 16, 32, 64, 128, etc.; the next number in any case being obtained by multiplying the previous one by the ratio 2. An arithmetical ratio increasing by 2 would consist of the numbers 1, 3, 5, 7, 9, 11, 13, 15, 17, etc., increasing each time by the addition of 2. If Malthus is right in his assumption, of course, it is easily seen the population will outrun the food supply eventually.

Our Gold Production.

J. J. Pierre, S. D.: We have not the figures of the world's production of gold year by year, but can give you, from the official report of the Director of the Mint, the figures of the production of the United States since 1880:

1880	$36,000,000
1881	34,700,000
1882	32,500,000
1883	30,000,000
1884	30,800,000
1885	31,801,000
1886	34,869,000
1887	33,136,000

Ohio Officials Elected.

W. H. T., Sparland, Ills.: The Republican state officers elected in Ohio on November 3 were: Governor, William McKinley, of Stark county; lieutenant governor, Andrew L. Harris, of Preble; supreme court judge, M. J. Williams, of Fayette; state auditor, E. W. Poe, of Wood; treasurer, W. T. Cope, of Cuyahoga; attorney general, John K. Richards, of Lawrence; member board of public works, C. E. Groce, of Pickaway; school commissioner, O. T. Corson, of Guernsey; food and dairy commissioner, F. B. McNeal, of Miami.

Miscellaneous.

J. E. W., Oakesdale, Wash.: We are sorry to say we have not the information you ask for.

H. W. F., Toledo, O.: The story of Damon and Pythias is told in classical history. Being true, it has no author.

N. C. H., Scotchburg, Ky.: We are sorry to say we do not know any one dealing in the animals you mention.

W. F., Verona, Ills.: We do not know where Edith O'Gorman, the "Escaped Nun," lives, nor do we know any particulars of her life.

S. B. L., Hookstown, Pa.: Your question has been handed the Farmstead editor, as it belongs to his department. He will probably answer it.

C. A. L., Toledo, O.: We have no means of knowing whether the first Thursday in December, 1865, was observed in Illinois as Thanksgiving day.

G. V., Elk Creek, Cal.: Your question has been handed to the editor of the Farmstead, who will probably answer it. It belongs in his department, not in this.

B. C. C., Cruso, N. C.: We will endeavor to answer your question, if you will read carefully the rules at the head of this department, and comply with them.

D. F., Michigan,: We do not know what states have a dental law. The only way to find out is to write to some one in each state which you wish to know about.

"Wish I Knew:" We cannot answer your question. See Rule 3 for the reason. The next time you send us a question, comply with Rule 1, and send your address as well as your name.

G. D. T., of Springfield, Mo., writes: "To J. M. H., of Union Grove, Mo., that Samuel Shannon belonged to Company I, of the 97th Ohio, and was enlisted at Keen, Coshocton county, Ohio."

W. A. C., St. John, Kans.: We have no idea where the "crazy balls," mentioned in a recent article in THE BLADE, can be obtained. Better write to some dealer in novelties in New York city.

"Reader," Mead, Ark., corrects an error in a recent number of THE BLADE in which it was stated that Woodruff, state treasurer of Arkansas, defaulted only $96,000. He says the exact sum as returned by the board was $234,783.99.

L. B. M., Starrville: We do not think that James G. Blaine is a member of any church. His family, however, are Presbyterians, and he attends worship at that church. He is not and never was a Catholic, if that is what you are trying to get at.

O. K. B., Mona, Iowa: We know of no publication which contains the Presidential vote of 1888 by counties throughout the United States. When we obtain the official vote of the recent New York election, we will publish the figures.

F. D., Breckenridge, Mo.: In the Bureau of the WEEKLY BLADE of May 28, and June 4 and 11, we published a complete list of all American coins bearing a premium, to which we must refer you. We cannot reprint, nor will we answer questions concerning the value of old coins.

J. R. M., Groveland, Ind.: The vote on all bills passed by both houses of congress is published in the *Congressional Record*. The laws passed by Congress are published each year in book form, and may be purchased by any one. Any bookseller can find for you the publisher of the Revised Statutes of the United States.

C. B. E., Granville, O.: The copper medal about which you inquire is one used during the war. There were hundreds of them, of different designs, and for a couple of years they passed as cents. They were issued by retail merchants and others, for convenience in making change, without authority of the government. They have no value to old coin collectors.

Alfred Griffith: We do not desire to purchase any stories at present, as our arrangements have been made for a number of months in advance. You send us your Presidential vote, but you give neither postoffice nor state, and there is no postmark on your card. As we stated distinctly that the vote is to be classified by states, you see at once that we can not use your vote.

A. E. G.: The sentence you give does not occur in the Bible. Why do you not send your postoffice address? We presume your question was part of a letter addressed to THE BLADE, but only the portion containing the question reaches the editor of the Bureau; hence questions enclosed in letters should always be written on a separate slip of paper, with the name and address carefully given.

M. H. S., Hillsdale, N. Y.: If you will take the trouble to read Rule 5, at the head of this column, you will see that mathematical problems, like the one you send, are barred out. When you send a question again, have the kindness to observe Rule 1, and send your name as well as your address. We are willing to do our best to answer questions, but questioners should not object to complying with the rules above.

J. L., Joy, O.: The questions you send are a sample of those abominable catch questions which have proved such a nuisance to newspapers. You should read Rule 2 above. The chrysanthemum is the national flower of Japan, but we are not certain that it is on the coat of arms of that country. The "Bloomer costume" got its name from Mrs. Bloomer, who invented it. Read Rule 2 above—only one question at a time unless they are on the same general subject.

W. H. B., LeMoyne, O., says: "I left my home in central New York on August 19, 1889; have traveled in six different states since, working wherever I could obtain employment. I have not voted since I left home. Can I go home on election day next November and vote?" If you are a married man and your family has lived in central New York during all this time, you certainly can; if not, we presume you will have to acquire residence in New York before you can vote.

H. P. V., Milford, Neb.: We do not know the names of the stockholders of the Standard Oil company. Possibly you might get them by writing to the principal office. The first mortgage bonds of the Union Pacific Railway are in the hands of thousands of holders, scattered all over the United States. The exception clause was put on the silver certificates because it is necessary for the treasury to have absolutely certain means of keeping up the supply of gold. Please do not ask us but one question at a time.

—"It leads them all," is the general reply of druggists when asked about the merit or sales of Hood's Sarsaparilla.

Success always lies up stream, and it requires will and muscle to get there. Many almost succeed, reach for the prize they would hang on to, and find they have not strength enough to hang on with. [illegible] enough grip. To such men and women Drs. Starkey & Palen's COMPOUND OXYGEN supplies the needed power. Like sand under the locomotive wheel, it makes effort effectual. Success is too dear at the price of starved lungs, worn out nerves, impaired digestion. It's good to gain a prize. It's better still to be able to enjoy it.

COMPOUND OXYGEN has back of it the accumulated success of twenty-two years. The theory is that the air on which we live, when enriched and magnetized, will make the system stronger. It's as capable of proof as is the multiplication table. Send for our book of particulars. Do so to-day. It costs only the asking.

DRS. STARKEY & PALEN, No. 1529 Arch St., Philadelphia, Pa.
120 Sutter St., San Francisco, Cal. 66 Church St., Toronto, Canada.

The Farmstead.

INFORMATION WANTED.

Mare's Throat Swells.

E. M., Kansas: It seems from a careful reading of your postal card, that your young mare is in the first stages of strangles. At times this trouble shows itself positively. It generally appears in horses from six months to six years old, yet the disease is not confined to animals of any age. The best thing you can now do will be to put an ounce of saltpeter in the drinking water once a day for three days; omit for three days, and repeat. If the swelling under the throat does not show evidence of diminishing, apply a poultice to the throat, which will cause it to point, when it may be lanced. The mare should have careful nursing.

Crabapple Trees.

W. A. R., Ohio: The best way, perhaps, to get rid of the crabapple trees is by girdling. There is a difference of opinion among those who have girdled trees, as to the time it should be done. Some claim the best time is about the first of December, while others say that the proper time to do it is in the middle of August. The editor shall be pleased to have the opinion of those readers of the Farmstead who have had experience in that kind of work. An interchange of views on the subject will prove of interest to many people who wish to clear up wooded land, or who desire to ascertain the best and shortest method of getting rid of the crabapple.

A Cheap Hot-Bed.

L. A., Pennsylvania: The most economical mode of making a hot-bed, if you wish to engage in market gardening, is on the style of cold frames. Mr. Henderson in his work Gardening for Profit says: "Parallel excavations are made, usually in length of 60 feet, two and a half feet deep, and six feet wide. The sides of these pits are boarded up with any rough boarding, nailed to posts, and raised above the surface 18 inches at the back and 12 inches at front. Strips are stretched across on which the sashes rest, wide enough to receive the edges of the two sashes where they meet, and allow of a piece of about an inch to slide between them so that the sash can be shoved backward and forward, and be kept in place in giving air, etc. The most convenient sash is six by three feet. The heating medium should be fresh horse manure, with about half its bulk of leaves, if they are obtainable. Mix together well, and tramp them down in layers, making a conical heap large enough to generate fermentation in severe winter weather. Mr. Henderson says the manure should not be allowed to lie scattered and get frozen, else great delay will ensue before heat can be generated. "A few days after the pile has been thrown together, and a lively fermentation has taken place, which will be indicated by the escape of steam from the heap, it should again be turned over and carefully shaken out, formed again into a pile, and left until the second fermentation occurs, which will be usually in two or three days. It may now be placed in the pit, or on the surface of the bed, as already alluded to, being regularly beaten down by the back of the fork, and trodden so that it is uniformly of the same solidity, and to the required depth—two and a half feet. The sashes are now placed on the frames and kept closed until the heat rises. At this time a thermometer, placed in the heated material, should indicate about 100 degrees, but this is too hot for almost any vegetable growth, and besides the rank steam given out by the fermentation should be allowed to escape before operations of sowing or planting begin. When the thermometer registers 90 degrees place soil to the depth of six inches, consisting of one-third well rotted manure and two-thirds good loam. The hot bed should be covered up at night and given air during the day. One cold night, when the bed is not covered, may be disastrous to the labor of the season. Strict attention should be paid to raising the sashes, or the whole contents may be scorched.

Lump on Mule's Breast.

D. G. McC., Missouri: The lump on your mule's breast may be the result of chafing against the manger. If it has been growing rapidly and has changed from a watery form to a hardened process, a tumor may be forming. Try rubbing it with iodine, ½ oz.; soap liniment, 6 ozs. If this does not dissipate, it may be necessary to lance the part. This should be done by a competent veterinarian. You should be careful not to permit the mule to stand where he can rub his breast against anything, as it will keep irritating the part so that a cure will be impossible.

Incubator Catalogue.

Mrs. J. L. C., Washington: By writing to almost any poultry raiser, enclosing a stamp, you will no doubt secure the information you seek. If some of the men who make incubators would advertise them in THE BLADE, they would no doubt find customers.

Warts on Head and Face of Calf.

M. C., McKean county, Pennsylvania: Rub the warts with salted lard. Let it remain on for three days, then wash off with soap and warm water. Dry the parts and apply the lard again. In about two weeks the warts should begin to disappear. They will very likely leave the calf anyway, as it grows older.

CORRESPONDENCE.

Will They Mix?

EDITOR BLADE FARMSTEAD:—Will patrons of THE BLADE tell me if Irish potatoes of different kinds planted in rows side by side mix, and if they do, how do they mix?—JULIUS CAMPBELL, Jasper county, Missouri.

Mites on Fowls.

EDITOR BLADE FARMSTEAD:—I would like to tell the FARMSTEAD readers, especially those who are troubled with mites on their fowls, to wash thoroughly your hen houses and all pertaining to them with very strong salt brine. You will find that a sure remedy, and it will not harm the chicks.—MRS. D. FLEMING.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Pruning Raspberries.

Some difference in practice exists among gardeners as to the best time to cut out the two-year canes after they have ceased bearing. Some prefer to do it at once as soon as the crop is gathered; others wait till the foliage has fallen; and others again wait till the following spring. Each mode has its reasons. Those who trim early say that it gives the new canes a better chance, but it deprives the canes of the benefit of the still green leaves. This objection does not exist after the leaves fall, and in a protected place; and it is a good time to cut them when not windy. In exposed places it is well to leave the work till spring, so that the plants may have all the protection of the canes through winter. The late autumn pruning is found by trial to do best with hardy plants and in sheltered places.—[Country Gentleman.

Forkfuls of Facts.

The dairymen of the country would make money by knocking one-half of their own cows in the head. The breeders of other kinds of scrub stock repeat the mistakes of dairymen. Why farmers will persist in keeping cows that don't pay their way is more than can be understood. Why they winter sheep for five pounds of wool and a 20-shilling lamb is equally incomprehensible. And the man who winters stunted pigs, and winters "lifting" colts goes hand in hand with his neighbor who gathers a single dozen of eggs a year from his dung-hill hens. "Farming don't pay" those fellows.

English Agricultural Law.—The *Mark Lane Express* gives an account of two legal decisions that will interest farmers. A court officer, trying to satisfy a judgment against a farmer, seized two pigs and carried them to a market place. It appeared that, in consequence of some swine disease, the farm had been declared an "infected area" from which no animals could be moved without a license. The officer thought he had a right to disregard this order, but the authorities made him return the pigs and pay costs. In another case a milkman was fined $20 for selling watered milk. The defense was that the dealer did not know the milk had been watered. The judges paid no attention to this, holding that any man should be able to know when milk contains 10 per cent more water than it should.

Feeding Turnips and Cabbages.—An Illinois subscriber asks: "What is the best way to utilize turnips? I have a great many. They give a peculiar flavor to the cow butter but not to the milk. I also have a great many cabbages that have burst; what can I do with these?" We have fed a great many turnips and cabbages this fall, and have had no trouble at all. They are fed while the cows are eating. The turnips are sliced, and the cabbages chopped up with a hatchet or spade. It pays to thoroughly air the milk. We do this by stirring or pouring it from one vessel to another. With a large quantity, one of the patent aerators would be useful. This airing will remove objectionable odors.—[Rural New Yorker.

To Make Chickens Grow Rapidly.

There is no reason and very little profit in allowing chickens to be slow in coming to maturity. The small biped starts into life all ready to grow rapidly, and only lack of proper food will keep it from forging ahead. Whether chicks are reared in brooders, or by hens, they must have plenty of warmth, pure water and cleanliness, and when these are secured we come to the important matter of food, which is one of the chief factors in rapid growth. This should contain just the elements that a growing chick requires, in such shape as to be readily digested. Raw eggs beaten into bread crumbs are excellent for the first few days. For this purpose the sterile eggs that have been removed from the incubator, or from under the hens at about the tenth day, will serve very well. The chicks will also delight to pick at rolled oats (which are oatmeal-cooked), and this is excellent for growth. Very soon they may have boiled wheat, and one can almost see his chickens grow while they are eating it. A little cooked potato, or cooked vegetable will not come amiss occasionally as they grow older. Whatever is given them should be thoroughly cooked until the chickens are eight or ten weeks old, if the most rapid growth is to be secured. When they can run at large upon the ground they will obtain an abundance of tender grass and other green stuff, but if confined, there is nothing better than broiled clover leaves, scalded or cooked into a little bran or middlings. Some bulky food is necessary, or indigestion will ensue. Clover provides both bulk and growth material, and where milk cannot be obtained the liquid in which clover hay has been steeped will be a most excellent substitute. Lean meat is good to feed occasionally, but it is best cooked until it will readily fall apart, while fresh-ground bone is one of the cheapest, and probably one of the best foods for growing chickens and for laying hens that can be found. Any one who keeps a considerable number of hens or raises chickens in large quantities will find a bone-cutter almost invaluable. Feed very little corn meal to growing chicks until it is desired to fatten them. Corn is essentially a heat-producing and fat-producing food. There is one other essential to rapid growth, and that is exercise. Chickens will get this if allowed to run with a hen, but if reared in brooders they must be made to scratch, or good food will avail them but little.—[Cor. Am. Agriculturist.

Honey Dew.

Nature is kind. When one source of honey fails another is unlocked or one suddenly springs up. White clover, as a source for honey in this locality, has nearly if not quite failed owing to the severe drouth of preceding years. While walking under some maple trees shading the sidewalk, I noticed upon the brick pavement what appeared to be minute drops of oil, and immediately surmised the presence of honey dew. Scientists tell us, and all observers of nature in her varying moods confirm it, that honey dew is the excretion of multitudes of small insects found on the under side of the leaves of the small branches. The trees most infested are the soft maples, though the sugar maples and box elders, frequently called ash-leaved maple, have a few. The insect belongs to the hemiptera, and possesses the simple name of pulvinaria innumerabilis. A full description of it is given in the United States agricultural report for 1884, and in the second (1878) report of the state entomologist of Illinois. It is commonly called the cottony maple scale.

If I remember correctly, it was during the season of 1885 that the maple trees were infested with this plague to an alarming extent. On looking up into the trees it was hard to believe that cotton wool had not been entwined along the branches. That year there was white clover honey and it was injured by being spotted with honey dew. This year there is no surplus being gathered from any source, and it is a welcome addition to the bees' larder as it is good food for rearing broods, though poor and unsafe for winter food.—[Cor. Prairie Farmer.

One Point Settled.

First Dime Museum Manager—Yes; there's any quantity of fakes floating round, but a genuine freak is a curiosity.

Second Dime Museum Manager—That's what 'tis.—[Puck.

BIG MONEY FOR AGENTS.

A $50 appointment on 30 days time, guarantee $150 profit in four weeks or no pay. Free sample for stamps. Address H. J. Shoop & Co., Racine, Wis.

Most Children Are.

"My mamma won't let me have everything I want," complained little May to little Frances.

"You'll have to be strict with your mamma," replied Frances; "I am."—[Pittsburg Chronicle.

When Baby was sick, we gave her Castoria.
When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria.
When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria.
When she had Children, she gave them Castoria.

Talmage's Sermon.

TALMAGE PREACHES OF ST. PAUL

And His Sermon With Its Grand Sentiments to the Assembled Pagan Philosophers of Athens —Ruins of To-Day.

Dr. Talmage preached the sixth of the series of sermons on subjects suggested by his tour in Bible lands. His text was taken from Acts xvii. 16: "While Paul waited for them at Athens his spirit was stirred in him when he saw the city wholly given to idolatry."

It seemed as if morning would never come. We had arrived after dark in Athens, Greece, and the night was sleepless with expectation, and my watch slowly announced to me 1 and 2 and 3 and 4 o'clock; and at the first ray of dawn I called our party to look out of the window upon that city to which Paul said he was a debtor, and to which the whole earth is debtor for Greek architecture, Greek sculpture, Greek poetry, Greek eloquence, Greek prowess, and Greek history. That morning in Athens we sauntered forth armed with most generous and lovely letters from the President of the United States, and his secretary of State, and during all our stay in that city these letters caused every door and every gate and every temple and every palace to open before us. The mightiest geographical name on earth to-day is America. The signature of an American President and secretary of State will take a man where an army could not. These names brought us into the presence of a most gracious and beautiful sovereign, the queen of Greece, and her cordiality was more like that of a sister than the occupant of a throne room. No formal bow as when monarchs are approached, but a cordial shake of the hand, and earnest questions about our personal welfare and our beloved country far away.

But this morning we pass through where stood the Agora, the ancient market-place, the locality where philosophers used to meet their disciples, walking while they talked, and where Paul, the Christian logician, flung many a proud Stoic, and got the laugh on many an impertinent Epicurean. The market-place was the center of social and political life, and it was the place where people went to tell and hear the news. Booths and bazars were set up for merchandise of all kinds, except meat, but everything must be sold for cash, and there must be no lying about the commodities, and the Agoranomi who ruled the place could inflict severe punishment upon offenders. The different schools of thinkers had distinct places set apart for convocation. The Platoeans must meet at the cheese market, the Decliaus at the barber shop, the sellers of perfumes at the frankincense headquarters. The market place was a space three hundred and fifty yards long and two hundred and fifty wide, and it was given up to gossip and merchandise, and lounging, and philosophizing. All this you need to know in order to understand the Bible when it says of Paul, "Therefore disputed he in the market daily with them that met him." You see it was the best place to get an audience, and if a man feels himself called to preach he wants people to preach to. But before we make our chief visits of to-day we must take a turn at the Stadium. It is a little way out, but go we must. The Stadium was the place where the foot-races occurred.

Paul had been out there, no doubt, for he frequently uses the scenes of that place as figures when he tells us: "Let us run the race that is set before us," and again, "They do it to obtain a corruptible garland, but we an incorruptible." The marble and the gilding have been removed, but the high mounds against which the seats were piled are still there. The Stadium is 680 feet long, 130 feet wide, and held 40,000 spectators. There is to-day the very tunnel through which the defeated racer departed from the Stadium and from the hisses of the people, and there are the stairs up which the victor went to the top of the hill to be crowned with the laurel. In this place contests with wild beasts sometimes took place, and while Hadrian, the emperor, sat on yonder height, one thousand beasts were slain in one celebration. But it was chiefly for foot racing, and so I proposed to my friend that day while we were in the Stadium that we try which of us could run the sooner from end to end of this historical ground, and so at the word given by the lookers-on we started side by side, but before I got through I found out what Paul meant when he compares the spiritual race with the race in this very Stadium, as he says: "Lay aside every weight." My heavy overcoat and my friend's freedom from such encumbrance showed the advantage in any kind of a race of "laying aside every weight."

We come now to the Acropolis. It is a rock about two miles in circumference at the base and a thousand feet in circumference at the top, and three hundred feet high. On it has been crowded more elaborate architecture and sculpture than in any other place under the whole heavens. Originally a fortress, afterward a congregation of temples and statues and pillars, their ruins an enchantment from which no observer ever breaks away. No wonder that Aristides thought it the center of all things—Greece, the center of the world; Attica, the center of Greece; Athens, the center of Attica; and the Acropolis, the center of Athens. Earthquakes have shaken it; Verres plundered it. Lord Elgin, the English ambassador at Constantinople, got permission of the sultan to remove from the Acropolis fallen pieces of the building, but he took from the building to England the finest statues, removing them at an expense of $800,000. A storm overthrew many of the statues of the Acropolis. Morosini, the general, attempted to remove from a pediment the sculptured car and horses of Victory, but the clumsy machinery dropped it, and all was lost. The Turks turned the building into a powder magazine, where the Vatican guns dropped a fire that by explosion sent the columns flying in the air and falling cracked and splintered. But after all that time and storm and war and iconoclasm have effected, the Acropolis is the monarch of all ruins, and before it bow the learning, the genius, the poetry, the art, the history of the ages. I saw it as it was thousands of years ago. I had read so much about it and dreamed so much about it, that I needed no magician's wand to restore it. At one wave of my hand on that clear morning in 1889, it rose before me in the glory it had when Pericles ordered it, and Ictinus planned it, and Phidias chiseled it, and Protogines painted it, and Pausanias described it. Its gates, which were carefully guarded by the ancients, open to let you in, and you ascend by 60 marble steps the propylæa, which Epaminondas wanted to transfer to Thebes, but permission, I am glad to say, could not be granted for the removal of this architectural miracle. In the days when 10 cents would do more than $1 now, the building cost $2,300,000. Its five ornamented gates, the keys entrusted to an officer for only one day, lest the temptation to go in and misappropriate the treasures be too great for him; its ceiling, a mingling of blue and scarlet and green, and the walls abloom with pictures utmost in thought and coloring. Yonder is a temple to the goddess called "Victory Without Wings." So many of the triumphs of the world had been followed by defeat that the Greeks wished in marble to indicate that victory for Athens had come never to fly away, and hence this temple to "Victory Without Wings"—a temple of marble, snow-white and glittering.

Yonder behold the pedestal of Agrippa, 27 feet high and 12 feet square. But the overshadowing wonder of all the hill is the Parthenon. In days when money was ten times more valuable than now, it cost $4,000,000. It is a Doric grandeur, having 46 columns, each column 34 feet high and 6 feet 2 inches in diameter. Wondrous intercolumniations! Painted porticos, architraves tinged with ochre, shields of gold hung up, lines of the most delicate curve, figures of horses, and men, and women, and gods, oxen on the way to sacrifice, statues of the deities Dionysius, Prometheus, Hermes, Demeter, Zeus, Hera, Poseidon; in one frieze twelve divinities; centaurs in battle; weaponry from Marathon, chariot of the night, chariot of the morning, horses of the sun, the fates, the furies, the statue of Jupiter holding in his right hand the thunderbolt; silver-footed chair in which Xerxes watched the battle of Salamis only a few miles away.

Here is the colossal statue of Minerva in full armor, eyes of gray-colored stone; figure of a Sphinx on her head, griffins by her side (which are lions with eagle's beak), spear in one hand, statue of liberty in the other, a shield carved with battle scenes, and even the slippers sculptured, and tied on with thongs of gold. Far out at sea the sailors saw this statue of Minerva rising high above all the temples glittering in the sun. Here are statues of equestrians, statue of a lioness, and there are the Graces, and yonder a statue in bronze. There is a statue said in the time of Augustus to have of its own accord turned around from east to west and spit blood; statues made out of shields conquered in battle; statue of Apollo, the expeller of locusts; statue of Anacreon, drunk and singing; statue of Olympodorus, a Greek, memorable for the fact that he was cheerful when others were cast down, a trait worthy of sculpture. But, walk on and around the Acropolis, and yonder you see a statue of Theseus fighting the Minotaur and the statue of Hercules slaying serpents. No wonder that Petronius said it was easier to find a god than a man in Athens.

"Oh, the Acropolis! The most of its temples and statues made from the marble quarries of Mount Pentelicum, a little way from the city. I have here on my table a block of the Parthenon made out of this marble, and on it is the sculpture of Phidias. I brought it from the Acropolis. This specimen has on it the dust of ages, and the marks of explosion and battle, but you can get from it some idea of the delicate luster of the Acropolis when it was covered with a mountain of this marble cut into all the exquisite shapes that genius could contrive, and striped with silver and aflame with gold. The Acropolis in the morning light of those ancients must have shone as though it were an ærolite cast off from the noonday sun. The temples must have looked like petrified foam. The whole Acropolis must have seemed like the white breakers of the great ocean of time.

There was one occasion on this hill memorable above all others. A little man, physically weak, and his rhetoric described by himself as contemptible, had by his sermons rocked Athens with commotion, and he was summoned either by writ of law or hearty invitation to come upon the pulpit rock and give a specimen of his theology. All the wiseacres of Athens turned out and turned up to hear him. As in 1889 I stood on the rock where Paul stood, and a slab of which I brought from Athens by consent of the queen, through Mr. Tricoupis, the prime minister, and had placed in yonder memorial wall, I read the whole story, Bible in hand.

What I have so far said in this discourse was necessary in order that you may understand the boldness, the defiance, the holy recklessness, the magnificence of Paul's speech. The first thunderbolt he launched at the opposite hill—the Acropolis—that moment all aglitter with idols and temples. He cries out, "God who made the world."

Oh, Paul, stop for a moment and give these startled and overwhelmed auditors time to catch their breath! Make a rhetorical pause! Take a look around you at the interesting landscape, and give your hearers time to recover! No, he does not make even a period, or so much as a colon or semicolon, but launches the second thunderbolt right after the first, and in the same breath goes on to say: God "dwelleth not in temples made with hands." Oh, Paul! Is not deity more in the Parthenon, or more in the Theseum, or more in the Erechtheium, or more in the temple of Zeus Olympius, than in the open air, more than on Mount Hymettus out yonder, from which the bees get their honey? "No more!" responds Paul. "He dwelleth not in temples made with hands."

But surely the preacher on the pulpit of rock on Mars Hill will stop now. His audience can endure no more. Two thunderbolts are enough. No, in the same breath he launches the third thunderbolt, which, to them, is more fiery, more terrible, more demolishing than the others, as he cries out: "Hath made of one blood all nations." Oh, Paul! you forget you are speaking to the proudest and most exclusive audience in the world. Do not say "of one blood." You cannot mean that. Had Socrates and Plato and Demosthenes and Solon and Lycurgus and Draco and Sophocles and Euripedes and Æschylus and Pericles and Phidias and Miltiades blood just like the Persians, like the Turks, like the Egyptians, like the common herd of humanity? "Yes," says Paul, "of one blood, all nations."

As that night in Athens I put my tired head on my pillow, and the exciting scenes of the day passed through my mind, I thought on the same subject on which as a boy I made my commencement speech in Niblo's theater on graduation day from the New York university, viz: "The moral effects of sculpture and architecture," but further than I could have thought in boyhood, I thought in Athens that night that the moral effects of architecture and sculpture depend on what you do in great buildings after they are put up, and upon the character of the men whose forms you cut in the marble; yea! I thought that night, what struggles the martyrs went through in order that in our time the gospel might have full swing; and I thought that night, what a brainy religion it must be that could absorb a hero like him we have considered to-day, a man the superior of the whole human race, the infidels but pigmies or homunculi compared with him, and I thought what a rapturous consideration it is that through the same grace that saved Paul, we shall confront the great apostle, and shall have the opportunity, amid the familiarities of the skies, by asking him what was the greatest occasion of all his life. He may say: "The shipwreck of Melita." He may say: "The riot at Ephesus." He may say: "My last walk out on the road to Ostia." But I think he will say: "The day I stood on Mars Hill addressing the indignant Areopagites, and looking off upon the towering form of the goddess Minerva, and the majesty of the Parthenon, and all the brilliant divinities of the Acropolis. That account in the Bible was true. My spirit was stirred within me when I saw the city wholly given up to idolatry."

Honest Smokers.

Quite a number of cigar stores about town leave a small box with nickel cigars lying exposed on the show-case. When a customer wants a nickel cigar he comes in and deposits his nickel on the box and takes out a cigar, lights it and leaves the store without disturbing the clerk or proprietor. Sometimes he sees nobody. It is noticeable, however, that none of the imported stock that sell for 15 cents straight up to a dollar is thus left lying about subject to the honesty of the customer. Perhaps the dealers have come to the conclusion that the man who would have the courage to smoke a 5-cent cigar may be relied upon as always able and willing to pay for it whether watched or not.—[New York Herald.

By the Card.

Chollie—"Er—aw—Miss Figg, may I dare to offah my heart and hand to the fairest of her sex, the wose without a thorn?"

Miss Laura—"Mr. Sophneigh, you are the fourth to propose to me in those very same words."

Chollie—"Ya-as. All of ouah fellahs use that fawm of pwoposal, don'tcher-know."—[Indianapolis Journal.

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Stop that cough! Else the bronchial tubes will be enlarged and the delicate tissues of the lungs exposed to injury. No other medicine is so speedily operative in throat and lung troubles as Ayer's Cherry Pectoral. A few doses have been known to break up an obstinate and distressing cough. Sufferers from asthma, bronchitis, croup, consumption, sore throat, and whooping cough find a sure relief in the use of this preparation. It Try soothes the inflamed membrane, promotes expectoration, and induces repose. Don't be without it in the house. Sallie E. Stone, Hurt's store, Va., writes: "I have found, in my family, that Ayer's Cherry Pectoral was always a certain cure for colds and coughs."

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The Camp Fire.

☞ Contributions are solicited from old soldiers of the civil war for this department. We don't want discussions, or recriminations, or abuse; but we do want brief, lively sketches and personal reminiscences of army life.

For the Camp Fire.

His Fighting Kiss.

The soldiers were ready for marching,
The banner swung in the breeze,
While mothers from sons were parting;
The birds sang in the trees.

A mother came out from a gateway,
To bid her son good-by;
While the falling tears she could not stay
Fell fast with many a sigh.

A picture she made in the twilight,
As she softly kissed her son,
While all the soldiers' eyes were bright
With tears, ere she was done.

A soldier turned as she moved away;
His longing he could not smother.
"Please, won't you give me a kiss, to-day?
I'm an orphan—I have no mother."

Then she tenderly kissed the soldier lad,
Lovingly as her own:
"May the blessings of Heaven make you glad,
And bring you safely home."

"I'll fight all the better for this," he said,
As his heart thrilled more and more;
"For my own dear mother, she is dead;
She waits on the other shore!

"And when I stand in the midst of the fight
I oft shall think of you
Who gave me a mother kiss to-night
And I'll plight my allegiance anew."

CHARLOTTE NOTTINGER CUMMINS.

Over the Hatchie Hills.

EDITOR CAMP FIRE—In the fall of 1862, the battle of Corinth, Miss., had been fought, and Price's army had been met by Gen. Hulbert, at the river Hatchie, and driven back, and only that narrow stream of water called the Tuscumbia, with its steep banks and muddy bottom, lay between the retreating rebels and the pursuing Union forces—and all was quiet! Price was all night long effecting one of his masterly retreats over those Hatchie hills.

But near the dawn of day the rebel camp was lit up by many fires and we knew that they were burning their tents and camp equipage, and our force that was near by was put in motion.

Of the 21st Mo. there was only a battalion present of four companies (possibly there may have been six companies), the main part of the regiment remaining near Corinth in charge of many prisoners and some rebel hospitals.

We were commanded by Maj. Fulton, of Co. E, who always waked up early. We had halted to let the pontoons and some artillery pass to the front.

As I was considered rather a privileged character, I went along, and on going to the house of Mr. Young, I found his corn-crib filled with corn blades bound in small bundles. It occurred to me that our mules might want something to eat within a day or two; I hurried back to the command, reported the find, and got a detail of men to go ahead and carry the corn blades from the crib out to the side of the road, and place them in piles some distance apart, so that when our wagons were moving ahead, all the fodder could be thrown onto the wagons without checking the motion of the moving trains.

In a short time a halt was made for the pontoons to be laid. A small squad of men was near—not more than 30—most of whom wore neither the blue nor the gray. One of them called me by name, and asked me to go along with them. I replied that I would, but could not well leave my teams. Lieut. McCord, of Co. E, 21st Mo., said that he would look to the train if I wanted to go. I replied that my musket was under the corn fodder. Some one said: "You have holsters, go ahead if you want to."

We went up the Tuscumbia half a mile, and forded it just at the rear of the retreating rebs, that were cutting down timber to impede our pursuit as much as possible. The firing opened lively on top of the first little hill. The rebel tents were mostly consumed; but I discovered a pile of boxes, only getting fairly on fire. I soon saw that the boxes contained Enfield rifles. I scattered them out, and carried water in an old battered camp-kettle, and extinguished the fire.

By this time the rebel balls had ceased flying overhead, and the firing was getting farther off, so I seated myself in a fancy chair and was utilizing the contents of my haversack as one of our cavalry officers come riding up in advance of his men. He inquired how I got there. I told him I had forded the river. He looked at me for a moment and said:

"You are the happiest looking-man that I have seen this morning," and then rode on up the little hill and into the fighting. I remained at that place until Major Fulton arrived. I showed him what I had done, and he seemed well pleased.

From the Tuscumbia to Ripley, our cavalry frequently captured small squads of rebels, which were sent back to Corinth under guards selected from Fulton's battalion of the 21st Missouri. We saw many wagons that were abandoned and set on fire, still burning in the road.

On nearing Ripley, McArthur called a halt, rations were issued to the men, and we watched for McPherson to come up. His men were weary, and many of them had had nothing to eat that whole day. I had a surplus of rations on hand, and with three boxes of crackers that I captured with the corn blades on the Tuscumbia, were handed over to McPherson's division, which made of them part of a meal that afternoon.

Late in the day McArthur, with his brigade, moved west on a by-road, parallel and only about a mile from Price's retreating army. We went about five miles; the night was dark; we struck a cross-road, the artillery was put in position, camp guards were set, and the weary men dropped to sleep on their arms. Then we could hear and feel Price's retreating columns, as they were still moving west. After a time all was quiet. As day dawned, it seemed to me like Sunday morning, and that we were moving around cautiously, so as to let the sleepers sleep.

About sunrise I mounted my pony and rode over to see how Price was getting along. Just as I got into the road I saw a man that wore the blue, with his musket on his shoulder, coming towards me. He had just left a pile of about two thousand pounds of bacon and five barrels of sugar. We exchanged but few words. I told him to guard the bacon, that I would have my teams there in a few minutes. We got back to camp while many of the men were still sleeping. That man in blue that first got to the bacon, was Thomas Waterhouse, of Co. B, 21st Mo. The place was on the farm of Doctor Ellis, a few miles west of Ripley, Miss.

The supply train came up a few hours later, and I was selected as one of the commissaries to issue the rations to McArthur's division. I had our bacon piled up near by, and after issuing the government rations to companies, I would invite the men to take a good slice of old Pap Price's bacon, and to fill their haversacks with sugar. I got clear of all the bacon, but had almost a half barrel of the sugar left, which I afterwards sold to Rickey, our sutler, for $4.50, and have never yet divided with Waterhouse!

It took quite a long train of wagons to bring those rations to us, but by next morning all was transferred to the men's haversacks, and we slowly but cheerfully started on our return to Corinth.

A few days after our return Major Fulton called my attention to a newspaper article, in which a reference was made to some captured arms. I replied that it was likely only a teamster's report, and I took no further notice of the matter. I did my duty at the time; those Iowa teamsters did their duty at another time. I found those eleven boxes of Enfield rifles in a pile, burning lively. I scattered them about and put out the fire. Those Iowa teamsters found them scattered out, and they hauled them to Corinth. In so doing, they did their duty. There was always some honor in doing our duty. I propose donating my share of the honor to those Pocahontas men, for without their invitation I would not have been there. I still remember the name of the scout that called me by name on that occasion. —A. W. HARLAN.

A Sow in Camp.

EDITOR CAMP FIRE—In the spring of 1863, while we were laying in camp, there was an old sow made frequent visits to our camp. She was very lean—all the safer for herself—though I do not think it was her fault, for she was a good feeder. When an opportunity presented itself she became a little troublesome, and would enter our tents and go to eating without being asked. One of our captain's headquarters seemed to be most convenient to her. The captain got quite angry at her, for he could hardly club her away. He procured a gun and put in it a small load of powder, using paper instead of a ball. The old sow was a little longer about coming than the captain expected, so he left his tent, and one of the boys slipped in and drew the captain's load, putting in a double charge. It was not long, however, until the captain returned. Soon after the visitor came, the captain being ready to receive her as soon as she entered the tent. I can almost see him grinning, thinking how he would burn the hog a little, and scare her almost to death. It was not the hog that was scared, however. The captain opened fire broadside on the old sow, not being a rod from her, and with a rest. He knocked all the squeal out of her, tearing her to pieces. I don't believe the captain ever fired another gun during the war. Come to the front, comrades of the 6th.—WOOLLY, Co. A, 6th West Va. Cav.

Riding in Style.

EDITOR CAMP FIRE—With all the wrestling about the different branches of the service, nothing has been said about the artillery. I served three years in the 5th Ohio Battery, and our first "baptism" was the surprise at Shiloh; then again at Corinth, Miss., October 4 and 5; and the Vicksburg bombardment must not be forgotten. I enjoy reading the Camp Fire, and was pleased to see a letter from a member of Co. I, 5th Ohio Cav. I was a member of same regiment, but of Co. E, and served during the general "windup" of the war, joining the regiment at Faysons, N. C. We were obliged to travel through Goldsborough, N. C., on our way to the regiment, and there we struck Sherman's army coming North. While there, I saw many amusing scenes. Many of the soldiers had captured fine cabs and carriages, and were being driven around through the city, with contrabrands for drivers. Some of the soldiers were inside the cabs, some on top, some were barefooted, ragged and dirty, and yet enjoying their ride like American lords. The drivers also had on royal livery. And such rigs and horses! Sometimes a mule and a horse; sometimes both; and all made a sorry looking turnout. My comrade and I got a mule in the city, and found an old buck-board, also one of these dilapidated harness that the comrades have seen in the South. We marched to the regiment in that style, at Faysons Station, North Carolina. From there to the close of the war we spent much of our time in the saddle, with Kilpatrick in the lead, in the wake, and on every side.—A. M. TRUNK.

At Yazoo Pass.

EDITOR CAMP FIRE—Will say to Comrade Dan Spencer, Co. C., 17th Iowa, that I was one of the boys on the Yazoo pass expedition, and was glad to hear from him through the Camp Fire. The fleet was composed of the 5th Iowa, 26th Mo., 10th Iowa, 17th Iowa, and 93d Ills. Inf. Regs. I remember the boats were the White Rose, Bellcreole and Lady Pike. The smoke stacks were not taken down, but were knocked down by running under large limbs. We were on the White Rose, a fine new boat. Its smoke-stacks were knocked down, and the hurricane deck and the wheel house carried away. Co. D was on top and there were some guns stacked up there. When a large limb carried off some of the guns, Capt. Shepherd, of Co. D, not being a man of education, was at a loss how to express in his report the loss of the guns. He made out his report thus: "Yazoo Pass Exhibition—big tree—large limb struck out, and hauled off five guns." We could not blame him, for it was more of an exhibition than anything else. We were out three days, I believe, then steamed back up the pass to the Mississippi river. In going down the engines were run at reverse, or backward, to keep from going like lightning.—ELISAS F. CHAPMAN, Co. B, 10th Iowa V. V. I.

Down the Mill-race.

EDITOR CAMP FIRE—I see that Daniel Spencer, Co. C, 17th Iowa, asks (or rather wonders) how many there are living that were on the Greenwood expedition. I had the pleasure of a trip down that mill-race, in 1863, on the Lady Pike. Spencer speaks of taking a pleasure trip South. I went South in advance of Gen. Sherman, and stopped at such noted places as Cohaba Ala.; Millen, Ga.; Black Shrine, Ga.; Andersonville, and other minor places. One of my landlords, I believe, was interested in a little necktie sociable in Washington, D. C., sometime in 1865. I have been looking for some of the friends of these boarding houses to be dunning me for my board bill. I left with them all the valuables that I had, and even health. Thousands gave life itself, but were true to themselves, their country and their God.—J. E. WINDER, Co. D, 17th Iowa.

A Good Plan.

EDITOR CAMP FIRE—Losure Post, No. 35, Wauseon, O., has voted to attend the next national encampment, at Washington, as a post, with colors flying and eagle screaming. In order to do this we recently held a camp fire, the entire proceeds to go towards paying our transportation to Washington. We expect to keep them up the entire winter, and during the coming summer we will have lawn fetes, etc. In addition to this, we have a contribution box in our post room, into the slot of which we can drop a penny or a nickel, as we can spare it, and all to the same end.—DOW BAYES, Co. I, 38th Iowa.

Stray Shots.

Comrade W. M. Evans, Co. B, 148th Ind. Inft., writes:—"I was reared in the South, known a Johnny when I see him, and also know how the chickens run. I was with the 'boys' in Jackson county, Ala., in 1863, on the 'bee gum' expedition, when the lady of the house protested; but they got the gum. I ordered them to leave everything alone, but the 'boys' did as they pleased. I reported them to the captain; but we were all cleared of eating honey, for the captain ate with us. I was one of those engaged in the 'raid across the bridge.' Would like to hear from some of the comrades of Co. B, 148th."

J. A. Sandige writes:—"I was a boy of about 14 years during the latter part of the war, but knew many of the 12th Ohio Inf. when they were camped at Fayetteville, W. Va. Geo. Holinbury, a blacksmith, was very kind to all the citizens. I heard afterward that this regiment suffered great loss in battle. I would like to hear from some of the survivors through the Camp Fire. I lived near Cotton Hill, five miles west of the camp."

It is desired by a comrade of the "Greenwood expedition" that Comrade Daniel Spencer send his name and address to "Box 458, Bedford, Iowa," for regimental roster.

Information Wanted.

☞ Requests of this sort will be inserted in the department at the rate of 50 cents for three lines one insertion. It is impossible to insert them free.

WANTED—The address of James McSay, Co. M, 14th Ills. Cav. Address, MRS. ELIZABETH MCKEE, Macksburg, Iowa.

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The Sunday School.

Christ Crucified.

LESSON X, SUNDAY, DECEMBER 6, 1891.

Golden Text—For Christ also hath once suffered for sins.—1 Pet., 3:18.

LESSON TEXT.

(John 19: 17-30.)

17. And he bearing his cross went forth into a place called the palace of the skull, which is called in Hebrew, Golgotha.

18. Where they crucified him, and two others with him, on either side one, and Jesus in the midst.

19. And Pilate wrote a title, and put it on the cross. And the writing was, Jesus of Nazareth, the king of the Jews.

20. This title then read many of the Jews; for the place where Jesus was crucified was nigh to the city; and it was written in Hebrew, and Greek, and Latin.

21. Then said the chief priests of the Jews to Pilate, Write not, The king of the Jews; but that he said, I am king of the Jews.

22. Pilate answered, What I have written I have written.

23. Then the soldiers, when they had crucified Jesus, took his garments, and made four parts, to every soldier a part; and also his coat: now the coat was without seam, woven from the top throughout.

24. They said therefore among themselves, Let us not rend it, but cast lots for it, whose it shall be: that the scripture might be fulfilled, which saith, They parted my raiment among them, and for my vesture they did cast lots. These things the soldiers did.

25. Now there stood by the cross of Jesus his mother, and his mother's sister, Mary the wife of Cleophas, and Mary Magdalene.

26. When Jesus therefore saw his mother, and the disciple standing by, whom he loved, he saith unto his mother, Woman, behold thy son!

27. Then saith he to the disciple, Behold thy mother! And from that hour the disciple took her unto his own home.

28. After this Jesus knowing that all things were now accomplished, that the Scripture might be fulfilled, saith, I thirst.

29. Now there was set a vessel full of vinegar: and they filled a sponge with vinegar, and put it upon hyssop, and put it to his mouth.

30. When Jesus therefore had received the vinegar, he said, It is finished: and he bowed his head, and gave up the ghost.

ILLUSTRATIVE APPLICATIONS.

He went out, bearing the cross for himself (v. 17). The cross was a sign of shame. To bear the cross on one's shoulder was a declaration to the world that the cross-bearer was rejected of the world. Not only did Jesus bear the cross for himself, but he insisted that every one who would follow him must also bear his own cross for himself, must submit to be rejected of the world, and to suffer shame and bitter trial. "If any man would come after me, let him deny himself, and take up his cross and follow me," he said; and these words hold good for all time. In this personal cross-bearing, Jesus was our example, as well as our Saviour. If we have no such burden as weighed on him with humiliating and crushing force, we may well wonder why we are exempted. But whenever the cross marks us among our fellows as sorely afflicted ones, and when it presses us down to the very earth with its fearful weight, we may feel that so far we are in the line of privilege and of duty in the loving imitation of Jesus.

They crucified him (v. 18). And they would crucify him again, or put him out of the world in some way, if he were to face men now as he faced them before. It is not that every phase of goodness is hateful to the world, but that all goodness has some phases which the world will oppose. It was not because Jesus fed the hungry, and healed the sick, and cast out devils, and raised the dead, and spoke loving words to children and their parents, that he was hated and hunted and murdered. But Jesus did not rest his work there; and he was hated because of what he was and did beyond all this. Some hated him because he interfered with their hog-raising, or their dove-selling, or their money-changing. Some felt stung by his denunciation of their manners and hypocrisy and hollow-heartedness. Some had theological differences with him; and others thought he was in their way politically. It would be much the same now. Jesus would be denounced by some as holding exploded theological notions; by some as being too puritanical and straight-laced; by some as altogether too loose in his doctrinal views; by some as interfering with wise methods of church progress; and by some as holding dangerous political opinions. Indeed, in the absence of Jesus personally, those who best represent him on earth are sure to be in conflict, at one point or another, with the world's prejudices and the world's preferences; and those who are willing to follow Jesus in cross-bearings are likely to share with Jesus in the world's hatred which crucified him.

The soldiers took his garments, to every soldier a part (v. 23). No matter how great the misfortune of others, there are those whose eyes are keen to see what they can gain from it. Death never leaves an official station or a place of trust vacant without starting up more or less persons to see if they can fill that vacancy. Even a great embezzlement or defalcation thrills some watchers with hope that they can be thereby advantaged and promoted. And when a bright pupil makes a slip of any sort in his recitations, there are those who are glad that thus they can be helped forward relatively. This is no more than what is natural, it may be said. Ay, and there's the trouble. One's best course in the path of duty ought to be more than what is natural. If, for example, one is on the watch to see what added loving service, or what added unpleasant burden of responsibility, he ought to take up as his share, when such a burden has been laid down by another in the church or in the outside world, his course is more than what is natural, but no more than what is duty, to one who would be like Jesus.

When Jesus saw his mother, and the disciple standing by, whom he loved, he saith, Behold, thy son! Behold, thy mother! (vs. 26, 27.) If any one has a true friend, one true friend, in the world, he has a treasure while living, and he has a comfort even in his saddest thought of what he must leave unfinished in dying. For he who is a true friend will be as sure to prove true to those who represent his dead friend as he is to prove true to the living friend himself. Here is a comfort and a gain of friendship; and here is a responsibility and a test of friendship. Our loved ones are sure to be the loving charge of our loving friend. The loved ones of him whom we loved as a friend are our charge if he is no longer here to care for them. Jesus calls his every disciple his friend. Jesus commits his every needy loved one to him whom he thus calls a friend.

He said, it is finished (v. 30). The suffering of Jesus was finished in his death. His earthly life-work and his sacrifice whereby he became the Saviour of sinners was finished. But the triumph of Jesus was not finished; nor was his labor of gathering and of guiding those whom he had come to seek and to save. Nor yet, again, is the earthly life-worker and the personal suffering of the followers of Jesus yet finished, any more than is their personal cross-bearing at an end. His sufferings for us are finished. It is for us, indeed, as his disciples, not merely to suffer for our own sakes, but to "fill up" on our part, "that which is lacking of the afflictions of Christ," in our flesh, "for his body's sake, which is the church." His suffering is finished. If we are faithful unto death, our suffering for ourselves and for him shall be finished also. —[H. Clay Trumball, in S. S. Times.

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A WORD WITH MISS WILLARD.

In her annual address before the World's convention of the National Woman's Christian Temperance Union, Miss FRANCES WILLARD made the statement that the "party which unmistakably declares for the prohibition of strong drink in its platform of 1892, is the only one that can hope for the good will, good words and prayers of the W. C. T. U." As every one knows, the partisan W. C. T. U., of which Miss WILLARD is president, has always been a part of the political Prohibition party. Her statement made above, therefore, contains nothing new. The organization of which she is the head has always affiliated with that party, and she merely states that it will continue to do so next year. But the question arises, what practical results does Miss WILLARD expect by endeavoring to make prohibition a political issue with a small party whose voting strength is not sufficient to make itself felt by the election of any candidate at any time, instead of putting the effort thus wasted upon true temperance work upon non-political lines?

The political Prohibition party first entered the national field in 1872. In the nineteen years it has been in existence, it has done absolutely nothing to further the work of prohibition. Wherever prohibition has been adopted in any state, either by constitutional amendment, by state law, or by local option, it has been done by one or the other of the two great political parties. In the South, local option, which prevails in that section, has been the work of Democrats; in the Northern states, wherever prohibition or local option exists, it has been adopted by the Republicans. In both cases the Prohibition party, as a party, had nothing whatever to do with it. In place of casting its strength with the side which took up prohibition as a state issue, it maintained its own skeleton party organization, showing clearly that the obtaining of political power by its leaders was the first object and prohibition a secondary one.

There is another fact which Miss WILLARD and her co-workers should not fail to take into consideration. It is that the political Prohibition party is not growing. It is not maintaining the ground it once held. Its retrogradation in numbers is somewhat remarkable when presented in concise form. Of thirty-six states which officially reported political Prohibition votes at state elections, thirteen gave their highest party vote in 1886; eleven gave their highest in 1888; and five gave their highest in 1890. For the tabular detail following, we are indebted to Mr. C. E. REEVES, Spokane, Washington:

State.	Highest vote.		Vote of 1890.	
Alabama..			Gov.	1,880
Arkansas..	1888, Pres.	641	None.	
California..	1886, Gov.	6,432	None.	
Colorado...	1886, Cong.	3,597	Cong.	1,054
Conn.......	1874, Gov.	4,942	Gov.	3,413
Delaware...	1886, "	7,325	"	138
Florida.....	1888, "	423	None	
Georgia....	1888, Pres.	1,808	None	
Illinois.....			Treas.	22,306
Indiana....			Sec. St.	12,106
Iowa.......	1888, Pres.	3,550	Gov.	1,646
Kansas....	1886, Gov.	8,094	"	1,230
Ky.........	1887, "	8,390	Clk app.	3,340
Maine......	1886, Gov.	3,873	Gov.	2,981
Md.........	1888, Pres.	4,767	None	
Mass.......	1889, Gov.	15,108	Gov.	13,554
Michigan..			Gov.	28,651
Minn......	1888, Pres.	15,311	"	8,424
Mississippi	1888, Pres.	218	none	
Missouri...	1888, "	4,539	Sp. jdg..	988
Nebraska..	1888, "	9,429	Gov.	3,676
N. H.......	1886, Gov.	2,137	"	1,375
New Jersey	1886, "	19,808	none	
New York..	1887, Sec St.	41,850	none	
N. C.......	1888, Pres.	2,789	none	
Ohio.......	1887, Gov.	29,700	Sec. St.	23,837
Oklahoma..			Cong.	2,856
Penn.......	1886, Gov.	32,458	Gov.	16,108
R. I.......	1886, "	2,585	"	1,820
Texas......	1886, "	19,186	Comp.	1,684
Vermont...	1884, Pres.	1,752	Gov.	1,161
Virginia...	1888, "	1,678	none	
Wash'g't'n.	1889, Cong.	2,875	Cong.	2,819
W. Va.....	1888, "	1,492	Sp. Jdg.	898
Wisconsin.	1886, Gov.	17,089	Gov.	11,246
Tennessee.	1889, "	57,546	"	11,082
Totals................		332,802		179,473

Of the ten states not reported for 1890, California shows a loss in 1889 of 671, Maryland of 1,026, New Jersey of 12,955, New York of 14,987, and Virginia of 781. The others seem to have abandoned the field. Here is a party, whose right to existence lies in its possible success (for its existence as a parasite, and disturbing element in political campaigns, cannot be justified by any principle of right or policy of government), which has lost nearly one-half its members, yet still claims to be growing rapidly. This party, so far as we know, has not a single metropolitan daily or weekly newspaper, and but few local papers. It has not a champion of national reputation in legislative halls. Although claiming to be a party of moral ideas whose members vote as they pray, it counts in its ranks but a small minority of the clergy and church members. For instance, not more than three of the sixteen Methodist Episcopal bishops give it personal support.

We have not the official figures of the states at which Prohibition votes were cast this year, but have no doubt they will show the progressive decline of the party. This is certainly true of Ohio, where the Prohibition vote is lighter than for several years. The party is no longer increasing its vote in the same ratio that the total vote of the United States increases year by year; hence it follows as a mathematical deduction that it is a failure as a political movement. Its votes are cast in the air. Its last tangible claim to national existence was destroyed by the decision of the United States Supreme court, in the California cases, in which the matter of prohibition was declared to be one resting entirely with the states. It therefore has no place in a national campaign. It is a state issue, to be treated as other purely state issues are treated.

If the enormous amount of money, and the tremendous efforts which have been wasted, as the result shows, in the past nineteen years in the United States, had been directed in each state to the upbuilding of a healthy public sentiment against the saloon, it would have put the cause much further forward than it is now. If Miss WILLARD and her co-workers of the W. C. T. U. desire to make their labor effective, let them take it up in each state, in each county, in each senatorial district, and endeavor by all means that lie in their power to secure the nominations of men who sympathize with temperance work, for legislative positions, by both parties. Let them labor to educate the masses up to a realization of the fact that only by prohibition can we correct the evils of the traffic, and

Pulverize the Rum Power.

OUR NEWEST PREMIUM OFFER.

THE BLADE now makes the very best offer, as a premium for new subscribers or for raising clubs, that it has ever made, or that ever was made by any newspaper in the United States. We offer the revised Encyclopedia Britannica brought down to date and containing sketches of about 4,000 famous people which are not found in the English edition, because the publishers of the work in England will not allow a biographical sketch of any person to appear in it until after his death; hence all famous living personages are excluded. This edition, which is revised for American readers, overcomes this objection to the original work.

A few years ago a complete edition of the Encyclopedia Britannica cost nearly $200, thus preventing any but the wealthy from purchasing it. We are now able to offer a later, a better, and more complete edition, in twenty volumes, bound in heavy manilla paper, comprising a total of 7,000 pages, with 96 colored maps, which we will send with one copy of the Weekly BLADE for one year, for only $7.50. We pay the postage on the Encyclopedia. This offer is for those who want the Encyclopedia for themselves, but who have not the time to get up a club for the paper.

Those who have time will be interested in offer No. 2, which is: For a club of twenty yearly subscribers to the Weekly BLADE and $20, sent us at one time, we will send a complete set of the encyclopedia as a premium for the club.

This affords teachers, students, physicians and other persons of learning a most excellent opportunity to obtain this standard work of reference absolutely free of charge.

For larger clubs the reader's attention is directed to offer No. 3, which will be found in the illustrated advertisement on the fifth page.

We hope that every one who desires to obtain this splendid work will start in at once without delay. No better offer was ever made or can ever be made by a weekly newspaper with a high-grade encyclopedia.

BRAZIL AND THE MONROE DOCTRINE.

It is said that Senor MENDONCA, the Brazilian minister at Washington, makes the statement that "England is intriguing to bring about a return of the monarchy in Brazil." No doubt his views are the result of information from his home. There seems but little doubt that the troubles there were fomented by English merchants, because of the adoption of reciprocity with the United States, which is seriously hurting their trade.

It will become the duty of the United States to assert the Monroe doctrine against England if this sort of thing continues. JAMES MONROE, while President of the United States, served notice upon the countries of Europe that they must keep hands off this continent. In his annual message to Congress, in 1823, he discussed this matter, and the following quotation from that document embodies what has ever since been known as the "Monroe doctrine:"

> We declare that we should consider any attempt (of the allied powers) to extend their system to any portion of this hemisphere as dangerous to our peace and safety. * * * With the governments who have declared their independence and maintained it, and whose independence we have on great consideration and on just principles acknowledged, we could not view any interposition for the purpose of appeasing them or controlling in any other manner their destiny by any European power in any other light than as the manifestation of an unfriendly disposition toward the United States.

The people of the United States have here another proof of the duplicity of the Democratic orators and newspapers as to the effects of reciprocity. They have labored in chorus to make the voters believe that reciprocity does not amount to anything, and will have no perceptible effect on our trade. If it is not improving our trade, why should England attempt to subvert the republic of Brazil and to re-establish the monarchy, so as to annul the reciprocity agreement between that country and the United States? If reciprocity is not increasing our trade, why are the British merchants engaged in Brazilian commerce squirming over it? These are points that Republicans will do well to propound to free trade shriekers.

THE impression prevails at Washington that the Bering sea difficulty will not be speedily settled. While the people of Great Britain would be perfectly satisfied with an adjustment that would acknowledge our claims of jurisdiction over that body of water, such a result would create furious indignation in Canada. The Canadians desire to poach next season in our waters, and object to any settlement that would prevent them. They hope to stave off a conclusion of the matter until after the sealing season next summer, so that they may have one more opportunity for stealing.

THE Argentine Republic has taken another step in the wrong direction by inflating its currency with irredeemable paper. The Chamber of Deputies has voted to authorize the issuing of $45,000,000 additional paper money, in spite of the fact that a gold dollar is now worth four paper dollars in that country; that is, a paper dollar has only one-fourth the purchasing power of coin. The addition of these millions will cause the Argentine paper to sink still lower. The end will be complete ruin and the repudiation of the public debt.

THE mortgage grievance will not be an issue in the campaign next year. The farmers of the West are steadily paying off their mortgages, building new houses and barns, buying new farming implements, new furniture and the necessaries of life. They are paying their debts at their local stores, and altogether are doing splendidly. The abundant crops and good prices for them have changed their condition into one of complete prosperity

OUR NEW STORY.

It Is To Be Written by the Author of "For Life and Honor"—The Postal Cards.

Up to noon on Tuesday, November 24, we received preferences from 2,029 of our readers regarding the choice of author for our new serial, to begin next January. The figures for each author were:

Author "For Life and Honor"	1,551
Author "Follett Curse"	275
Author "Uncle Sam in '94"	198
Other opinions	5
Total	2,029

We do not deem it necessary to carry the balloting any further, as the preference seems to be overwhelmingly one way. We have, therefore, written to the author of our present popular serial, "For Life and Honor," that we shall expect to be furnished the manuscript of a new story, to begin when "For Life and Honor" closes; and we hope next week to announce something concerning it—at least to give our readers an idea of what it is to be. Of one thing we are certain—it will be well worth reading, and of itself worth more than a year's subscription to the Weekly BLADE.

BRITISH TRADE DECLINING.

The trade reports of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland for the quarter ending June 30, 1891, were recently published; but British commercial men look at them in dismay as they compare them with the trade reports for the same three months of 1890. This year the total value of British exports to the United States for that quarter were $44,625,841. For the same months last year they were $53,829,066. Here is a decrease of $9,000,000 in three months, or about three-fourths of a million dollars a week.

There is not an important line of British manufacture which has not suffered from this decline. Iron and steel goods of all kinds; silk, laces and linen; gloves and hosiery; thread and wools and worsted cloth—in all of them the shrinkage of British exports to this country has been remarkable. Instead of buying them of Great Britain we are manufacturing them ourselves, and no person can truthfully say that he has paid more under the new tariff than he did a year ago under the old.

No wonder the British manufacturers are uneasy at this state of things. They know that it is the result of the protective system as carried out by the new tariff law. They know that this diminution of trade is going to be permanent. But the more long-headed among them are not joining in the chorus of abuse of MCKINLEY and the new tariff law, but are turning their attention nearer home. It is not alone the exports to the United States from Great Britain that are dwindling. Her exports to other countries show a decrease in trade. The reason is that, year after year, civilized nations are protecting their own industries by means of tariffs. Germany and France, and every other great European country, has erected a tariff law against foreign products, including Great Britain's. England cannot afford to quarrel with these countries because of their industrial policy, and hence she has been more assiduous in endeavoring to push her trade among the smaller nations of the globe. We see the result in the trouble fomented by British merchants in Brazil and Chile—in the former case, clearly because of the adoption of reciprocity arrangements with the United States which would be injurious to British trade.

Great Britain's foreign trade is practically at a stand-still, with the indications that it will soon begin to decline. It is worthy of mention that during the decade from 1870 to 1880, the commerce of Great Britain increased only 27.46 per cent, while that of Germany increased 30.16 per cent; that of France increased 54.24 per cent, and that of the United States showed the tremendous increase of 72.86 per cent.

There is in these figures a complete answer to the silly cry of the free traders that the policy to which they pin their faith is a necessity if we desire to promote foreign trade. England is the only free trade country in the world, yet she is steadily falling behind in her foreign trade as compared with the great protectionist countries.

There is one more point which needs mention in connection with this parrot cry. It is that lowering our own tariff would only admit products of other countries, but it would in no wise lower their tariffs for the freer introduction of our products. Protection and reciprocity are certainly a better groundwork for national prosperity and for our foreign commerce than free trade on the English plan.

THE RUSSIAN UKASE.

The long-expected ukase of the Czar of Russia was issued on Saturday, forbidding the export of wheat from that country. This is a matter of the greatest importance to the farmers of the United States. Russia is our great competitor in supplying the nations of Western Europe with the breadstuffs they must buy abroad; and the absolute stoppage of her exports of grain means that a much larger proportion of American grain must necessarily go abroad to supply the deficit.

Fortunately, we have abundant harvests, and can supply the world's deficit in breadstuffs; and we have really a practical monopoly of the supply this year, as India, which is our largest competitor, has already exported nearly all her surplus crop—though more will come forward, undoubtedly, under the stimulus of the higher prices which are pretty certain to be the result of the Russian ukase.

This ukase supplements the one issued in September forbidding the export of rye from Russia, and means that our own farmers will find a market for all the grain they have to sell at prices at least as high as those now prevailing; and it will not be at all surprising if prices shall speedily advance somewhat over the rates now ruling.

WHAT is Chile going to do with her two Presidents? On July 25 last, Senor VICUNA was chosen President to succeed BALMACEDA; but before the inauguration day, BALMACEDA had fallen, and VICUNA became an exile. Now another election has been held, and Admiral MONTT has been chosen President. Chile presents the delightful spectacle, therefore, of a country with two chief executives. While there seems no doubt that VICUNA'S title to the office is good, undoubtedly MONTT will fill out the term. Possession is nine points of the law in a case like this.

THE American hog keeps on his triumphal march through Europe. Austria has decided to admit him with all honors. Soon he, like the hero of Macedon, will weep because he has not another world to conquer.

WHEN President HARRISON took office, the outstanding interest-bearing indebtedness of the United States, was $844,106,220. Under his administration there has been a decrease of $259,079,500.

OHIO did better than Iowa on the "free whisky" issue.

BRITISH POLITICS.

Political affairs promise to be very interesting in Great Britain within the next few months. The Conservative Premier, Lord SALISBURY, sees that his party is gradually weakening, and with a natural desire to retain power has, in league with the leaders of the Conservative party, arranged a very tempting programme for the next Parliamentary session. In this country it would be denominated the national platform of the party. It is to be submitted to the coming convention of Conservative associations, which meets in the city of Birmingham, and the representatives of the party there assembled will be asked to approve the scheme.

On the Irish question, the proposition is to extend local self-government to that country. It is also proposed that Irish representation in the British Parliament shall be made in proportion to the population. By the act of union which made Ireland a part of the United Kingdom, she was given 103 seats in the House of Commons. This number cannot be reduced, of course, though it may be increased. Lord SALISBURY'S proposition is not to change the number of seats, but to make a readjustment of constituencies. This is a very shrewd scheme, because under such a readjustment, if made according to population, Ulster would gain, while the other three provinces of Ireland would lose seats. This is intended to bring the Ulster Unionists to the support of the Tories, while the promise of local self-government in Ireland is expected to aid that party by attracting the votes of Home Rulers, both in that country and England.

The next important feature of the programme mapped out, is the strong bid made for the labor vote of the United Kingdom. It is proposed to create a department of Labor, which is to be under the control of a new Cabinet minister, called the Minister of Labor. Besides this, the conservative voters are to be asked to vote for labor candidates who are willing to enter on public life without affiliating with any political party. This is a somewhat transparent dodge. It is not to be expected that the Conservative voters will cast their ballots for non-partisan labor candidates in any constituency where they see a chance of electing their own candidate. It is simply an attempt to split the Liberal vote.

The third important proposition of the Conservative scheme is to extend the right to vote for members of Parliament to women. It will not be forgotten that in Great Britain there is a very strong feeling in favor of the enfranchisement of women, and bills for that purpose, without the formal support of either Conservatives or Liberals, have on several occasions come very near passing in the House of Commons. It is not at all probable that the Liberals, on so popular a question as this, will take opposite ground. Very probably they will incorporate a similar promise in their own programme. The same may be said of the proposition to conciliate the labor vote. The remarkable thing about the Conservative programme is, that in order to retain power they should discuss the adoption of measures which are quite as radical as those of the Liberals themselves. It is a desperate attempt to steal Liberal thunder in order to retain control of the government.

NATIONAL BANK CIRCULATION.

One of the things that Congress should attend to this winter is the elaboration of a plan for the continuance of the circulation department of the national banks. As the law stands now, and always has stood, nothing but United States bonds can be deposited in the treasury to secure their circulation. Our bonds are now at a premium so high that a new national bank loses money, as a rule, by attempting to issue notes; and, besides, the bonds will all be paid off in a few years.

There is in the South and West an absolutely unreasonable, yet very violent, opposition to the national banking system; and this, combined with the well-known incapacity of the Democratic party to formulate any practical scheme of finance, will undoubtedly prevent Congress from taking up this necessary matter at the coming session, and probably postpone it until the Republican Congress meets, which will be elected in November of 1892.

Many schemes have been proposed for this purpose, the latest being that of Hon. JOHN JAY KNOX, to have the circulation of each bank secured by gold or silver coin deposited in the treasury, precisely as the bonds are now, and the other half guaranteed by a special liability fund, contributed by all the national banks of the country, in proportion to their capital. This would leave the banks a small profit on their note issues, would make the redemption of the notes absolutely certain on demand, and keep the issues of those banks which might become insolvent as good as gold, as they are at the present time.

OUR CONFIDENTIAL TERMS.

With November 1, all our three months' offers for subscriptions to the Weekly BLADE expired. It is now time to get up clubs of yearly subscribers for this, the leading national weekly Republican journal of the United States We have just prepared our confidential club terms to agents, which we will send *only* on application by mail. We have made such liberal rates that any energetic person can, with a reasonable degree of effort, make $10 per day for a few days in canvassing for the Weekly BLADE. Get to work at once before some one else occupies your neighborhood. Send us a postal card asking for our confidential terms to agents, and address it to "THE BLADE, Toledo, Ohio."

EVER since Arion trotted a mile in 2:10¾ a few weeks ago, the discussion as to the limit of trotting speed has been revived. Secretary TRACY is quoted as saying that a two-minute rate will be reached. ROBERT BONNER thinks that he will not live to see a horse trot in 2:07. Senator STANFORD is confident that Sunol will make 2:06 next year. At 2 years old, Sunol trotted in 2:18, and at 5 years she made her remarkable time of 2:08¼, developing ten seconds better speed. If Arion improves that much between his two-year old-record and that of five years, the two-minute rate will be very nearly reached. There is a factor on the other side, however, which deserves consideration. The new kite-shaped tracks allow a horse to develop better speed because of their absence of short curves. It is a question, if Arion had trotted on the old-fashioned track, whether he would have made any better time than did Sunol at two years old.

THERE have been so many cases of the bursting of big guns on British war vessels that the men are getting afraid to fire them off. The British should come over and buy some American guns. We know this would lacerate the feelings of the free traders dreadfully, but still it is the proper thing to do.

GOVERNOR CAMPBELL says, "it was the free coinage brick that hit him." That may be; but it was a protection brick that laid him low.

THE NEW BLADE SEWING MACHINE.

We have not offered a sewing machine in connection with the Weekly BLADE for three years past. There has, however, been a constant demand, and we long since saw the importance of getting one to use with the Weekly BLADE, but until now have been unable to find one good enough. But we have succeeded at last. We now have the best sewing machine ever offered with a paper, and one as good as the highest-priced machine ever put upon the market.

This machine is new, simple and perfect. It has a high arm, and every convenience for rapid and effective work found in any other machine now on the market. In point of fact, we believe it is not only equal to, but in advance of all others. We could not afford to offer to our subscribers if it were not the best.

We might have made this announcement a little earlier, but we deemed it best to wait until everything was in perfect order, and we were ready to ship machines as soon as the order was received, thus avoiding all delay. We are now prepared to ship 50 machines per day, and by the holidays will undoubtedly have to do so.

The rate at which we offer it—$18 for the new Blade Sewing Machine and one copy of the Weekly BLADE for one year—is $4 cheaper than any machine offered with any other newspaper. Yet we are certain that our machine is worth double any other newspaper machine.

The most remarkable part of our offer is, that we give a machine free for 30 yearly subscribers to the Weekly BLADE, accompanied by $30. We do not require these these names all to be sent in at once. They may be sent us in installments, each part numbered consecutively. As soon as we have received 30 names and $30, we will immediately ship the machine.

It will be found extremely easy for any young lady, wife or mother to raise a club of 30 names at a dollar each, in a week or ten days' time. We also call the attention of charitable organizations to the fact that they can thus easily put a machine into the hands of any poor, worthy seamstress, too many of whom, unfortunately, are to be found in any community.

Everything about the new Blade Sewing Machine will be found exactly as represented in the advertisement given elsewhere. If it does not prove so after you get the machine, all you need do is notify us that the machine is not satisfactory. We shall then order it returned and refund the money, unless you desire us to send another in its place. Hence a subscriber is at positively no risk whatever.

We are selling this machine without any profit whatever, simply in the interest of increasing the subscription list to the Weekly BLADE. While the offer of the machine for 30 names and $30 will only net us a small amount for each subscription to the paper—much less than the cost—yet we hope for hundreds of such orders. We would much sooner sell the machine in that way than to single subscribers. Send in your orders at once!

HOW DO YOU LIKE IT?

THE BLADE has already received several hundred subscribers to the Revised Encyclopedia Britannica, and we would like to hear by postal card from a few of those who have received it, stating how they are pleased with it. THE BLADE never intends to offer anything in connection with the paper but what will prove entirely satisfactory to its patrons. If we find anything we offer disappoints our subscribers we will withdraw the offer. We offer the Encyclopedia so cheap that many find it difficult to believe that it is really as valuable as it is.

We explained in an article last week on this page, headed "Cheapness and Quality," how it is that we can give our readers such a bargain. For intelligent reading men or women, or for young people studying, this encyclopedia is worth as much as an ordinary library. Read what the advertisement says about it. It offers a wonderful opportunity. Subscribers who have received the work will confer a favor, as stated above, by telling us on a postal card what they think of it.

THE PER CAPITA CIRCULATION.

Those people who have the idea that the amount of money in circulation in the United States is not sufficient for the business needs of the country, should peruse the recent statement of the Director of the Mint, in which he gives the circulation per capita of various countries. The principal ones are:

Great Britain	$18 33
Germany	18 38
United States	25 30
France	43 29

These are the four leading commercial countries of the globe, and it will be noted that our per capita circulation exceeds all except France. The reason for this is not far to seek. It is because the French people, outside of the largest cities, do not use checks, drafts, bills of exchange, and other forms of bank paper, which are so freely employed here and in Great Britain. They are comparatively unknown in France. The comptroller of the Currency shows that in the United States only about 4 or 5 per cent of the exchanges are performed by means of actual money: the remaining 95 or 96 per cent is transacted by means of bank paper.

A dollar in the United States, therefore, does the work in making exchanges that $2 or $3 would be required to do in France; and it is a fact which can not be successfully denied that the supply of money in the United States is amply sufficient to meet business requirements. There is no business man through whose hands large sums pass but will unhesitatingly agree to this. The only men who claim we have not sufficient money are those whose transactions are entirely of the retail sort.

HERE is a practical lesson in the reasons why our foreign trade is hindered in competing with that of Great Britain. A merchant in the interior of Peru, who receives his goods at the seaport of Payta, says the freight rate by steamer from New York to that town is $24 per ton, while from Liverpool it is only $20 per ton; and he further states that this difference is the principal reason why the merchants there do not buy their goods in the United States. Why are freight rates higher from New York than from Liverpool? Simply because the steamer lines from Liverpool are paid a heavy subsidy by the British government, while the line from New York gets no help from the United States government.

It appears now that the General Assembly of New York will be a tie, unless the Democrats can cheat Representative WEEKS, Republican, from the Second district of Queens county, out of his certificate. Mr. WEEKS had more than 300 majority, but the Democrats are straining every nerve to prevent his certification.

THE campaign in Ohio was fought on great national issues, without resort to offensive personalities. The result was the largest plurality given to any Ohio governor since 1871. This is a pointer for both parties next year.

ENGLISH MEDDLING IN BRAZIL.

A cable dispatch from London shows very clearly that English interests are at the bottom of the revolt in Brazil. It says:

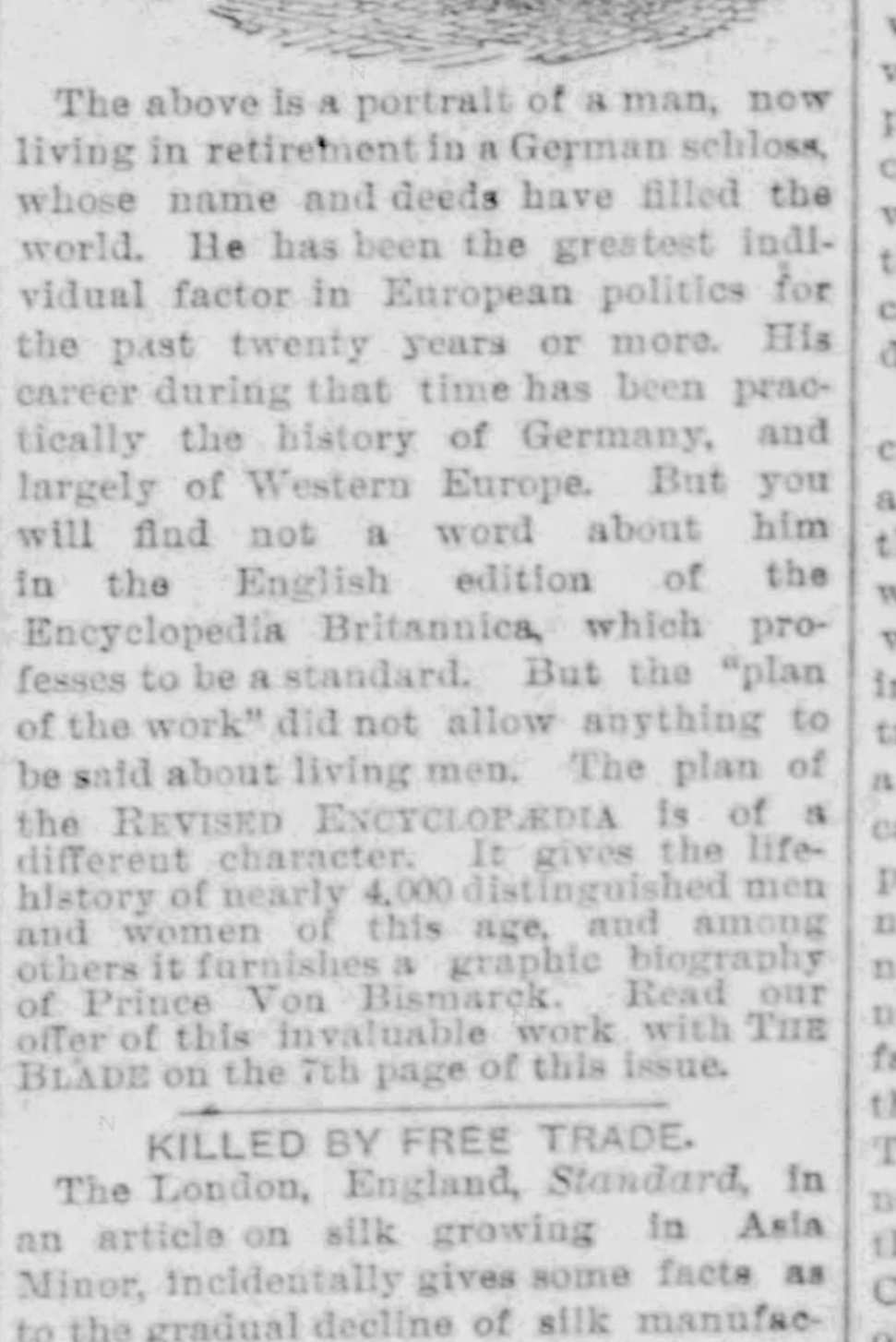
> Commercial houses in this city having London connections have for a long time been dissatisfied with the existing government. The American reciprocity treaty has made serious inroads upon British trade, and there is evidently no disposition to grant equally favorable arrangements to England. * * * The social influence of the English in Rio Janeiro, as in all leading South American cities, is very great, and it has been excited to foment discontent with the Da Fonseca government.

Here is full confirmation of the statements already made regarding the origin of the trouble. The cablegram goes on to say that it was "foreign influence" which induced the Brazilian Congress to refuse to perform its constitutional duties, and that President FONSECA was justified in dissolving it and appealing to the people to sustain him. This is in line with British policy all over the world. With all their talk about "free trade" and "fair play," the British commercial men are the most calculating and unscrupulous on the globe. Every one in America remembers when Great Britain compelled the Chinese government to admit opium into that country, at the muzzles of the guns of a fleet, in order that the British opium trade in India might be fostered. A nation which would do as cold-blooded a thing as that would have no scruples at ruining Brazil in order to prevent her trade coming to the United States.

THE ROAD QUESTION.

The State department has just issued a volume of special consular reports, entitled "Streets and Highways in Foreign Countries." It is a bulky volume of 592 pages, which should be studied by every farmer, every rural resident, every merchant and every road supervisor or commissioner of highways in the United States. Its perusal will be a revelation. In most things the United States is either up to or beyond the Old World in the march of progress. This is not the case with road making. We are woefully behind hand. The people of Europe appreciate the commercial value of good roads, and in some countries, especially in France, this is as much a matter of scientific study and supervision are as the railroads.

The cost of marketing produce is one of the most important factors in determining whether a farmer will make or lose on his year's crop. If the farmers of the United States, in place of banding together to ask for impracticable things like the sub-treasury scheme, or government loans on lands or products, etc., would turn their attention to the thorough improvement of the roads leading to the nearest market town, they would give road-making an impetus which it has not had in a century, and do more for themselves than by dabbling in moonshine finance.



The above is a portrait of a man, now living in retirement in a German schloss, whose name and deeds have filled the world. He has been the greatest individual factor in European politics for the past twenty years or more. His career during that time has been practically the history of Germany, and largely of Western Europe. But you will find not a word about him in the English edition of the Encyclopedia Britannica, which professes to be a standard. But the "plan of the work" did not allow anything to be said about living men. The plan of the REVISED ENCYCLOPÆDIA is of a different character. It gives the life-history of nearly 4,000 distinguished men and women of this age, and among others it furnishes a graphic biography of Prince Von Bismarck. Read our offer of this invaluable work with THE BLADE on the 7th page of this issue.

KILLED BY FREE TRADE.

The London, England, *Standard*, in an article on silk growing in Asia Minor, incidentally gives some facts as to the gradual decline of silk manufacturing in England under free trade. That policy did not immediately destroy the industry, but it caused it steadily to decline until it is almost extinguished. We quote below what it says about the British silk manufacturing, and commend the statements there to the free trade papers, with the request that they explain the fact that a once prosperous British industry, as old as the edict of Nantes, has not been able to hold its own against the competition of other countries:

> In 1860, at the date of the French commercial treaty, we imported upward of 44,000,000 pounds of raw silk, 132,000 hundredweight of "knubs," or husks of silk and waste, and 543,000 pounds of thrown silk, while our manufactures were worth over 80,000,000 pounds. Our imports have dwindled away that only about 4,500,000 pounds of raw silk come to this country, much of that which was formerly dealt with in London being unshipped at Marseilles, and sold in the Lyons market—now the undisputed center of the silk trade. China is at present the first silk producing country; Italy comes next, Japan is third, the Levant being very far down in the list. Great Britain, it is not necessary to remind any one, suffered severely from the operation of the French treaty, which opened our ports to the products of the Lyons looms. With the exception of the manufactures depending on spun silk, all the centers of the trade have for many years been in a very depressed condition. Thus in twelve years the number of looms was reduced from 150,000 to 65,000, of which 12,500 were power looms. Spitalfields, which in its best days kept 24,000 hand looms at work, has now little more than 1,100.

THE shipments of merchandise from London to New York do not aggregate half what they did one year ago, and some of the freight steamship lines will be withdrawn. The new tariff law is responsible for this. It merely means that we are buying less abroad and manufacturing that much more ourselves. As the prices are in no case higher than they were a year ago, but on the contrary very often lower, every American can congratulate himself on this state of things.

IT will be remembered that the Ohio Democrats, about the time of MCKINLEY'S nomination, were circulating reports among themselves of an enormous fund to be raised to defeat him by foreign importers in New York. Ever since the election they have been whining because they had no money during the campaign. The fact is they were as well furnished with funds as were the Republicans. Neither party had a surplus of wealth to expend on the campaign.

THE Indianapolis *Journal* reports that the tin plate factory at Anderson, Ind., is turning out bright tin plates and supplying the market in that vicinity with tin. The campaign being over, the free traders cannot call this item "a campaign lie."

WHO IS YOUR CANDIDATE

FOR THE REPUBLICAN NOMINATION

Send Us Your Card, and Express Your Views as to the Man to Nominate Next Year.

The postal cards are coming in upon us in showers. We desire a larger vote than we had in 1887, if possible. Get the preference of every Republican voter in your neighborhood and send it.

We are getting some cards without names or addresses. We can not use them. Give name, postoffice and state, in every case.

You can send your vote in a letter, if you are writing to us on any other subject; but use a separate slip of paper, and be sure to put your name and address on it, or the person in charge of the vote can not use it.

We can say with entire truth that no newspaper in the United States was more influential in the campaign of 1888, than the Toledo BLADE; and we propose making it even more conspicuous as an advocate of Republicanism in next year's conflict. We believe that a vote given by the immense constituency of The Weekly BLADE, which goes to every state in the Union, will be most valuable as showing the drift of public opinion regarding this matter. We ask, therefore, every reader of THE BLADE to send us his views. Take a postal card and answer upon it.

Write, 1, the name of your first choice for the Republican Presidential nomination;

2, the name of your second choice for the same office;

Sign your name, with your postoffice address and put nothing else upon the card. Address it simply "THE BLADE, Toledo, O." The card will then appear thus:

SMITHVILLE, N. C., Nov. 5, 1891.
1.—Here put 1st choice.
2.—Here put 2d choice.
HENRY W. JOHNSON.

We wish every voter who reads THE BLADE to send us his postal card as soon as possible, as it will take some time to properly tabulate the returns. We propose doing this by states, as we will thus be enabled to see the drift of sentiment in the different sections of the country.

Send us your postal card at once!

CARPETS AND CARPET WOOLS.

It may be interesting to the friends of the new tariff law to note some of its workings under the bitterly contested schedule relating to wool and to carpets. In the first ten months under the new tariff law up to the end of the fiscal year ended July 31 last, we imported 80,163,217 pounds of carpet wool, valued at $8,464,318, which cost an average of 10¼ cents a pound. The duty is 32 per cent ad valorem under the new law, which brings the price of this wool up to 13 cents per pound. For the same months of the previous year, under the old tariff, we imported 71,881,768 pounds of carpet wool, valued at $8,257,740, or 11 3-5 cents per pound. The old duty being 2½ cents per pound made the price of the wool 14 1-10 cents; hence, it will be seen that the manufacturers are getting their carpet wool cheaper this year than they did last.

It is a fact to be noted that if the increase of the duty on carpet wool were added to the price of the carpet made therefrom, the increased cost per yard would be utterly trivial. A gentleman who is engaged in carpet manufacturing in Lowell, Mass., and politically a free trader, says it would be less than 4 cents a yard in the cost of the best Brussels carpets. This would be in the wholesale price, and the retail purchaser would not know anything about it. It would not appear in the price he pays. In connection with the new tariff law, it is a fact which everybody should remember that carpets are cheaper now than ever. The advertising columns of the daily newspapers all over the country prove this. A carpet company in Hartford, Conn., gives the following as the price of leading grades of carpet this year as compared with last:

	Prices Sept., 1890.	Prices Sept., 1891.
Moquettes	$1.45	$1.35
Imperial, 3-ply	.85	.80
Extra superfine	.62½	.60
Brussels, 5-frame	1.20	1.17

A REQUEST TO BLADE READERS.

We have a special request to make to every subscriber and reader of the Weekly BLADE. We have made similar requests before, but never so earnestly as we make it to-day. We desire every one of them who can possibly spare a few minutes' time, to sit down and write us the addresses of all his friends. We want lists of names of people who do not take THE BLADE, to the extent of all the time you are willing to devote to it. If you can send but six names, we shall be glad to receive them; if you send a dozen, or twenty-five, or one hundred, the list will be all the more acceptable. These lists will be filed until December, then we will send sample copies of The Weekly BLADE to every one. If we can get 500,000 names, we shall be all the better pleased. We ask that you will take care to give the names of people who appreciate a good newspaper, and who do not now take the Weekly BLADE. We want Democrats as well as Republicans, as fair-minded men of all parties appreciate a thoroughly good, clean, well-edited national newspaper.

DURING the month of September, 1890, our imports of tin from Great Britain were 69,883,109 pounds, invoiced at $2,180,791, an average of 3.12 cents per pound. During the month of September, 1891, our imports of tin were 17,861,839 pounds, invoiced at $545,791, an average of 3.05 cents per pound. This shows that the Welsh tin trust found it necessary to reduce prices in order to meet American competition, and affords proof, if any were needed, that the tariff, by creating competition through the development of American manufactures, makes the product cheaper to the people.

THE movement of our corn to Europe is so free that it taxes transportation facilities. Last week, at Baltimore, which is by no means our greatest shipping port, twenty-five steamships were chartered to carry grain to Europe, the the great majority of the cargoes being corn. Our exports of rye are much larger than usual and the same is true of oats and barley. Of course, everybody understands that our shipments of wheat are simply enormous. We are called on, not only to feed the people of Europe, but their domestic animals as well.

CURRENT EVENTS

Of the 44,000 lady teachers in France 11,000 are Sisters.

Only 1¼ per cent of the population of India can read and write.

Germany sends 130,000 canaries to America every year.

The Imperial university of Tokio, Japan, has 2,000 scholars enrolled.

Joseph Walker, of Massachusetts, invented the wooden shoe peg in 1818.

There are over 12,500,000 pupils in the public schools of the United States.

On the average a boy costs a parent about $200 a year until 20 years of age.

The perfect love letter is written with a fine disregard for future possibilities.

The advent of old age makes a potential vitriol thrower of many a fading belle.

Apple trees set out 80 years ago in New Haven, Conn., bore excellent fruit this fall.

Chicago does not lack for reading matter. There are 531 newspapers published there.

Twenty-one railroads center in Minneapolis, which produces 37,000 barrels of flour daily.

Ten thousand Moslem students attend the University of the Great Mosque of El Aga, in Cairo.

Even a good woman is more humiliated at realizing that she loves a fool than that she loves a knave.

The British Foreign Bible society has distributed 124,000,000 copies of religious writings in 87 years.

The qualities we most admire in others are those in which we are secretly conscious of being ourselves defective.

What with Healy's tongue the shillalah and the horsewhip, they're having a right exciting time of it in Ireland.

What many ills the heir is flesh to! One dear little maiden lady has a fancy that she must get out of bed to turn over.

The capacity for true friendship is a rare and precious quality possessed almost exclusively by certain of the brute creation.

It takes about three seconds for a message to go from one end of the Atlantic cable to the other—about 700 miles a second.

When a woman begins to watch attentively a man's acts, gestures, speech, you may be sure she has begun either to love or to hate him.

When Queen Victoria is rigged out for a state occasion like a "drawing-room" it is no unusual thing to see her display $700,000 worth of jewelry spread upon her comfortable robes of office.

Hiram Chase, a full-blooded Indian of the Omaha tribe, has been admitted to practice in the Federal court at Omaha. Mr. Chase is the first Indian ever admitted to the practice of law in Nebraska.

Emperor Francis Joseph, of Austria, recently visited Meyerling and attended mass in the new chapel erected over the very spot where his unfortunate son Rudolph committed suicide some years ago.

It may give you a grain of comfort to-night to confide your secret to a friend, but reflect that when you awake to-morrow morning the grain of comfort will have changed in the dark hours to a weight of leaden anxiety.

Baron Arthur Rothschild, a nephew of the house whose millions enable monarchs to put armies in the field, is now serving his twelve months' term in the French army as a full private with a possible marshal's baton in his knapsack.

The Queens of Roumania, Portugal and Italy, the Regent of Spain, the Empress of Austria, and the Russian Czarina all indulge habitually in cigarette smoking, it is stated. Some day they may reform and take to the pipe.

M. Vishnegradsky, the Russian Minister of Finance, is suffering from nervous prostration. The attack is easily accounted for, as the cable announces that he has recently signed his name to a large number of public documents.

A French professor has recently analyzed the waters of the Dead Sea and found that they will keep every microbe, with the exception of gangrene and tetanus bacillus. With this discovery he hopes to render service to the French hospitals.

Miss Pauline Cohen, postmistress of Sitka, Alaska, and daughter of one of the earliest American settlers in the territory, took her first railroad ride the other day in Seattle. She is described as young, refined, and a charming conversationalist.

Mr. Arkell, of New York, is reported to have told the President the other day that the Republicans of New York will never win another victory so long as Thomas C. Platt and Warner Miller are recognized as leaders and continue working at cross purposes.

Miss Braddon, the novelist, has one great hobby—the collection of old china. She has a series of magnificent cabinets of this at her house in Richmond, near London, and one room is known as the plate-room, because it is hung around with china plates.

The Queen of Holland, who is only 10 years of age, has a litte farm near the royal palace on which everything has been planted and cultivated by herself. In a small drawing-room she entertains her numerous dolls, and in a small kitchen she makes dainty tarts.

Harriet Hosmer, who was expected to leave Rome at about this time for Chicago, has been obliged to delay her departure. But the completion of her studies of Queen Isabella and Abraham Lincoln for the World's Fair will not be delayed in consequence.

Mrs. Elizabeth Stuart Phelps-Ward has a small opinion of American journalism, particularly in the matter of book notices. Some people are peculiarly sensitive when they don't get six-inch notices for three-line books, but they are generally shrewd enough not to say so.

Queen Natalie, of Servia, is said to be so much annoyed at the persistency with which her son, the present king, clings to his bad old dad, Milan, that she has made a new will leaving him out in the cold and devising her Russian estates to the Princess Schika, her sister.

The parents who rear their sons in idleness are doing them an unspeakable harm. Every boy is entitled to know by actual experience what hard manual labor means, and to get the blessing that comes from toughened muscles and a sun-tanned skin.—[Christian Advocate, Nashville.

Henry F. Gillig, who expects the new transatlantic steamers to avoid Sunday travel by making the voyage from Montauk Point to Milford Haven in six days, says 100,000 Americans are going to Europe next year. That oughtn't to be a drop in the bucket to the number of Europeans who will come here the year after.

It is reported that when the bishop of Peterboro, England, was ordained, recently, he rapped his pastoral staff on the door of the church for the purpose of exorcising all the evil spirits from the interior. Will not somebody rap the Church of England hard enough to exorcise this spirit of mediæval nonsense?—[Christian Advocate.

In the spirit of loyalty to Christ it may be one's duty radically to oppose the beliefs and practices of the church to which he belongs. But it is no man's duty to use the funds that have been contributed for teaching the beliefs and practices of the church, for his own support in making the attack. The true prophet spurns to touch a penny of such money.—[The Watchman.

The greatest hindrance to a deeper piety with many Christians is in the books they read. The prophets describe some of old time as feeding on "ashes," and others as feeding on "wind," and it is to be feared the mental pabulum of some Christians is as poor diet as this, and oftentimes the books they read leave a moral taint which may never be overcome.—[Christian Inquirer.

The Empress of Germany grows more prudish as her husband grows more formal. Recently a troupe of famous acrobats were invited to the palace to amuse the children. But not in tights; no. They must all wear dress suits. So they did, and the strong man in the pyramid act split his coat across the back, and, with two others disabled as to toilet, had to retire from the performance.

Mr. Balfour sometimes gets wicked things said to him by his colleagues. One day Balfour appealed to the speaker, who rebuked Dr. Tanner for being unparliamentary. "Hum!" said the doctor, "I withdraw. And the language of the right honorable gentleman has not been quite so lady like this evening as usual." It would be impossible more gracefully to call Balfour a Miss Nancy.

Dr. Edward Bedloe, the well-known and all-round good fellow, who last year quit the festive circles of Philadelphia to represent this country as consul of Amoy, China, has of late been having a rather rough experience in the Orient. The cholera, which prevails to a more or less extent in that country all the time, recently marked the consul for a victim. He went through the attack safely, however.

If health can be restored by faith alone without means, why is anybody ill? Our wonder is that anybody has the influenza, and still more that anybody dies. Health without medicine naturally leads to nourishment without food, and decency without clothes. We shall then know all about Bethshan without reading books. This is silly but it is also mischievous. To expect more than God has promised is to secure disappointment, and to create unbelief.—[Charles H. Spurgeon.

Dr. Ham Griffin, Mary Anderson's stepfather, says: "Our Mary is sweeter, happier and prettier than ever, and her married life is simply a dream. She has no intention of ever returning to the stage, and has never had any such desire nor expressed since her marriage any wish to do so. When she married she put the stage away forever." He also says she has had an offer of $10,000 from a newspaper publisher for a love story of 36 columns, but he does not thing she will consider it.

While ex-President Hayes was in Atlanta he told a reporter that he had never been a fancier of chickens and had never raised one in his life. His sons had some game bantams at their country home, but Gen. Hayes himself has never taken any interest in them. "The story of the chickens was started by my friends as a joke," said the ex-President. "They began it for the fun in it, and others who were not friendly to me, wishing perhaps to belittle me in the eyes of the public, pushed the fake for all it was worth."

THANKSGIVING DAY.

Once more the rolling year brings round the great home festival of the American people—Thanksgiving Day. If ever this nation had cause for thanksgiving over temporal blessings, it has in this year of grace 1891. Our harvests have been bounteous, and the reward of the farmers' toil correspondingly large; every line of industry and trade has had a year of healthy activity and profitable returns; the country has been free from wasting epidemics, and the blessings of peace and prosperity have been the fortune of all.

Compared with those of other lands, our own people have much to be thankful for. The rival jealousies of king and kaiser, emperor and czar, which have for years spread chronic unrest throughout Europe, trouble us not. The smiling sky of peace which has bent above our land for a quarter of a century has no lurid war-cloud on the horizon, ready to overspread and darken it at a moment's notice, as is the unhappy lot of those beyond the sea. Compared with their condition, ours is indeed one to call for heartfelt thanksgiving to Him who holds the nations in the hollow of His hand, that His goodness and mercy have been our portion, and that, as a people, our lines have been cast in pleasant places.

It is meet that we should, as a people, acknowledge the abundance, the prosperity, the tranquility that have been allotted to us, with humble and hearty thanksgiving. It is proper that each individual should return his thanks to the Giver of every good and perfect gift for the preservation of life and health, and for his personal share in the blessings the country enjoys, and to entreat their continuance, lest we receive the condemnation of the nations which forget God, and have meted out to us a share of their punishment.

MINNEAPOLIS—JUNE 7.

The Republican national convention next year will be held at Minneapolis, opening on Tuesday, June 7. This takes that meeting farther West, or rather Northwest, than it has ever been held before. There is wisdom in this selection, for the Northwest is one of the strongholds of Republicanism in the nation, and the holding of the great quadrennial gathering of the Republican leaders of the country there will quicken the activities of the party hosts in that entire section of the Union, and start the national campaign at once into full blast among the great agricultural states.

Quite a number of cities actively competed for the location, and it required seven ballots to make a choice. San Francisco is, of course, too far away to the West; New York is equally out of the way in the opposite direction; Chicago was not actively in the race; Cincinnati is admirable in location, but it is probable that the Blaine sentiment in Ohio is too pronounced, not to speak of the budding Presidential possibilities inherent in Governor-elect McKINLEY. The members of the committee preferred selecting a city where no influence for or against any aspirant could be alleged, and Minneapolis had this negative merit, in addition to the positive ones so eloquently urged by her advocates.

This will be the first Republican national convention to be held west of the Mississippi. To be sure it isn't very far west—as Minneapolis is on the western bank of the stream; but it is as far west as regards that river as is St. Louis, where two national Democratic conventions have been held, and much further toward the coming seat of empire in the nation than is the city at the end of the big bridge.

GENERAL ALVIN P. HOVEY.

Having reached the span of human life—three score years and ten—allotted by the Psalmist, Governor ALVIN P. HOVEY, of Indiana, has passed over to the silent majority. Well may the people of his state especially mourn his loss, for he was, in every relation of life—as a citizen, a soldier and in the various official positions he held—a man honest, faithful and true to the dictates of duty, justice and patriotism.

His career was a most creditable one, and his life an example to the young men of the nation. When the civil war began he entered the service as colonel of the 24th Indiana, won his brigadier generalship for heroic service at Shiloh, and his major-general's stars at the battle of Champion Hills. Since the war he has been the devoted friend of the veterans of the Union armies, and the champion of their cause in pension legislation.

THE national conventions of both parties have been held in the past 35 years at the following places:

Year.	Party.	Where Held.	Nominee for President.
1856.	Rep.	Philadelphia.	Fremont.
	Dem.	Cincinnati.	Buchanan.
1860.	Rep.	Chicago.	Lincoln.
	Dem.	Charleston&Balto	Douglas.
1864.	Rep.	Baltimore.	Lincoln.
	Dem.	Chicago.	McClellan.
1868.	Rep.	Philadelphia.	Grant.
	Dem.	New York.	Seymour.
1872.	Rep.	Philadelphia.	Grant.
	Dem.	Baltimore.	Greeley.
1876.	Rep.	Cincinnati.	Hayes.
	Dem.	St. Louis.	Tilden.
1880.	Rep.	Chicago.	Garfield.
	Dem.	Cincinnati.	Hancock.
1884.	Rep.	Chicago.	Blaine.
	Dem.	Chicago.	Cleveland.
1888.	Rep.	Chicago.	Harrison.
	Dem.	St. Louis.	Cleveland.
1892.	Rep.	Minneapolis.	

DICTATOR FONSECA, of Brazil, has resigned, being forced to that step by the revolutionary movement against his usurpation. He declared that his retirement is in favor of FLORIANO PEIXOTTO, his vice-chief, but it does not seem probable that the latter will succeed in holding the reins of power for any length of time.

Publishers' Desk.

CLOSING OUT SALE.

We have decided to publish no more of the following books and pictures, and for the purpose of closing out the stock on hand, we offer them at about the cost of production. It will be necessary to order very quickly as we have but a few of each left. This will be the last opportunity of purchasing Nasby's books, and hundreds will want Miss Bouton's "Health and Beauty" after they are gone.

We will send (until the stock is exhausted) a picture of John Calvin for 10 cents each, postpaid by mail. The former price was 25 cents.

The following paper-covered "Nasby" books (former price 50 cents) we will send by mail postpaid at 25 cents each: "A Paper City," "Abou Ben Adhem," and "Eckoes From Kentucky."

About fifty copies of Miss Bouton's "Health and Beauty," cloth, (former price $1) we will send postpaid by mail at 75 cents each. Don't delay if you want any of these books or pictures.

FOUR ENTIRELY NEW PICTURES,

And Four Not Very Old Ones, For Blade Readers.

THE BLADE's pictures have heretofore been very successful, and we have furnished thousands of our readers with beautiful copies of renowned paintings at prices less than half the art stores charge. We are glad to announce *four* NEW pictures now ready for mailing, as follows:

"The Roman Chariot Race," in the Circus Maximus of Rome, by Alexander Wagner. This is *in full colors*, 17x24 inches in size. It represents the mode of racing in the reign of Emperor Domitian, 88 years after Christ. The tiers of seats, crowded with a mass of excited people, run in a circular or oblong form around a sandy arena, at the end of which are erected gilt cylinders in conical shape, forming the goal of the races. The three chariots in the foreground, each drawn by four horses caparisoned with gorgeous trappings and driven by charioteers in bright colors, make one of the most remarkable examples of vigor and action, combined with beauty of color, detail and rare execution.

"The Retreat from Moscow—1814," by Meissonier, the renowned French artist, and is in his best style. In *full colors*, 17x24 inches in size. At the head of his conquering soldiers in the midst of winter Napoleon has driven before him the Russians and penetrated into the heart of their country only to find when he arrived at the imperial city of Moscow that the inhabitants have fled, leaving every house in the city in flames. Then began that fatal retreat depicted in this great painting. The great original painting was sold in Paris within the last eighteen months for $170,000, one of the highest prices on record for a modern picture.

"Christ Leaving the Prætorium," by Gustave Dore. A fine photo-etching, 21x28 inches. The scene represents Christ descending the steps leading from the official tribunal of the Roman government of Jerusalem after his condemnation. The figure of the Savior, erect and commanding, is the center of attraction. The gaping crowd, some of them friends, others attracted by excitement, the leering Jews pressing forward with uplifted hands; the poor and wretched, who adored him, expressing the most profound sorrow; the sick whom he had healed and those who still craved his divine help all pressing forward to get one last glance at him, while the Roman soldiers, with spears and shields driving them back are graphically displayed in this wonderful picture.

"Women and Children First," by C. Napier Hemy, one of the first of marine artists of England, a fine photo etching, 21x28 inches. The story is here told with all the poetry of art, filling the picture with the heroic in human life, and the sublime and terrible in nature. On the left looms up the dark side of a huge ship, at the mercy of the wind and waves. Directly in the front of the picture, a life boat, "The Good Samaritan," is seen. Sturdy hands pull at the heavy oars while other strong men are rescuing the women and children first from the fated vessel. The climax of heroism in this admirable picture is on the deck of the wrecked vessel, where the men, looking death in the face, are shouting as she goes down, "Save the Women and Children First."

"Napoleon at Friedland, 1807," the masterpiece of the renowned French painter Meissonier. It represents Napoleon saluting, with imperial gesture, his favorite regiment, the 12th Cuirassiers, as it swept by him to charge the Russians at Friedland. The copy we offer is 21x28 inches, in colors, faithfully reproducing the detail, brilliancy and sentiment of the original.

"Christ Before Pilate," by Munkacsy, the famous Hungarian artist. This is *not* the picture we sold formerly; that was plain, but this is *in colors*, 17x24, reproducing with fidelity those of the original, which was sold to Postmaster General Wanamaker for $120,000. It represents the Savior brought to the Prætorium, or residence of the Roman governor, Pilate, at Jerusalem. He stands erect, composed, gazing steadfastly on Pilate's face.

"The Grand Canal of Venice," by Turner, the famous English artist. The scene portrayed is the Grand Canal as seen from the quay. On the right are the steps and a portion of the church of Santa Maria delle Salute; beyond this, the custom-house. Opposite, in the middle distance, is the Ducal Palace, and beyond it, towering above the city roofs, the campanile (bell-tower) of St. Mark's church. The canal is filled with barges and gondolas, and is the busiest and gayest part of Venice. The picture is 17x22 inches.

"The Horse Fair," by Rosa Bonheur. There is no need of describing this world-famous picture. We have sold thousands of them, and still the demand comes so that we have obtained a fresh supply, though not a large number. Order promptly if you desire a copy of this superb work of art.

Any *one* of the above pictures will be sent by mail, postpaid, inclosed in a stout pasteboard tube, for **25 cents.**

Or, we will send any *five* of them you may choose for **One Dollar.**

Or, we will send you the entire *eight* pictures for **$1.50.**

Address all orders: THE BLADE, TOLEDO, OHIO.

BLADE CHINA TEA SETS and BLADE WASHING MACHINES.

We had decided that we would not this season advertise the Blade china tea sets and the Blade washing machines, as we have new premiums to offer—The Blade sewing machine and the encyclopedia. However, our subscribers will not have it so. Our mail daily brings us inquiries as to the tea sets and washing machines. While we have not room to advertise them as we did last year, we will simply say that the offers for both the tea sets and the washing machines which we made last year will hold good for this season also. Our old readers are familiar with the offers, or have copies of THE BLADE containing them. New ones who wish to know what the offers are will please drop us a postal card, and we will send a copy of both advertisements, exactly as they were published last year. Briefly they are as follows:

An 80-piece china tea set and the Weekly BLADE one year for $7; or the tea set as a premium for every club of 11 subscribers, accompanied by $11.

The washing machine and the Weekly BLADE one year for $5; or the washing machine as a premium for a club of 10 subscribers, accompanied by $10. Send for a copy of the offers.

MAJOR McKINLEY'S PORTRAIT.

We have just prepared a magnificent portrait of Major Wm. McKinley, the famous champion of the protective policy. It is by all odds the finest portrait we have ever offered our readers. It is 21½x28 inches in size, and will be an ornament to the walls of any home. Every one of our subscribers in Ohio will want one, and we anticipate a large demand from Republicans all over the United States who admire and honor Mr. McKinley.

We will send a copy to any one by mail post paid, in a stout pasteboard tube to assure its safety, for **25 cents.**

Or we will send a copy of THE WEEKLY BLADE for three months and one of these McKinley portraits for **35 cents.** The price of THE WEEKLY BLADE for three months is 25 cents; hence we offer the portrait for ten cents additional when taken in connection with THE BLADE. This offer, however, cannot be made except the money for both THE BLADE and portrait come at one time.

Send in your orders immediately! Address "THE BLADE, Toledo, Ohio."

IT COST A GREAT FORTUNE.

Anhalter of Berlin Finer Than Washington's Public Buildings.

The most costly of all the Berlin railway stations is the Anhalter station, said to have cost $4,000,000. One can hardly credit the statement, as the train house contains only six tracks, says the Boston *Herald*. Most of the money was spent for the front building. It is simply a palace. None of our public buildings in Washington has an entrance hall which is at all comparable to the great vestibule and staircases of this building. Even the great railway stations at London are completely surpassed by the Anhalter station, which is the terminus for trains running to Erfurt, Madgeburg, Carlsbad, Halle, Cassel, Frankfurt-on-the Main and many other points.

At this station, as at the Potsdam station, small trunks and all minor luggage belonging to passengers are carried upstairs to the main floor of the station by the porters. The heavier luggage is taken up by the hydraulic elevators that play so important part in all Berlin railway stations. There is an enormous restaurant and waiting-rooms on the track floor of the station, the first and second class passengers being carefully separated from the third and fourth class. The tracks leading out of this station are elevated and run past five-story buildings for a long distance. The station is really in the heart of the city now, although 30 years ago the location would have been regarded as almost on the outskirts.

THE SCHOOL OF HARD KNOCKS

was where Andrew Carnegie gained his start; forty years ago a poor Scotch boy—to-day, prince of manufacturers, author, and philanthropist. It is from his own experience that he is to write for *The Youth's Companion* on "Habits of Thrift."

An Interesting Experiment.

A distinguished foreign physician, paying a visit to the Berlin Medical institute, found Prof. Brieger busily at work in the laboratory, surrounded by a most formidable array of chemical and bacteriological utensils. The professor's sole attention and care, however, appeared concentrated on one particular vessel, which was enveloped by smoke and steam.

"Guess what I am boiling here," said the professor to the visitor.

The latter began to enumerate the entire scale of micro organisms.

"Micrococci?"

"No."

"Gonococci?"

"No."

"Spirochetæ?"

"No."

"What then?"

"Hot sausages," replied Brieger.—[Argonaut.

An Extended Popularity. BROWN'S BRONCHIAL TROCHES have for many years been the most popular article in use for relieving Coughs and Throat Troubles.

AN OLD THIEF OF TIME

AN INSPIRED PROCRASTINATOR.

Zypax O'Mega, a Belated Relic of the Eighteenth Century, Born Dilatory and is Still in This Vale of Tears.

The subject of this singular but authentic memoir was born at Land's End, England, December 31, 1799.

He came into this world at the last moment in which it was possible for him to come as an Eighteenth century baby, for as his first feeble, infantile wail fell upon the ear the clock struck the hour of midnight.

He was the last of a large family of children. He grew slower than any of the other boys in the neighborhood, never took the measles, mumps, chicken pox or whooping cough till everybody else had had it, and it took him longer to get over it than it had taken anybody else.

THE TAIL OF THE WHIP.

He was always tardy at school, always at the foot of the class, was invariably the "cracker" when the children played "crack-the-whip," was kept in after school oftener than any other pupil, and was the last one to get out.

His family name was O'Mega. He was christened Zypax, for the reason, probably, that no other name combining so many of the last letters of the alphabet suggested itself to his tired father.

To Zypax as the final legatee descended the paternal garments after they had been made over, one after another, for his older brothers, and discarded by them in regular succession.

He was the last to get up in the morning, the last to make his appearance at the table, the last one to leave it, and was slowly kicked up-stairs to bed at night after all the other children had retired.

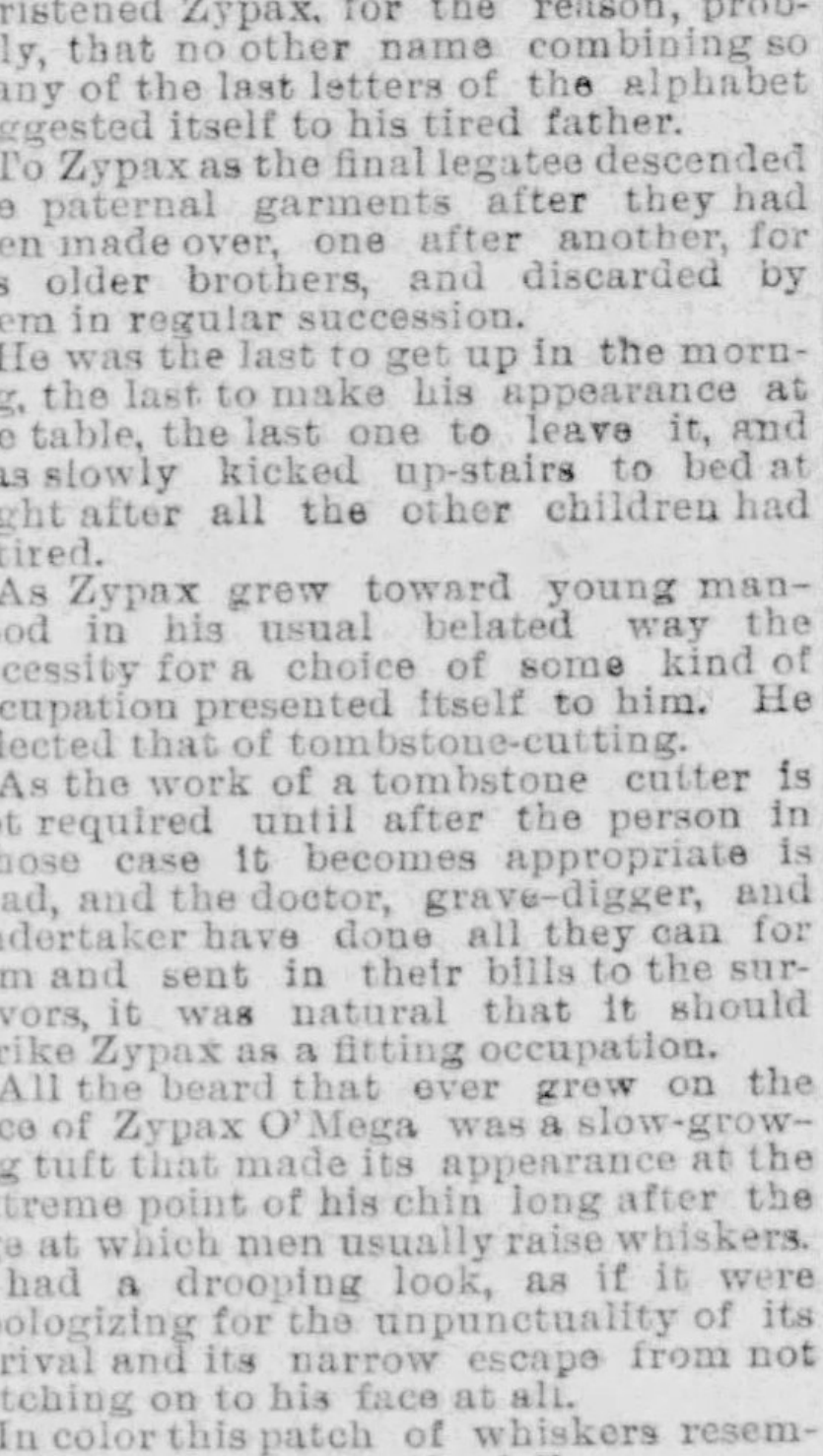
As Zypax grew toward young manhood in his usual belated way the necessity for a choice of some kind of occupation presented itself to him. He selected that of tombstone-cutting.

As the work of a tombstone cutter is not required until after the person in whose case it becomes appropriate is dead, and the doctor, grave-digger, and undertaker have done all they can for him and sent in their bills to the survivors, it was natural that it should strike Zypax as a fitting occupation.

All the beard that ever grew on the face of Zypax O'Mega was a slow-growing tuft that made its appearance at the extreme point of his chin long after the age at which men usually raise whiskers. It had a drooping look, as if it were apologizing for the unpunctuality of its arrival and its narrow escape from not catching on to his face at all.

In color this patch of whiskers resembled a sunset late in the fall.

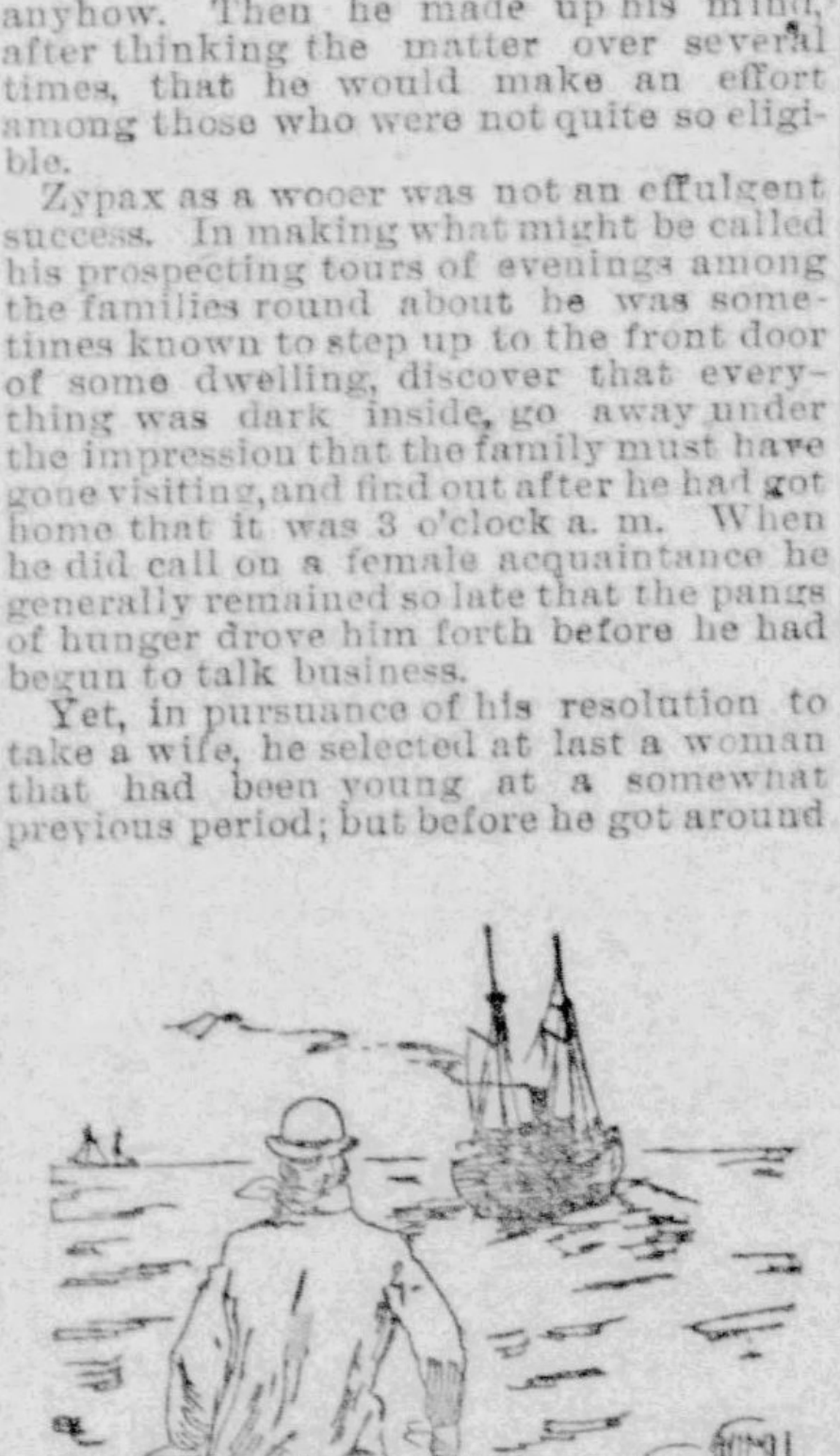
One after another his brothers and sisters married and settled down in homes of their own, but Zypax lingered at the old family hearthstone until he only was left. Then he started out to get a wife. He found that all the eligible young women of the vicinity had been taken for wives already or were spoken for or expected to be sought out by somebody else, and none of them wanted Zypax anyhow. Then he made up his mind, after thinking the matter over several times, that he would make an effort among those who were not quite so eligible.



STILL FONDLY DREAMING.

Zypax as a wooer was not an effulgent success. In making what might be called his prospecting tours of evenings among the families round about he was sometimes known to step up to the front door of some dwelling, discover that everything was dark inside, go away under the impression that the family must have gone visiting, and find out after he had got home that it was 3 o'clock a. m. When he did call on a female acquaintance he generally remained so late that the pangs of hunger drove him forth before he had begun to talk business.

Yet, in pursuance of his resolution to take a wife, he selected at last a woman that had been young at a somewhat previous period; but before he got around to the matter of speaking to her about it the curate became a widower, and, after waiting a reasonable length of time, stepped in ahead of Zypax and married her.



TIME AND TIDE.

Deliberating on the subject in all its bearings, he made another selection. His choice this time fell upon a comely widow in a neighboring shire whom he had seen occasionally at market. He pondered over this matter from time to time, settling the preliminaries in his mind and arranging his plan of courtship, but when he was about ready to pay her a visit and broach the subject he was surprised by receiving an order to erect a tombstone over her remains. She had died of dropsy.

Then he gave it up and the years rolled on.

Zypax outlived all his brothers and sisters. He woke up one day to find that in consequence of his being too late in paying off a mortgage on the little property where he dwelt, he was sold out of house and home. He converted his scanty means into cash, and resolved to go to America. He was now a man considerably past the middle age, but the fatality that had followed him from his birth clung to him still. Something kept turning up to prevent him from carrying out his resolution. Ship after ship sailed, family after family came away and left him, but he was always too late to join them.

And the years kept rolling on.

Finally he engaged passage on the good ship "Last of the Mohicans." The day of its departure came, the usual crowd of idlers and weeping friends gathered to see it sail, and a few minutes after it had left the dock an old man came along with his earthly possessions done up in a large valise and a bandbox.

It was Zypax O'Mega. He had happened along too late, as usual.

The "Last of the Mohicans" was lost at sea, with all on board. No tidings of the ship or its passengers or crew have ever been received from that day to this. By failing to take passage in it Zypax had missed a chance to end his ill-starred life with its cares and troubles.

It was just his luck.

And the years continued to roll on.

One day in the year 188— a superannuated ocean steamer put in for repairs at the port where the old man was still lingering and when it sailed away he was a passenger. He had come down to the dock to go on board a steamer that had departed nearly a week before. The worn out old vessel made the slowest time that had ever been achieved by any steamer in crossing the ocean, and it never made another trip. It foundered in sight of land. The passengers were all saved.

The last one to leave the ship, as those who read of the catastrophe at the time may remember, was old Zypax.

On arriving in this country he took passage on the last excursion train of the season for the far West. While passing through Iowa he stepped off the train at a little station to replenish his lunch basket at a bakery and the train pulled out and left him. Wandering about the village he came to the little post-office. A rusty old spring wagon standing in the street in front with a span of feeble, tired-looking horses hitched to it, attracted his attention, and he stopped to look at the turnout.

"Old man," said the driver, "if you have any notion of going in this load you'd better be climbing in."

"Where are you going?" inquired the old man.

"On the return trip," answered the driver. "This is the stage coach for Last Chance."

"Where's Last Chance?"

"Seven miles from here."

With the dazed look of a man to whom it made little difference where he went he climbed in and the stage coach for Last Chance slowly wended its way out of the station.

* * * * * * *

In Humboldt county, Cal., is a little village whose ship landing juts out a little further westward into the Pacific ocean than any other landing on the California coast.

At sunset one gloomy day in December a few years ago a feeble old man came to this village and lodged at the only public house in the place. The next day he wandered out to the ship landing, sat down on its westernmost extremity, and looked wistfully out over the ocean. And there, except when engaged in the little jobs by which he earns enough to supply his few wants, this old man has passed his time ever since. It is his firm belief that he was born into this world too late, and that the world has always been just a little ahead of him. It is his deep conviction that the chariot of death stopped for him at the appointed time, long, long ago, waited awhile, and drove on without him.

At almost any hour of the day this old man may be seen sitting on the rude timbers of that far Western ship landing, his hands folded in his lap, his head bare, his thin gray hair streaming in the wind, and his dim old eyes looking out to sea as if watching for the coming of some ship that shall bear him away to a land where time is no object and people are not in too much of a hurry to wait for him to catch up.

And his name is Zypax O'Mega.

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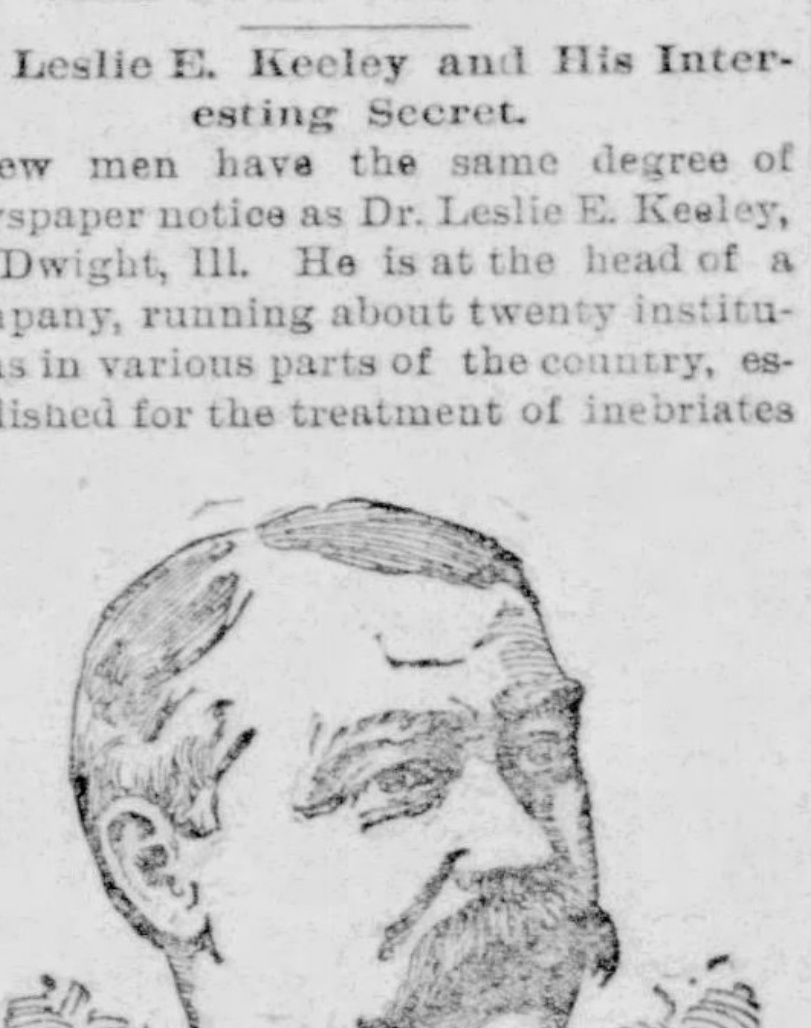
THE GOLD CURE MAN.

Dr. Leslie E. Keeley and His Interesting Secret.

Few men have the same degree of newspaper notice as Dr. Leslie E. Keeley, of Dwight, Ill. He is at the head of a company, running about twenty institutions in various parts of the country, established for the treatment of inebriates and persons similarly diseased. The treatment followed remains a secret with Dr. Keeley. It is known as the bichloride of gold cure, and is applied by means of hypodermic injections and draughts. Great public interest, one need not say, is manifested in Dr. Keeley and his operations, rendering an excellent portrait and sketch of the man most welcome.



DR. KEELEY.

The doctor is of Irish extraction. His early years were spent in St. Lawrence county, New York. He is a well educated man and a graduate in medicine. In the war he was an army surgeon, and was interested in the study of inebriety, which he became convinced was a physical disease and accordingly to be treated as such. At the close of his experience in the army he settled at Dwight, Ill., where he continued experiments, resulting in the announcement that, after twenty years of laborious application to the task he had set himself to accomplish, he had discovered a cure for drunkenness.

Dr. Keeley is a well-built man, over six feet high. He is a courteous and affable person, but his appearance and manner suggest the strong decision and endurance which one acquainted with his career would naturally expect to see in him.

Bread for the Russians.

Mr. Squills (looking over the paper)—"The Russian army is almost in a state of mutiny because the soldiers have to eat wheat bread."

Mrs. Squills (a famous housekeeper)—"That's too bad. I suppose it's because they don't know how to fix it. You must write to the czar this very day and tell him."

Mr. Squills (starting)—"Eh?"

Mrs. Squills—"Yes, tell him that he must be sure to furnish the army with good butter; get print butter, if possible; it's often as low as fifty cents, and never over a dollar a pound. Then, on baking days, when the bread is fresh, tell the soldiers to spread the butter on thick and it will be delicious. The following days, when it is a little dry, give each soldier a bowl of rich cream and tell him to crumb it in. I'm sure they'll like it."—[New York Weekly.

A Touch of Human Nature.

Book Agent (entering office)—"Mr. Timothy Squilkins, I believe?"

Mr. Squilkins—"The same"

Book Agent—"I am selling——"

Squilkins—"I have no use for it."

Book Agent—"Among those whose lives receive treatment I may mention Mayor Stuart, Gov. Pattison, George D. McCreary, Timothy Squilkins——"

Squilkins—"Ah! for heaven's sake, how much is the work?"

Book Agent—"Five dollars."

Squilkins—"Here, then, take the money, give me the book and get out. It's about the only way I can get rid of you."—[Exchange.

Deaf and Dumb.

Deaf and Dumb Beggar (unexpectedly receiving a quarter)—Oh, thankee, thankee!

Benevolent Passer—Eh? What does this mean, sir? You can talk!

Beggar (in confusion)—Y-e-s, sir. Ye see, sir, I'm honly holdin' this corner for th' poor deaf and dumb man wot belongs here.

Benevolent Passer (quickly)—Where is he?

Beggar (in worse confusion)—He's gone to th' park t' hear the music—[Good News.

No Use for Cyclones.

Gilhooley—"According to the signal service predictions we are going to have a cyclone."

Gus De Smith—"I have a mortal dread of cyclones."

"Were you ever in one?" somebody asked.

"No; but I lost my dear aunt in one."

"That is sad."

"You bet it was tough. She hadn't make her will, and instead of me another relative got the property. I've never had any use for cyclones since."—[Texas Siftings.

Cause for Hilarity.

Jay Astorbilt (pathetically)—You can't think how many calls for money are made upon us poor millionaires.

Young Hardup— Poor millionaires! Ha, ha!

Jay Astorbilt—You can afford to laugh; you haven't a penny.—[Puck.

Science Causerie.

Original Causes of Cyclones.

In a paper by M. Le Goutant de Tromelin recently presented to the French academy some important suggestions occur on the much-mooted question of the origin of cyclones. Five or six days before the arrival of a cyclone forerunning cirrus clouds are usually observed, and the cloud canopy of the storm subsequently deploys in a remarkable manner. The author says these prognostics prove that the causes of a cyclone's progression must be sought in the upper layers of the atmosphere. He concludes also that we must reject as a probable cause (often assigned by those who hold the ordinary, aspiratory, theory) the condensation of watery vapor over large regions. For then, at the equator, where rainfall is enormous, cyclones would be constantly forming, whereas, in fact, they are unknown on the line. But the most important conclusion from his researches is as follows:

"Cyclones of grand dimensions are generated in the zones where the trade-wind of the opposite hemisphere penetrates. They are caused by an augmentation or swelling in volume of air, proceeding from the opposite hemisphere, attending unequal distribution of the normal limits of the atmospheric circulation, and determined by the retardation which the trade-wind or monsoon meets with in following the sun's movement."

This view of the origin of the great hurricanes is similar to that put forth 30 years ago by Dove, the eminent German physicist. Whatever movement the atmosphere tends to create or to intensify an eddy is, for that reason alone, a cause of storms. In the prevailing theory, cyclonic whirls are due solely to the deflecting force of the earth's rotation when there is a temperature disturbance, and storms do not arise on the equator because this deflecting force vanishes there. But why may it not be said with equal force that the equatorial belt is stormless because it is a calm belt on which there is no horizontal movement of the air capable of causing an eddy? Undoubtedly the earth's deflecting force has an important influence on the direction of the storm-winds. But every noteworthy storm has a previous history of some exceptional quickening of the regular atmospheric currents under circumstances which clearly indicate that the current has met with some retardation or opposition, and hence has run into a gyration—precisely as a water-course forms an eddy when it meets with an obstruction. And the phenomena which are usually relied on to explain the genesis of the storm are themselves more or less remote effects of the previously-generated cyclone.

Age of the World.

Geologists have generally arrived at the conclusion that the Falls of Niagara were once at Queenstown heights, and that the river has cut its way backward seven miles to the present site of the cataract. From certain data the eminent geologist, Sir Charles Lyell, has estimated that it would have required 35,000 years for the retreat of the falls from the escarpment at Queenstown to their present position. It is in relation to a similar question in reference to the Grand Falls of Labrador that scientific interest is likely to be freshly aroused. Those falls were found to be 316 feet in height, and after precipitating itself over the rock the river flows through a narrow canon having rocky walls from 300 to 400 feet in height, and extending from twenty-five to thirty miles. A correspondent of the New York *Tribune* points out that "there are many circumstances which forcibly suggests the strong probability that the river has excavated this immense chasm through which it flows, and that the falls are constantly receding. The narrowness of the gorge through its entire course; the perpendicular character of the cliffs that overhang the river, which seem in places to have been undermined on one side by the force of the current, appear to point to the conclusion that the erosive action of the water falling such a great height has worn away the solid rock, and that the falls have receded this great distance." Besides this, pieces of rock taken from the edge of the Falls were found to be gneiss, which is regarded by geologists as part of the primeval crust of the earth. A study of these points will add an interesting chapter to the history of this planet. Compared with the time necessary to bring about the changes in the Falls of Niagara, the time needed to perform such a work in Labrador is almost inconceivable in its extent.

What a Volcanic Eruption Is.

One would hardly associate the presence of water with a volcanic eruption; but water is always present, and doubtless plays a most important part in the phenomena of volcanic activity. Volcanoes are always found near the sea coast, and the presence of immense volumes of steam is always observed during an eruption. Contrary to the popular idea, neither flame nor smoke proceeds from the crater of a volcano, but only quantities of melted mineral matter, or lava, and immense volumes of steam. It was this pasty mass of finely pulverized lava—incorrectly called ashes—and water which overwhelmed the city of Pompeii and sealed it up for nearly two thousand years. Actual fire played a very small part in the destruction of that ill-fated city. There can be no doubt that water and the internal heat of the earth form a combination which will explain nearly all manifestations of volcanic forces.

Evils of Being Fat.

Fat people are less able to resist the attacks of disease or the shock of injuries and operations than the moderately thin. In ordinary every-day life they are at a decided disadvantage; their respiratory muscles cannot so easily act; their heart is often handicapped by the deposit on it; and the least exertion throws them into a perspiration. This last fact is curiously misunderstood; it is almost universally looked upon as an actual "melting" of the subcutaneous fat, and is considered to be nature's method of getting rid of the superfluity. But this is not correct, for in spite of its greasy appearance sweat only contains a trace of fatty matter, rarely more than .01 per cent., and this comes, of course, from the cells of the sudoriparous glands and primarily from certain constituents in the blood. A person whose limbs and body are covered with adipose tissue is in the position of a man carrying a heavy burden and too warmly clothed.

A Underground City.

It is said that an underground city has been discovered in Russian Turkestan, near the Kakharan town of Korki. The entrances are by a series of large caves in the side of a rocky hill. Effigies and inscriptions have been found, and also designs upon gold and silver money, which leads to the belief that the town dates back to some two centuries before the birth of Christ. There are a number of streets and squares surrounded by houses two and three stories high. Urns, vases, cooking pots and other utensils have been found in great abundance. The symmetry of the streets and squares and the beauty of the baked clay and metal utensils attest the fact that the people had reached an advanced stage of civilization. It is supposed the town was concealed in the earth to give the population a refuge from the incursions of savages and robbers.

The Missing Link.

Anatomists classify animals by their teeth more accurately than in any other way, and the jaws of the small lemur, which connects the anthropoid apes, like the chimpanzee and gorilla, with beasts not so high in the scale of creation, are provided with a dentition so astonishingly human-like that one might well imagine the teeth to be actually those of a miniature man. Molars and incisors are shaped and placed in exactly the same way, and the canines, two in the upper jaw and two in the lower, correspond perfectly with the human type. Right here it is worth mentioning that there has recently come from Patagonia announcement of the discovery of a monkey of the Tertiary, which was the geological period before the present or Quaternary, which is the last needed link between the lemur just described and the man-like apes. It only remains now, in order that the chain shall be complete, to find the link between the anthropoid apes and man.

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OUR CORN IN EUROPE.

The Success Attending Its Introduction Upon the Continent.

American Grocer.

The short harvests in Europe have attracted attention to the merits of maize, or Indian corn, as a food product, to an extent which has never been done before, and this has been wisely followed up by Secretary Rusk, of our department of Agriculture, in sending a competent commissioner to Europe to explain and present the merits of Indian corn flour, corn meal, hominy, and other forms of this nutritious cereal.

Col. Charles J. Murphy had long been enthusiastic over the merits of Indian corn as a food product, and some three years since was appointed by Governor Thayer, of the state of Nebraska, as honorary commissioner to represent the merits of this great product of Nebraska, and did good service at the Edinburgh International exhibition, and the next winter at the exhibition in Glasgow.

Colonel Murphy is now in Germany, where, with the co-operation of Minister Phelps, he is doing equally good work.

In a recent private letter to a friend in New York, Col. Murphy says:

"I have met with the most flattering success among these intelligent and pleasant people. I have been ably assisted by Minister Phelps and Consul-General Edwards, and by the German government and people, who show the greatest interest in the movement, from the emperor down. The 'Murphy bread,' as the newspapers christened it, which I have made from 50 per cent of rye and 50 per cent of corn (white, granulated meal) is now well-known all over Germany and the masses are clamoring for it.

"It surprises me that our bakers do not follow the example of the Germans in mixing corn flour or meal with rye or wheat flour, as it makes a positively better bread at less cost.

"They should mix the corn meal first with scalding water before combining it with the wheaten flour, and if they think 50 per cent to much, let them try one-third of corn and two-thirds of flour."

This suggestion of Col. Murphy is worthy of attention, and we hope leading journals will take up the question and agitate it.

The editor of this paper has for many years used fine white corn meal or flour to mix with wheaten flour, with the result of fully confirming all that Col. Murphy says in the above letter. The bread is light, nutritious, and seems to possess more substance than wheat bread alone, and it does not become stale and dry as quickly.

STEPHEN B. ELKINS,

Who May Be Appointed Secretary of War, to Succeed Proctor.

The resignation of Mr. Proctor, of Vermont, secretary of War, will not take effect until November 1. He has been selected by Governor Page to fill out the remainder of Mr. Edmunds's unexpired term in the United States Senate. The portrait is of Stephen B. Elkins, of West Virginia, who is prominently spoken of as his successor.

Mr. Elkins was born in Missouri fifty years ago, and is a graduate of the university named after that commonwealth. For a time he served in the Union army, with the rank of captain. In 1863 he removed to New Mexico and served for a while as driver on a ranch. Being a bright, genial young man and acquainted with Spanish, he gained influence and popularity, and before long was on the roll of attorneys. By the prosecution of, it is reported, 10,000 Mexicans who broke the law by holding servants in slavery, he laid the foundation of his wealth, the United States government paying him $25 each for convictions. He was elected to the legislature of New Mexico, and subsequently to the Forty-third and Forty-fourth Congresses. While at Washington he became an intimate friend of James G. Blaine and of Senator Davis, of West Virginia, and married a daughter of the rich Senator.

STEPHEN B. ELKINS.

He made a great deal of money by investments in silver mining in Colorado. Later he bought an interest in the coal fields of West Virginia, and has his country seat at Piedmont, that state. His wealth comprises property in New Mexico, Colorado and West Virginia. He spends a great part of his time in New York city, whence he directs his vast business interests. In the campaign of 1884 Mr. Elkins superintended operations for his friend, Mr. Blaine. His conversion to the Republican party took place in 1870, so that he has attained his majority in its membership. Mrs. Elkins and other members of his household are reported to be Democrats, but he has an able business adviser in his wife, who inherits from her father superior judgment and capacity. As Mr. Elkins is one of the most prominent and wealthy citizens of West Virginia, his appointment as secretary of War would be regarded as "good politics" on the part of the administration, that commonwealth being among the doubtful states.

A Blind Telegraph Operator.

A friend of mine, who is a telegraph operator, tells me a story of a fellow-operator in a small Connecticut town with whom he had been working on the same wire for some time. "One day last week," he says, "I was piled up with business and was feeling rather cranky and I just 'soaked' him for all I was worth. He never broke and gave O. K. for the message and I started in to work with another office on the same line, when this fellow called me—that is, he broke in on my sending and wanted me to repeat the message that I had but a few moments before sent him.

"Well, I repeated it, and when I got through he said: 'You will please excuse me, but I wrote the first message on the back of a blank, and the boy couldn't read it (there is printing on the backs of blanks); I'll try and be more careful in the future.' I thought it rather queer that an operator would write a message on the back of a blank, so I asked him how he came to do that, and he said: 'Why don't you know? I'm blind.' I found that he was really blind. He takes his messages on with a pen, but employs a boy to read the messages to him that are to be sent. He does as good work as any of his fellow operators."—[Boston News.

He Couldn't Be Frightened.

A small boy on Fifth street hates the washing process worse than snakes hate liquor. His mother was scrubbing him and he was kicking.

"Why don't you be a good boy?" she begged. "Don't you know you'll go to the bad place if you are not?"

"There ain't any water there, is there?" he asked.

"Not a drop," she answered, solemnly.

"Then I guess I'll keep on being bad." And he kept on.—[Detroit Free Press.

It Dazzled Her.

"You say you don't drink, George?"

"No."

"Nor smoke?"

"No."

"Nor gamble?"

"No."

"Nor stay out at night?"

"Never."

"Well, we never could be happy as man and wife, George. I have been brought up in New York, not heaven."—[Life.

Selling French Bread.

The French baker is not only required to conform to laws regarding weight, but he is also told at what price he must sell his bread. He is further required to deposit a certain sum of money in the hands of the municipal authorities as a surety of good behavior. In the large fortified cities he has to keep a specified quantity on hand to provide for warlike emergencies.

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$150,000,000.

The Happy Parents of the Newly Born Heir to the Astor Millions.

The young couple of the engraving are the parents of a boy whose coming into the world is the great social event of New York at the present time, and who, should he live long enough, will be the inheritor of an estate valued at $150,000,000. At this writing the father is lying ill with typhoid fever, too sick to be told of the arrival. The youngster will be named John Jacob, the sixth of the family to bear that homely appellation, which heard, however, never fails to suggest teeming millions of money. Plutocratic society hovers around the cradle of the Astor baby, who, the good gossips tell, is ten pounds weight and prodigiously healthy and strong.

He is the first born of John Jacob Astor, who was married on February 17 last to Miss Eva Willing, of Philadelphia, from which match the wealth of the Astors derived farther augmentation.

Too Much Toll.

First Tramp—"You wish a-way day I'd have 365 national holidays in the year."

Second Tramp—"You would, eh? And then [illegible] every four years. Oh, you are a nice one, you are! You would make a galley-slave of the poor laboring man, wouldn't you?"—[Texas Siftings.

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Wide Awake	[illegible]	[illegible]
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Phrenological Journal	[illegible]	[illegible]
Our Little Ones	[illegible]	[illegible]
Arthur's Home Magazine	[illegible]	[illegible]
Atlantic Monthly	[illegible]	[illegible]
Brainard's Musical World	[illegible]	[illegible]
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Leslie's Sunday Magazine	[illegible]	[illegible]
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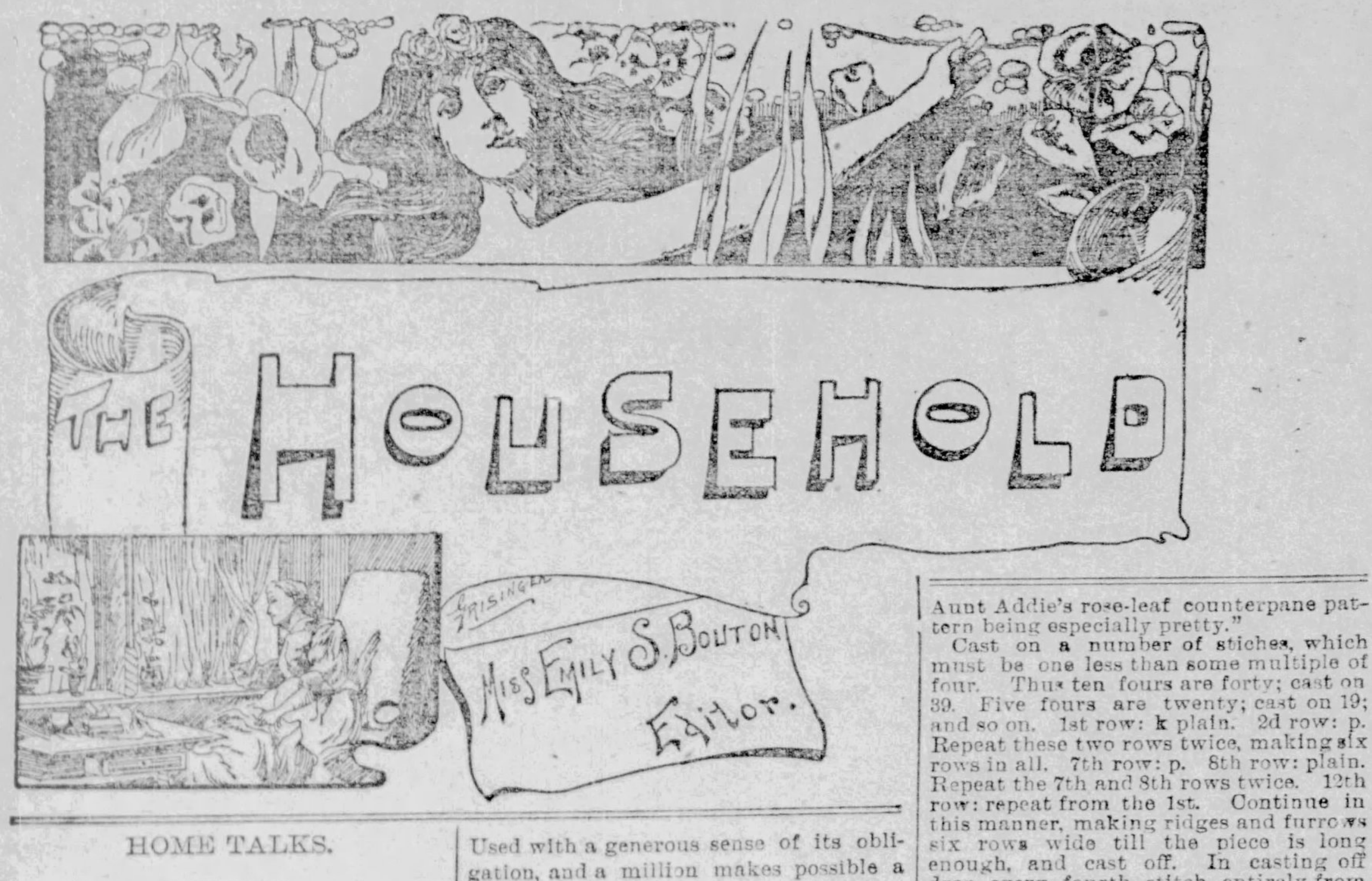
THE HOUSEHOLD
Miss Emily S. Bouton, Editor.

HOME TALKS.

WANTS A MILLION.

What Happiness Does it Bring?—Pleasure Often Lies in Anticipation Rather Than Realization.

"I WISH I had a million dollars."

"Well, and if you had what would you do with it?"

"Do with it? Have a good time, to be sure. Then I need take no thought of the morrow's bread and butter. I should not have to plod along, working when I do not feel like it, denying myself the very things that I want most, staying at home when I desire to go away, counting the pennies so carefully for fear they will not go around. How I hate it all! And I cannot see why I could not have been given a million just as well as those commonplace people on the next square, who do not know how to spend it properly. They don't begin to take the comfort that I would in their circumstances."

This bright woman, who was so dissatisfied with what she had, and wanted the "million" with a desire that must be spelled with a capital D, is only one in a vast majority, as we all know. The longing for "a million" is almost universal. To one it means the fulfillment of some cherished dream of pleasure; to another, freedom from the carking cares of bread winning; to another the possibility of a possession of books and pictures without limit; to a fourth a fine house, fine furniture, horses, carriages, a coachman in livery, and all the appurtenances of a luxurious living. Sometimes into the scheme enters as a second thought the good that could be done to others.

I venture to say that the possession of the million does not bring one-third, no, not a tenth part of the happiness anticipated. It would give the means for obtaining material pleasure, but pleasure pursued persistently is sure to pall and lose its character. What costs no effort to obtain has small zest in enjoyment. The doubt of being able to reach some object makes that object desired with a tenfold longing. Beyond the line where simple comfort ends and luxury begins, a greater part of the enjoyment lies in imagination. Possession shows it not to be such a large part of happiness, after all.

The little lady—and the words well describe her of whom I spoke first—gave as one of her reasons for wanting a "million" that she need not work when she did not feel like it. The truth is that work of some kind is to her an absolute necessity. She cannot keep idle for an hour, unless physical pain holds her in bonds. Indefatigable always, to take away from her the stimulus of some need of exertion would be to make her life a barren desert. Her tastes are simple, so that the coveted million would bring her little joy in giving her fine raiment. She loves home beyond all other places, and to go away, even for a visit, brings to her vivid discomfort. She glories in making "something out of nothing," as she calls it, and her deft ways in that respect are the admiration of her family and her friends. And yet she believes a million would render her perfectly happy.

Is it Tolstoi who tells about the man who was poor and crippled, and was without any certainty of food and lodging from day to day, yet his heart was light, joy looked forth from his eyes, spoke in his voice, and he seemed the happiest of men? When questioned as to the source of his happiness when his life had been cast in such hard places, he replied that his spirit was well-fed and warmly clad, and the spirit was all there was of a man worth caring about, any way. Of course you see the lesson taught—that the real kingdom of a human being does not lie in the material things which minister only to the pleasures of the body.

I saw a little fellow on the street one day. He was so small that it seemed as if one might stow him away in a pocket. His clothes were so patched that it was difficult to tell what was the original of the garment, and though the temperature was trying to kiss zero, he had on no overcoat. And how the wind blew, but the human dot did not seem to know it. His eyes twinkled with fun as he skipped along the sidewalk, winding his way in and out of the crowd that was hurrying on its way. A "million" was no more to him than a few pennies to buy candy would be. I wondered how long the merry heart would rule, how long he would dwell happily in a contented spirit.

A million of money is a good thing, a pleasant thing to have, but it has its drawbacks. Its possession brings responsibilities that cannot be shirked safely, and they are far heavier than those belonging to what is simply a comfortable maintenance. I used to wonder what that passage meant in the Bible about its being easier for a camel to go through the eye of a needle than for a rich man to enter into the kingdom of heaven. I think I know now. The possession of much money is apt to bring pride, arrogance and selfish indulgence, enemies all to spiritual growth. It demands the fulfilment of large obligations to others, the doing of the greater good which it renders possible, and these things take constant effort of mind and body, involve constant and careful consideration of the best means of accomplishment, all of which are not easy. It is the lack of recognition of the responsibility it entails, the acceptance of the money as a means of self-indulgence and luxurious living, or hoarding it to grow into larger sums, that makes it so dangerous a possession. Used with a generous sense of its obligation, and a million makes possible a far higher life than can come with limited means, but too often it only ministers to self and selfish purposes, the latter growing stronger as the round dollars count higher, while the spirit dwarfs day by day. And this is why it is said that it is easier for a camel to go through the eye of a needle than for a rich man to enter the kingdom of heaven.

EMILY S. BOUTON.

Household Conveniences.

FOR THOSE whose houses are heated with a furnace, the question of warm rooms is easily settled, as it only remains for them to decide whether they shall use coal or gas for fuel, but in houses where stoves are used entirely, there are very often rooms where there is no way of reaching a chimney, and the question of heating such rooms is a difficult one. In the country this is particularly so. Who that has ever wintered in a country house has not had the experience of lingering around the fire at night, dreading to pass through cold halls to a cold bed-room where, in spite of abundant bed clothing, you shiver for a long time before you are warm enough to be comfortable, and where every breath reminds you of icicles? But to have a stove in every room would make much work, in caring for the fires, carrying wood and ashes up and down stairs, etc., and so people sleep in cold rooms, and endeavor to comfort themselves by thinking it more healthful to do so.

A very easy way to remedy this discomfort, is to use oil stoves. These are made expressly for heating purposes, or you can purchase one with an adjustable drum, which can be used for heating, and when the drum is not required, the stove can be used to heat water for use in case of sudden illness, to warm food in the night if required for an invalid, to heat an iron, or for many other things which would require a fire. All of these things may be done with an oil stove in the time that it would take to start a wood or coal fire. The price of these stoves puts them within the reach of nearly every one, and the expense of running them is very slight, indeed, not more than three or four cents an hour. There is no more danger from them than from a lamp, and they can be carried from one place to another, wherever they are needed, heating a room or hall in a very few minutes, and are perfectly indifferent as to whether there is a chimney in the room or not.

Fancy Work and House Decoration.

A PRETTY STOOL.—Get an oblong piece of board from some carpenter, of the size you want your stool. Put four brackets, the more fancy in form the better, at the corners for legs, and gild them. Cover the top with plush and around the edge put a heavy fringe.

A BABY'S QUILT.—Every mother will appreciate a description of what is called "A Love Quilt" for the baby. It is made of squares of fine white linen, which are to be stamped and embroidered with wash silks. Then the squares are sewed together and the seams are covered with rows of vine-stitch in the same silk. Each square may be made up more in the form of a souvenir from the members of the family if, upon it, is stamped in quaint lettering words expressive of love and pride for the baby. This lettering should be done in some durable color, as the quilt will need to be washed frequently. One more durable, perhaps, might be made of Turkey red calico, the lettering done in white, but it is neither as delicate nor pretty. Such a quilt may also be made by a friend for a Christmas present, embroidering the alternate squares with designs of flowers, using the smaller ones instead of those in bolder outlines.

GENTLEMAN'S SHIRT-CASE.—If you want this article to be very elegant, get the white silk matellasse cloth, about seven-eighths of a yard, or it should be long enough to pass around the shirt as it is folded by the laundress, and a piece about half the depth of one side for the fold or flap. Lay a sheet of cotton batting upon it, which must be sprinkled with violet sachet powder. Then over this lay a lining of quilted satin, which may be white or some delicate color. Fold in the edges of both and hem the lining upon the outside. Finish with a small gold cord and have straps of old gold, inch-wide, satin ribbon, doubled and stiched together; these are to fasten with gold buckles. The gentleman's monogram may be embroidered on the flap.

A HANDY PAPER WEIGHT.—A pretty paper weight for keeping papers in place or for holding secure the little table and mantle throws after they have been arranged, can be prepared as follows: Buy a small flat-iron, cover bottom and sides half way up with plush, any desired shade. Stretch the plush smoothly over the iron; a seam at each of the three angles of the iron will take in the fulness; fasten a silk and tinsel cord around the edge of the plush; cover the handle with the same plush, adding a bow of ribbon to the handle nearest the point of the iron. There will be a space under the handle and half way down the sides uncovered; spread this with mucilage and sprinkle with rice, and when dry and firm, give two or three coats of gold paint. To insure a neat job this should be put on before the plush. Before the last coat of paint is dry sprinkle with silver and green flitter powder. When the iron is in use it should rest on the back end, as a careful housewife sets her irons away when not in use. Will send other patterns if desired.—YOUNG HOUSE WIFE.

The HOUSEHOLD will be glad to have them.—ED?

Christmas is near at hand, and if you are in doubt about what to make "Fancy Work and House Decoration" (No. 3) will tell you. You can get one now by sending 15 cents to Miss Emily S. Bouton, Toledo, O.

Knitting and Crocheting.

Knitting Abbreviations—k, knit; p, purl or seam; p 2 tog, purl two together; n, narrow; s and b, slip and bind; tto, throw thread over; b, bind; o, over; sl, slip; m, make.

Crocheting Abbreviations—l, loop; s c, single crochet; d c, double crochet; ch st, chain stitch; cl cn st, close chain stitch; d ch st, double chain stitch; p, picot; r c, ribbed crochet; c t st, crossed treble stitch; sh st, shell stitch; o sh st, open shell stitch; tr, treble; sh c, short crochet.

RAILROAD KNITTING.—Directions for this charming variety of knitting are sent by Mrs. C. J. S., who says: "It is very pretty for afghans and tidies both. I hope it will please some of the readers of your valuable paper, out of which we have copied some very pretty patterns—Aunt Addie's rose-leaf counterpane pattern being especially pretty."

Cast on a number of stiches, which must be one less than some multiple of four. Thus ten fours are forty; cast on 39. Five fours are twenty; cast on 19; and so on. 1st row: k plain. 2d row: p. Repeat these two rows twice, making six rows in all. 7th row: p. 8th row: plain. Repeat the 7th and 8th rows twice. 12th row: repeat from the 1st. Continue in this manner, making ridges and furrows six rows wide till the piece is long enough, and cast off. In casting off drop every fourth stitch entirely from the needle. When the casting off is finished, unravel these dropped stitches throughout the whole length of the knitting. The strips must be crocheted together. A beautiful afghan can be made by running ribbon through the open spaces formed by the unraveled stitches.

A ROSETTE.—Rosettes are often useful in tidies, borders and the like. To make the above, begin with a ch of 4 stitches, and unite in a ring. In this loop work 20 tr. 2d round: work 1 ch and 1 tr over each tr of the last round. 3d round: * On the tr and next ch make a leaf thus: The cotton twice round the needle, take up the stitch, work through 2, cotton on the needle, draw through 2; cotton on the needle, take up the stitch again, work through 2, cotton on the needle, work through 2; cotton on the needle, take up the next stitch, and work all off the needle, 2 loops at a time; then 4 ch. Repeat from *. 4th round: 1 d c on the middle of the 4 ch, * 5 ch, 1 d c on the middle of the next 4 ch; repeat from *. Fasten off neatly at the end of the round.

Correspondence.

OUGHT SHE TO HAVE BEEN BLAMED?—I had asked a wealthy and very charitable friend of mine, to go with me to visit a poor cripple, another friend of mine—for, being only "middle-class" myself, I have friends of both "high and low degree." I knew she had often visited her, and was not a little surprised at her emphatic refusal. "Don't ask me to go near her! If she needs anything, let me know, and I will furnish money to any reasonable amount, but I never wish to see the untidy creature again!" "Untidy?" I gasped, "Why I've always thought her very neat, indeed!" "As to face and hands, and hair, yes; but do you know, she told me, the last time I was there, that she had not bathed in a tub since she was a child! Fancy it!" and my friend looked as if the poor woman had been proven guilty of the unpardonable sin! Nevertheless, I determined to make the call, alone, since she would not go with me, and found my other friend as neat, and cherry as ever. After we had talked a few minutes, she said; "I am afraid Mrs. W—— will never come to see me again, and I am so sorry; but indeed, dear Mrs. Blank, it is quite impossible for me to bathe in a tub—I chill so easily—and then again, all the water we use, has to be brought up two flights of stairs, and is hard water at that, unless we go half a block away and borrow of our neighbor, who has the only cistern in the square. Mrs. W. told me that every member of her family bathed twice a week, all the year around, and every evening in summer, and she thought any person with a decent regard for cleanliness, would do the same. I said all I could to excuse myself, but I know she was angry and disgusted when she went away. I hope you won't feel so, too."

I assured her that personal neatness was a hobby of Mrs. W.'s but, that in my estimation, the sponge bath her daughter gave her, whenever she felt strong enough to bear it, was quite sufficient, and that my good opinion of her was not shaken in the least by this astonishing disclosure. As I went home, I thought of Mrs. W.'s elegantly fitted bath-rooms, where hot and cold water, the finest soap, the softest of towels, and every possible convenience was ready to her hand, and where the temperature was kept at summer heat in the coldest of winter days, and comparing that with the little room with a bed in one corner and the cooking stove in another, where my cripple and her daughter worked and ate and slept together, I thought of the long flights of steps up which the daughter must bring the water. I went so far as to add on the extra half block, if she brought soft water, and I decided that even Mrs. W., with her extreme ideas on the subject, ought not to blame the woman, who, passing all her life in such a tenement as this, had not "bathed in a tub since she was a child." What is the opinion of the HOUSEHOLD on this subject?—CHARITY.

A SUGGESTION.—Let me tell Francis Howard how to decorate her church for Thanksgiving services. Use fall flowers, if you can get them, and place in front of the pulpit on the platform, all kinds of vegetables and fruits. Have some nicely washed potatoes in baskets, some apples, turnips, beets, carrots, etc., also in baskets, and arrange them so that the different colors will show to a good advantage. On each side of the platform, against the wall, fasten some tall stalks of corn, and if you can make room for it, have one or two sheaves of wheat somewhere. If not too late to obtain from from the woods long vines with red and yellow leaves; these may be tastefully disposed about the pulpit or reading desk.

Then let your service be one of praise and thankfulness for the mercies shown to you during the past year, with no word of denominational or doctrinal faith, and at the close of the services distribute the vegetables and fruit to the poor and needy ones of your town. Such a service could offend no one, and would help to create a feeling of love and charity towards all, which should be a part of every Thanksgiving service.—HELEN M. H.

Correspondence Clippings.

I am much interested in the different discussions, especially those on dancing. My parents are members of the Presbyterian church, yet they allow me to attend private dances and think there is no harm in it. "Evil to him that evil thinketh." Dancing is merely keeping time to a strain of delicious music.—MISS PEARL.

I wish to thank Jean Hunt for her description of the pattern receiver, as it is so useful and a new idea, in fact it was just what I wanted, as well as lots of other good things she sends us.—MAGGIE T.

Why is it that some people will publish such foolish things and those that are sometimes really hurtful? Is it because they are anxious to appear in print, or because they think something might be nice, and therefore make a statement that it is nice. Let me explain—a short time ago I read in a paper that "coal should be put in paper sacks, the small ones that fine groceries are sent in, and these sacks of coal laid in the stove so as to relieve a sick person from the disturbance caused by the rattling of the coal in filling the stove." Quite recently I had occasion to test this. I had in the room adjoining the sitting room, an extremely nervous invalid, to whom the nightly filling of the coal stove was torture. So one night I had several little paper bags filled with coal in the coal house, and laid carefully into the stove. It was certainly a quiet way, but as soon as the fire caught the first bag, it went crackling and burning all through the coal, catching each paper bag, and starting the entire mass of coal into a flame, and in spite of our efforts, by closing draft, etc., we had a roaring, crackling fire that heated the rooms far beyond comfort, and used up in half the night the coal that should have lasted until morning, and frightened our invalid into hysterics, lest the house should burn. Now do you suppose that the person who sent that to the paper had ever tried it?—INDIGNANT.

I, and others beside me, are waiting to see if there will be an answer to "Iowa Woman's" question "if there is no day when it is the father's duty to take care of the children so the mother can have a change of thought and scene," and for my part I hope if there *is* such a day that it won't *always* be on Sunday, for though I love to attend church, I would like to have a day off some times when I could go somewhere else.—SUE M. S.

Inquiries.

Has any one ever heard of an instance like this? Last week my husband found a boring saw-fly, and wishing to examine the saw, he cut the fly's head off. Both parts remained so active that it surprised us. The fly stood up till I put camphor on it, when it fell over, but continued to live 33 hours. The head lived 30 hours. A horse-fly will also live a long time with its head off.—H. E. NEWBERRY.

Will some one send a good and harmless coloring for butter?—J. B. RICE.

Will the lady who recommended insect-powder for bed-bugs, tell how to insert it into the cracks in plastering and around door and window casings? Will some one send a good recipe for spice cake?—LOUISVILLE.

Will some one tell me what to do for sleeplessness?—ROBERT BENER.

What is the meaning of and how originated "Sweet Sixteen?"—KID.

Can any one tell me what is a "cake walk?" I have heard of them, and can't think what they can be.—JOSEPHINE.

I am a great lover of flowers, and would be pleased to hear through THE BLADE more about them and their culture. Is there no one who will write about them?—MISS EDITH WAIKLE.

Will some one tell me where I can buy the "collection plates" used in churches, and about what they cost? Baskets do not last very long, used for this purpose. And is there any particular style or fashion about these things?—TRUSTEE.

Answers to Inquiries.

Mrs. Ella Pake:—The proper place for the napkin at the table is in the lap. It is not supposed that it is needed by adults to protect their clothing, it is only to use to wipe their mouths, or fingers, if necessary, during the meal, therefore, it should not be fastened to the neck, or the corners tucked into the armholes of a gentleman's vest, as is frequently done. If a gentleman, or a lady, for that matter, wishes to fasten one corner of their napkin into the button-hole of their vest, or dress, to prevent it from slipping from their lap, it can be done, but should be as much out of sight as possible. The custom of "leaving a little of everything on your plate," does not obtain now. If you wish to eat all that you are helped to, do so, if you do not care to, you can leave it. One is not obliged to accept of everything that is passed, unless your hostess makes a point of your doing so, and then it is less trouble to accept than to refuse it. Your sample of silk could be combined with some bright colors in a silk quilt or cushion, but is so thin that it would not wear well. Would it not be better to use it for the lining of a very nice dress skirt?—Ed.

A Mourner:—While in deep mourning a person is supposed to be entirely out of society, and does not make calls; neither is she expected to send cards to those who leave them. This applies to formal calls. With intimate friends, she can do as her feelings will suggest.—Ed.

Mrs. G. W. R.:—At a home wedding the bride does not usually wear a hat during the ceremony; that is put on when she leaves the house. She wears gloves if she wishes to, but if married with a ring will remove the left-hand glove at the proper time. It is eminently proper for the bride's mother to kiss the groom, if it will be agreeable to him to receive such a token of affection from his mother-in-law.

In offering congratulations, simply say the best and kindest things that your heart dictates; congratulations made to order are worth very little.—ED.

Saddle:—You had better write to some music dealer for a catalogue, or tell him what you wish for.—ED.

V. L. Stevenson:—It is impossible to insert in the HOUSEHOLD any communication for private correspondence. If you can send the remedy to the HOUSEHOLD, it will be of benefit to others beside the one you mention. The object of this department of THE BLADE is to give such information as will be of general interest or benefit.—ED.

Susie:—Ask your mother's advice regarding your first question and do as she says. If you were to give a book to a young gentleman, you should be guided in your selection by his taste in such matters.—ED.

Soldier's wife:—We have not the address you ask for.—ED.

Cook:—Add a few drops of cochineal coloring to the frosting. More or less may be added to make the desired shade. Colored sugar is prepared in the same way.—ANOTHER COOK.

Henrietta:—Your quotation is from "The Ancient Mariner," by S. T. Coleridge.—EMERSON.

T. B. P.:—Take the bulbs of your madeira vine out of the ground, dry them perfectly and hang them up in a paper bag in your cellar, or in some place where they will keep cool and not freeze. If you wish to plant them in boxes, they will grow in the house as well as out of doors.—C. B.

Anxious Mother:—The juice of the common red, or blood, beet, extracted from the beet before it is cooked, and made into a syrup with loaf sugar, with a few drops of syrup of ipecac added, will do much toward relieving a child with the whooping cough, and in light cases will effect a cure. Dose: a teaspoonful every half hour, if the cough is very bad; not so often if not.—MEDICO.

Inquirer:—One of the best magazines for the purpose you speak of is *Vouga's Art-Folio*, published in New York City. It aims to educate the taste of the general public to a liking for what is really artistic in all things. The designs which accompany each number are worthy of being framed for preservation, so beautiful are they, while for those who desire to reproduce them, there are always clear directions given at length. You would find it of great assistance in your art studies.—ED.

Menu for Cold Lunch for Card Parties.

Raw Oysters.
Chicken in Jelly. Mayonnaise of Celery.
Pickled Oysters. Salted Almonds. Olives.
Charlotte Russe. Fruit.
Coffee or Chocolate.

Recipes.

CHARLOTTE RUSSE.—Cover ½ box of gelatine with ½ cupful cold water, and let it soak a half hour. Whip 1½ pts. of cream, turn it into a tin basin, place the basin into a pan of cracked ice, and add to the cream ⅔ cupful powdered sugar; a dessert spoonful of vanilla extract, and, if you like, wine glass of sherry wine. Melt the gelatine over boiling water, strain it into the cream and stir constantly and carefully until the mass thickens. Have a mold lined with lady-fingers, or slices of sponge cake, turn in the cream and let it stand in a cool place until wanted.—HATTIE W.

JELLIED CHICKEN.—Cut up a chicken in small pieces, break the bones, chop fine the liver, gizzard and heart and boil two hours. Remove the bones and pieces of skin, mix well, season with salt, pour in a mold and set it to cool, with a heavy weight placed on it. Cut in thin slices and serve with sliced lemons.

JELLIED CHICKEN, No. 2.—Cut up a fat, full grown chicken, put it on to cook with 1 bay leaf; 1 blade of mace; 1 small onion; ½ dozen cloves and a little pepper and salt. Cook slowly until the chicken is done; take up skin and cut the meat from the bones. Put the skin, scraps and bones back into the kettle and simmer an hour longer. Add ½ box of gelatine to the liquor, stir over the fire till dissolved and set aside to cool. Then skim off the fat once, set the jelly in a pan of hot water to melt. Pour in a mold enough jelly to cover the bottom, place next a layer of the chicken cut in small bits, and slices of hard boiled egg, then more chicken until all is used. Pour over this the remainder of the jelly and set the mold on ice. When ready to serve turn from the mold and garnish with parsley.—ELLEN B.

CUSTARD SAUCE.—Rub 1 teaspoonful of corn starch smooth in a little cold milk. Add 1 tablespoonful of sugar and the beaten yolks of 3 eggs, and 1 pt. of boiling milk. Set the saucepan containing the mixture in a kettle of boiling water, and cook until the sauce begins to thicken, stirring constantly.

AN AGGRAVATING SORE THROAT is soon relieved by Dr. D. Jayne's Expectorant, an old-time remedy for Bronchial and Pulmonary affections.

ENTERTAINING GAMES.

SOMETHING FOR WINTER EVENINGS

The Way French Canadians Pass Their Time—What May Take the Place of Cards—For Christmas.

I was reading not long since about the games and other ways of entertainment among the French Canadians when they gather together for a merry making. Their pastimes are exceedingly simple, indeed so simple that what we name good society would laugh them to scorn, but I could not help wondering whether theirs was not quite as sensible and elevating a mode of enjoyment as ours with its evening after evening of card playing, ending with the giving of expensive presents to the lucky player who has won the most games, or to the unfortunate who has lost the most.

Fortunately there seems to be a growing disposition toward other ways of passing the time when people have gathered together upon the invitation of those who are on hospitable thoughts intent. Ingenuity is racked to find something new with which to make the hours flee swiftly away. One pastime of the Canadians in days of yore, and is now, is the telling of stories, the most traveled guest being called upon to begin. Sometimes there is some one who is noted for having a gift in that direction, and when that happens he is the one to open his budget in order to set the ball a-rolling. The writer says: "The closest attention is given to the one who can revive old scenes and recall ancient experiences, natural or supernatural. They sit or kneel about, regardless of special provision for comfort, if only they may be near enough to feel the effect of the story-teller's magnetic periods; meanwhile the old women knit and the old men repair farmers' utensils. After story-telling comes a demand for some singer to treat the company to some romance or lament. Some evenings are entirely taken up with story-telling, each one narrator doing his utmost to excel his neighbor. All the resources of the imagination are taxed to amuse the company, as well as to excite their passions and fears.

It is hardly to be expected that the people this side of the line will carry this pastime to such a length, but something of the kind would make a pleasant variety in the winter's entertainments, and there are other ways of passing the time when gathered together for merry making that will, or can be, made to yield no end of pleasure. To help those who desire to entertain in some other way than by cards or dancing, different things will be described in the HOUSEHOLD for the next few weeks. In order to add to the variety, the editor hopes that any one who can suggest anything new in the shape of games, etc., will send them for the benefit of all. The first is for Christmas, but it is given now, so that a part of the preparations may be made in season.

A Christmas Nutting Party.

This is a novel and very interesting entertainment, and can be held at any season, calling it by a suitable name, and is equally amusing for old and young. You will need a large room, the floor of which must be canvassed as for dancing, and decorations of evergreen and holly placed in every available place. The scene is made more wintery, if white cotton, sprinkled with diamond dust, is used freely in the decoration.

On the floor, along the sides of the room and in the corners, are scattered heaps of dry leaves. These may be gathered from your lawns, or in the woods, in the fall and kept in boxes or barrels in a barn or shed until needed. Now scatter among the leaves, one, two, or three bushels of hickory nuts, black walnuts, or butternuts, according to the number of guests you expect. If the entertainment is to procure money for any object, you can charge an admission fee, or you can have some splint baskets for sale at the door, charging enough for them to more than pay for the nuts they will hold, and then let the guests hunt for something to fill their baskets. If it is a private entertainment, after the nuts are all gathered the party can adjourn to another room for refreshments, while the floor of this room is cleared of leaves, and the remainder of the evening be spent in dancing or games.

"Idiosyncrasies"

Or, as it is sometimes called, "A Crazy Reception" is a very easy entertainment to manage, and is apt to be very amusing, especially if the ladies and gentlemen having it in charge are well posted as to their respective duties, and are able to keep the nature of the whole affair a profound secret until their audience is assembled.

Each person should receive at the door a card, bearing a long and impressive title, written backwards—as for instance, "ooZ oN droL ehT ssenhgiH tnellecxE tsom siH" which, being interpreted readeth "His most Excellent Highness, The Lord No Zoo."

This card is to be handed to the master of ceremonies, who stands at the upper end of the reception room, and holds concealed in his hands a small mirror. Holding the card in front of this (taking care not to expose the trick) he can read the inscription, at a glance, and announce the new comer in stentorian tones.

The guest is then at liberty to mingle with the rest of the company, but is expected to insist upon being addressed by his title during the entire evening. Any failure on his part to do this, if detected by the master of ceremonies, is punished by a forfeit if the entertainment is strictly social, or by a small fine if money-making is an object.

Similar cards are to be prepared for the ladies, and kept in a separate box from those to be given to the gentlemen, in order that there may be no "confusion of sexes" in the titles.

When the company has all arrived, the entertainers are to make their appearance. Their costumes, actions and speech must be as much out of the ordinary as possible, and they must remember to continue "consistently inconsistent" throughout the evening.

One may announce himself as Christopher Columbus, and give a burlesque account of his "run over to America."

Another may be laboring under the delusion that he is William Shakespeare, and give a new and entirely original version of some familiar passage in his works.

The old darkey preacher who insists upon it that "the Sun do move," may present his views, and possibly sing a Jubilee song.

A few tableaux will be enjoyed. "The Sleeping Beauty," i. e., the fattest man in the company with a red tassel night-cap on his head, slumbering peacefully in his chair.

"Love's Young Dream"—a spinster and "old beau," and any similar subject that may suggest itself.

After this part of the entertainment, refreshments may be served in as eccentric a fashion as possible; and then the "celebrities" and their guests may enjoy a sociable chat together, remembering at parting to say, "How do you do?" and "so glad to see you" instead of "good-bye" or "good evening."

Dignity in Defeat.

Father—"You have been fighting, sir."
Boy (all used up)—"Ye-yes, sir."
Father—"Well, who was whipped?"
Boy (with dignity)—"The law does not compel one to criminate himself."—[Lima Times.

The Best Authorities,

Such as Dr. Dio Lewis, Prof. Gross, and others, agree that catarrh is not a local but a constitutional disease. It therefore requires a constitutional remedy like Hood's Sarsaparilla, which effectually and permanently cures catarrh. Thousands praise it.

Hood's Pills cure liver ills, jaundice, biliousness, sick headache, constipation, and all troubles of the digestive organs.

THE YOUNG FOLKS.

For the Young Folks.

SARA.

Sweet Sara, with her load of books,
Goes skipping 'long past singing brooks:
O'er grassy meads bedecked with flowers,
Unmindful of the sweetest hours,
For now to school goes Sara.

Her voice is like the song of birds;
Set to sweet music are her words,

So innocent, so pure and free,
For still a little girl, you see,
Unversed in much is Sara.

When tasks are done and lessons o'er,
Sweet Sara leaves the school-room door,
And then comes gayly tripping home.
Oh, how I long to see her come!
So welcome is sweet Sara.

If I could at her age remain,
And go to school like her again,
I'd have my seat just next to hers;
And always, when I'd finished chores,
I'd lessons learn with Sara.

O, Sara, with the sunny curls!
Sweet Sara, with the teeth like pearls;
With rosy cheeks, and eyes of blue;
If I could go to school with you,
I'd give the world, sweet Sara!

J. GORDON TEMPLE.

THE BRIDGE BUILDERS.

BY GEORGE PARSONS LATHROP.

"When a train passes over a great railroad bridge, I wonder how many of the people in the cars give a single serious thought to the way in which the bridge is built, or to the amount of brain work and other hard labor that went into it."

So said the resident engineer, and his remark set me to meditating and making inquiries.

All at once a small army of men had arrived at New London, Conn., and for months they had been busy making a substructure under water, and afterward constructing piers for the longest railroad drawbridge in the world.

First, they sank into the mud at the bottom of the river enormous timber frames called "cribs," each of which was as high as a tall house, and from fifty to seventy feet square. The mud was then scooped out from inside the cribs, and the space filled with piles, which were driven down to the natural bed of gravel and sand, 130 feet below the water surface.

After this, the tops of the piles were sawed off smoothly by a peculiar machinery, making a firm and even foundation for the piers far down out of sight.

Now you would naturally suppose that, the foundation being secured, the next step would be to begin the construction of the piers at that point below the water, and continue it upward until they reached the required height; but, on account of the great depth at which the foundation had to be fixed, it would been impossible to send men down there to work in an ordinary caisson, because they could not be supplied with air from above.

So the engineers, instead of building the piers from below upward, were obliged to build them in a certain sense from above downward. The way they did this was: They floated in the river huge caissons, which were open at the top; and upon the bottom of the caissons the heavy stone work of the piers was laid, one course above another. The gradually increasing weight of this masonry, as it was put in place, caused the caisson to subside slowly, until they rested upon the solid basis of the piles, which, as I have said, had been fixed in the river bed.

This was an entirely new method of making piers. Imagine building a house on a platform suspended by some means in the air, and then letting it come slowly down by its own weight until it settles firmly on the support of the cellar walls. Then you will have a vivid idea as to how these masses of granite were put together, and gradually brought down into position.

Only, instead of being suspended in the air, they were suspended in the water, and the sides of the big caissons were made high enough to keep the water from flowing upon the workmen who were laying the masonry.

As soon as the piers were anchored into position, and their tops were sufficiently high above water, the wooden caissons that enclosed them were knocked away, and the men continued to lay stone until the piers were finished.

Then appeared a second little army, composed of men whom we may call distinctively the "bridge builders," because they do that part of the work which forms a roadway, and makes the whole structure a complete and practicable thing.

These men put in place those great iron and steel pieces that, when fitly adjusted and firmly bound together, become the mighty spans which connect one pier with another, and support the track along which the train bears us from shore to shore as lightly as if we were birds.

They "erect" the bridge—to use the technical term; that is, they set up the superstructure, the portion which to us outsiders seems more important than the rest, since it is what we immediately rely upon to enable us to get across the stream.

"Where do the bridge builders come from?" I asked the resident engineer. He told me in reply that they are a peculiar and interesting body of men, recruited from various parts of the country. Most of them are from the iron districts of Pennsylvania, where they naturally become familiar with all kinds of iron work in the great rolling mills and machine shops. Nearly all of them, too, are native Americans.

The work they do requires a larger proportion of skilled men than that of those who make the foundations and "sub-structure." On the substructure work, to every foreman of stone masons or skilled mechanic there will be from four to ten unskilled laborers; but among the superstructure men there are much fewer unskilled workers.

For the most part, these bridge builders who put the metal work together have gradually made their way into this particular line of employment, and have gained experience in it which renders their services valuable. Each of them receives from $2.50 to $3 a day in wages.

They take a great deal of pride in their business and in themselves, and have a certain clannish feeling which holds them together, although they are divided up into small groups of about half a dozen, each group attaching itself to a particular foreman. The members of each group follow their foreman from one place to another, engaging in jobs for which he may be hired in various parts of the country, because they understand him and like him, and he knows that he can depend upon them to do their duty.

The manner in which the bridge building army composed of these little groups is assembled for a particular undertaking is as follows: The contract for the whole construction is given to one of the chief bridge building companies. Then the company either attends to the matter directly, or sublets the contract to some other firm.

Whoever sets out to execute the contract must go to the foremen and engage them, with their several bands of trained adherents, and so the army is gathered.

If more men are needed for the service, they can be enrolled at the spot where the work is going on, since all that is demanded of them is merely to act as subordinates, who are instructed and controlled by the skilled toilers.

"These bridge builders are fine fellows," said the resident engineer. "They are sturdy, healthy and sober. Indeed, they must be so, in order to do their dangerous work."

You would have agreed with him, if you had seen those brave fellows clambering all over the scaffolding of the bridge, and running up and down the open steel work, as nimbly as squirrels.

First a lot of "false work" or wooden scaffolding is built out from the shore to the first pier, and then to the next, and so on. By means of this the long trusses of steel are set in place, forming the "deck" or floor, on which the tracks are to run. A lofty wooden frame called "the traveler," which moves on wheels along the outer edges of the truss, carries along the big steel posts and diagonals to the spot where they are needed; and they are swung into place by rope and chain tackle, and rivsted, pinned and bolted together.

One day, a man on top of the traveler made a misstep, went tumbling down through the air, and struck the water, 120 feet below. Luckily he fell between two barges, which were moored only six feet apart. Had he hit one of the barges he would have been crushed to pulp.

A boat put out, to pick up his body; but the crew found him eagerly swimming after his hat, as if that was more important than his life.

He wanted to resume work the next day, but the contractors would not let him. He recovered in a short time.

"It was wonderful good fortune," said the engineer. "Yet the number of fatal accidents is much less than you would think."

Indeed, it seems marvelous that the men should not perish by dozens. At the Rondout bridge every day when the the hour for their midday dinner arrives, they used to come down the iron work and staging; hanging by their hands and lowering themselves thus, for the whole sheer descent of 200 feet; and, after dinner, would climb up to their perilous perch again in the same daring way, without ladders.

This, too, was in the winter, when the thermometer was sometimes below zero. But these hardy toilers are used to daily exposure in all kinds of weather; and extremes of cold and heat seem to have little effect on them, except to make them still tougher.

One of their nicest bits of construction is to fix the "eye-bars" in place; that is, the steel braces binding post to post along the side, which increase the solidity and the sustaining power of the whole structure.

Each bar has an opening or "eye" in the end, where it fits into the post. Ten or twelve of them are laid side by side in the base of the post, which has round openings in the base of its side pieces, corresponding with the holes in the eye-bars.

Now, through these concentric openings a solid metal pin must be driven, which is eight inches in diameter. Each opening is only one sixty-fourth of an inch wider than the pin itself. Hence the greatest accuracy must be observed in arranging the eye-bars, and placing the pin so it will pass through.

The pin is suspended exactly opposite the opening; then a heavy beam of wood is hung opposite the pin, by ropes from above; and lastly, the men, swinging the beam forward and backward, end on, use it as a battering-ram to force the pin through. The slightest deviation to one side or the other would frustrate the whole attempt.

But to the casual observer it is still more interesting, and even thrilling, to watch one of the builders who, high up in the intricate yet orderly tangle of steel work,—like a colossal spider-web transmuted into an indestructable substance,—forges thousands of rivets, to be hammered into the posts.

At one time he will have his forge on the opposite side of the works to that where the riveters are; and then, as he forges each rivet, he will take it in a pair of pincers, and walk with it all the way across to the man who is waiting for it. He will take this walk, each time, on a beam only eight or nine inches wide, with the wind blowing at 30 miles an hour.

Most men would not dare venture that airy promenade, for fear of being blown off, or at least becoming dizzy. Yet this man steps along lightly and easily, although the least error of footing, or a sudden gust of wind may hurl him down to certain death, in a moment.

At another time he will have his forge considerably below the men who are putting in rivets; and then he will toss up the red-hot rivets, which they catch in a pail. The fiery missiles are, in this way, often thrown as high as 30 feet.

The smith does these things for convenience; because convenience and rapidity in performing their task grow to be more important to these men than the occasional risk of life. And so, too, they step into all sorts of dangerous places with seeming unconcern. Often they stand on one foot in positions which seem impossible to hold with safety, or jump from one spot to another, when climbing would be a good deal more comfortable.

Or they will run along the top of the chord which holds up the span; then, when they come to the slanting piece at the end, they assume a sitting posture, and slide down the incline, with nothing to keep them from slipping off into the river.

A great deal of the risk which they take is as necessary as that which sailors must face. Occasionally one of them is killed; and then his fellows show the strong sympathy which binds them all together, by refusing to work on the day of his funeral.

But their labor is soon resumed briskly and each one again braves the fate of his lost comrade.

It is a wandering life that the bridge builders lead; for they must be ready to go to any part of the country or the world where their service is wanted. They seldom see their homes. Most of them are single men; yet their great desire seems to be to get some fixed position connected with a bridge or railroad, and to marry and settle down.

The bridge builders vanished suddenly from New London, as they had come. Most of them are now employed on the new Merchants' bridge at St. Louis.

They vanished, but the result of their faithful work remains. They left an immense structure weighing thousands of tons, which yet, as it spans the Thames, looks as light as wicker-work. Ought we not to remember and pay tribute to their fidelity, their industry and their readiness to risk their lives?

There are many other men who are building bridges in the world; bridges of thought, of faith, of brotherhood. Those men, also, pass away; but their works remain.—[Youth's Companion.

OUR WONDER COLUMN.

1.—WHAT ARE WE?

We are a species of snake, common in the United States from Louisiana to Connecticut. We are of an almost uniform leaden color, and sometimes attain great length. We are frequently six feet long, and sometimes about twice that length, and are remarkable for our great agility. We move along the ground with a swiftness equal to that of a horse, gliding over bushes and climbing trees. We feed on small quadrupeds, birds, frogs, etc., frequently plundering poultry yards of eggs, and entering dairies to drink milk or cream. We have no poison fangs, and are not intrusive, though we are not slow to bite. We are easily tamed, and when domesticated, we exhibit the greatest gentleness of manners.

2.—MATHEMATICAL ANAGRAMS.

1.—1101 equals a part of a cent.
2.—1505 equals obscure.
3.—151 plus K equal a stroke.
4.—557 equals lead-colored.
5.—1501 plus N equals opinion.
6.—1001 plus R equals margin.
7.—1107 plus T equals something destroyed.
8.—200 plus E equals a small room.

3.—SYNCOPATIONS.

Syncopate a tract of low land, and leave a market; a blow, and leave a covering for the foot; visionary, and leave to divide; humidity, and leave a pronoun; a prickly tree, and leave a wind instrument; to require, and leave a shell-fish; a holiday, and leave dissipated; an affected look, and leave the side opposite the wind. The syncopations form the name of my favorite poet.

4.—SUBTRACTIONS.

Take a bone from a bird, and leave a word describing its habits.
Take a purse from a musical instrument, and leave what no boy should use.
Take a high wave from a division of time, and leave a relative.
Take an article from a nut, and leave a grain.
By way from a bridge, and leave a canal.
Take an insect from a quadruped, and leave to run away.
Take a reptile from a fungus growth, and leave a seat.

5.—ENIGMA.

I am a very little word,
Soon learnt by beginners, and often heard.
If to me you add two letters, *a* and *k*,
I'm part of a bird surely you'll say.
With an *l* twice added, I may be
Used as a signal upon the sea.
Give to me an *e* and an *r*,
And I may cause a domestic jar.
Now, let liquor alone, or you'll be like me
When you have to me given *a*, *s* and *t*.

6.—PHYSIOLOGICAL TRANSPOSITIONS.

Transpose a bone, to one who proposes certain actions;
A group of organic foods, to the upper stratum of earth;
The center of circulation, to a planet;
The muscles that move the eye, to an instant;
An important nerve, to a subject of discourse;
A telegraphic line, to a noted English writer of adventure.

7.—HISTORICAL QUESTIONS.

1.—In what war was Lincoln a captain and Davis a lieutenant?
2.—What general rushed into battle without orders, and won it?

SID.

Answers.

1. Blue-Jay.
2. QUALITY
BLINK
ANT
O
DON
TALLY
HAUNTED
Lincoln.
3. 1—Lumber, 2—Grain, 3—Rice, 4—Gold, 5—O-ranges, 6—M-o-lasses, 7—S-w[illegible] 8—Laces.
4. 1—Swallow, 2—Eagle, 3—Drake, [illegible] Francis, 4—goose, 5—lark, 6—kite, 7—[illegible] 8—Turkey, 9—Black-bird, 10—Swift, 11—Martin, 12—Lyre-bird.
5. 1—Salmon Portland Chase. 2—James Madison. 3—Abraham Lincoln. 4—Ulysses Simpson Grant. 5—Isaac Hull. 6—Franklin Pierce. 7—Aaron Burr. 8—Patrick Henry.
6. The Sound, Constance, Dominica, Sardinia.
7. 15
36
47
—
98
2
—
100

HORSFORD'S ACID PHOSPHATE
Recommended by Physicians
of all schools, for the brain, nerves and stomach.

Domestic Economy.

"Maria," said an Arkansas husband to his other half, "have you enny idee how many young 'uns we have?"

"Nigh onto 'leven, I guess."

"And how many dogs air they 'round yere?"

"'Most a dozen, I guess. There's Tige, an' Bruce, an' Growler an' her four pups, an' the hound, an' the terrier, and them other o' Hank's that loaf around yere."

"Yas; 'leven children and only a dozen dogs. Mariar, don't ye think we have most too many children? Times is most tarnation hard, ye know. Say, can't we put out some o' our chunkiest gals to work? I 'low that they could make enough in a spell fur us to buy another dog or two."

"Jist as ye say, Hezekiah."

"Wall, I 'low if we could swap two of our young 'uns for four dogs we'd be fixed. I guess thet I'll try it."—[Texas Siftings.

How's This!

We offer One Hundred Dollars Reward for any case of Catarrh that can not be cured by taking Hall's Catarrh Cure.

F. J. CHENEY & CO., Props., Toledo, O.

We, the undersigned, have known F. J. Cheney for the last 15 years, and believe him perfectly honorable in all business transactions, and financially able to carry out any obligations made by their firm.

West & Truax, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, Ohio.

Walding, Kinnan & Marvin, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, Ohio.

Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Price, 75c per bottle. Sold by all Druggists.

Two Sorts of Boys.

First City Boy—"I hope we won't take a country house again. I hate it."

Second City Boy—"What? Hate the country?"

"No; the country is good enough, but ther's always a garden; and ma and pa go 'bout crazy over it, plantin' things in the spring, and then when hot weather comes they get tired and stop botherin' 'bout it, and then the weeds come up, and then they always want me to weed garden, 'cause it's good, healthful outdoor exercise for boys of my age. I hate it!"

"Well, you're a chump. We have a garden every summer, too, but I don't do any weeding, not much I don't!"

"Have you a gardener?"

"No."

"Then how do you get out of it?"

"Well, you see; I never can learn the difference between weeds and other things, and by the time I've dug up a lot of flowers and veg'tables, mother comes runnin' out and says I ain't big enough to weed garden. Then I go fishin'."—[Street & Smith's Good News.

Its Excellent Qualities

Commend to public approval the California liquid fruit remedy Syrup of Figs. It is pleasing to the eye and to the taste, and by gently acting on the kidneys, liver and bowels, it cleanses the system effectually, thereby promoting the health and comfort of all who use it.

To My Modesty.

Thou art the apple of my eye.
I haste thee, even though I am a genius.
I can blush
And simper,
And say "No.
You flatter me, I'm sure."
And people know that I am sincere.
'Tis passing strange that I, who am all things that I should be, should also be modest.
It shows the guilelessness of my heart,
And the purity of my soul,
And several other things.
Ah, me!
I wish that there were more men as great and as modest as I am in this world.
How much better it would be.
How much nearer the realization of Felix Adler's City of Light.
And Eddie Bellamy's Century or So from now.
And Heaven.

—[Tom Hall, in Life.

CONSUMPTION CURED.

An old physician, retired from practice, had placed in his hands by an East India missionary the formula of a simple vegetable remedy for the speedy and permanent cure of Consumption, Bronchitis, Catarrh, Asthma, and all Throat and Lung Affections, also a positive and radical cure for Nervous Debility and all Nervous Complaints. Having tested its wonderful curative powers in thousands of cases, and desiring to relieve human suffering, I will send free of charge to all who wish it, this recipe in German, French and English, with full directions for preparing and using. Sent by mail, by addressing with stamp, naming this paper, W. A. NOYES, 820 Powers' Block, Rochester, N. Y.

The Wrong Man Found.

Citizeness—"Did you go and thrash that editor for printing those things about you?"

Citizen—"I went to the office, but I couldn't find him."

"Whom did you find there?"

"No one, but a great big, bull-necked fellow who pretended he was responsible for that article, but I knew from his looks that he couldn't write."—[Street & Smith's Good News.

—Hall's Hair Renewer enjoys a world-wide reputation for restoring the hair to bald heads and changing gray hair to the original color of youth.

News of the Week.

☞ THE BLADE is a newspaper for free American citizens, and under the above head, aims to give, first, those events which are the history and progress of the world for the week—those which every intelligent man needs to know and should know; second, all important political events; and, lastly, the leading minor occurrences that possess interest to every educated and thinking reader.

GENERAL NEWS.

THE ALLIANCE.

Jerry Simpson's Disciples Predominate in the Alliance—A Significant Split on the Sub-Treasury Scheme.

INDIANAPOLIS, Ind., Nov. 20.—The People's party has captured the Alliance. The Alliance has split on the sub-treasury scheme. These are the net results of yesterday's session of the various farmers' organizations now gathered here. The evidence of the split was public before that of the capture. When the supreme council of the Alliance met in the morning everybody but delegates was excluded from the hall. Even Congressman Jerry Simpson had to go. Then the protest of the anti-sub-treasury people was taken up and a somewhat animated debate occurred as to the best means of disposing of it with the least possible friction. Finally after two hours of wrangling the committee of the antis was informed that they could not be heard unless they furnished the council with a copy of the protest. This the antis refused to do unless they could present their protest in person and that ended negotiations between the two wings of the alliance. The protest which is very long, was in substance as follows:

The Protest.

The protest sets forth that the authors are a committee of the Farmers and Laborers' Union convention held in St. Louis in September, composed of R. W. Nichols, of Missouri; P. J. Patillo, of Texas; B. F. Passmere, of Mississippi; J. W. Crews, of Tennessee, and U. S. Hall, W. S. McAllister and W. Pope Yeaman at large, which committee was appointed to memorialize the supreme council for the Farmers' Alliance and Industrial Union by way of setting forth objections of the convention to certain declarations of principles and demands hitherto made by the supreme council. This committee, after its organization, prepared the views of the convention touching the principles and demands of the supreme council, from which a large number of the members of the Farmers' and Laborers' Union dissented. The memorial respectfully and earnestly protests against any action of the supreme council that proposes to commit the Farmers' Alliance and Industrial Union to the proposition that provision be made by the federal Congress for Government loans of money to individual citizens upon farm mortgages as security, or to the demand for Government ownership or control of railroad property and transportation. These scheme are unconstitutional, impracticable, conflicting with the spirit of the Alliance movement, and tending to government paternalism and state socialism. The government naturally looks to the citizen for the supply of all its legitimate wants, an inversion of which state of affairs would make the government an engine of oppression, and the citizens helpless and dependent. The progress and prosperity of the individual, as also the stability and beneficence of social institutions must be left by any free government to individual thought, effort and enterprise. Any other system would dwarf the individual and abnormally magnify the government. Any assumption of the rights and duties of the citizens by government menaces the truly American principle that government is of the people, by the people and for the people. Instead of relief from present oppression the measures promise greater evils. The scheme would be partial to certain classes involving business details too deep for the average farmer; attendant expenses would make the market price of money higher, and would open an avenue for sharpers to trade upon the farmer's hard-earned goods and products. The markets would be overloaded with produce, putting down the value of commodities, and raising taxation. Alabama, Mississippi and Missouri furnished examples of how similar schemes to the sub-treasury project failed signally. The land loan scheme beyond promising a low rate of interest presents no favorable features, the expense of maintenance being enormous. Government ownership of railroads implies one of the two other schemes. Either the government must take railroads from owners by force, or buy them for more than they are worth. It would foster political corruption, and would be an arbitrary interference with private rights in many senses. The three schemes flavor strongly of class legislation.

In conclusion the committee expresses its desire to co-operate with the Alliance in carrying out its principles, securing safe currency, ridding the land of trusts and monopolies, helping the farmers and the laborers, securing an honest ballot and fair count, and selecting for places of public honor and emolument honest and capable men who regard public office not as a private advantage but a public trust.

The executive committee of the anti-sub-treasury party will now proceed to Texas were 127 sub-alliances have already declared against the sub-treasury scheme, and will begin the work of organizing a new Alliance. A call for a national convention will probably be issued to-morrow.

BARRED OUT.

Anti Sub-Treasury Men, Ejected from the Alliance, Issue a Call for a Convention.

INDIANAPOLIS, Ind., Nov. 20.—The Alliance this morning gave a final coup to the anti-sub-treasury people by barring Gates, of Missouri, from the meetings of the Alliance. This was done by a resolution excluding "all Alliance men who are not vouched for by the chairman of their respective state delegations." Mr. Leonard refused to vouch for Mr. Gates, and although he bore credentials from his state Alliance, he was forced to retire.

The anti-sub-treasury people made prompt response by issuing the following call for a convention of anti-sub-treasury Alliance men at Memphis on the 16th day of December, prox:

HEADQUARTERS ANTI-SUB-TREASURY.
NATIONAL EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE.
INDIANAPOLIS, Ind., Nov. 20, 1891.

A call for a national convention of the anti-sub-treasury Alliance men.

WHEREAS, The national committee of the convention of anti-sub-treasury Alliance men held in the city of St. Louis, Mo., on the 15th and 16th of September, 1891, appointed to present to the supreme council of the National Farmer's Alliance and Industrial union when assembled in Indianapolis, Nov. 17, 1891, a memorial and protest against the sub-treasury and land loan schemes and proposed governmental control of railroads and telegraph lines have in due form and respectful manner appeared to present said protest to the supreme council; and

WHEREAS, The supreme council aforesaid has declined to hear said protest; and

WHEREAS, The committee was empowered and instructed by the said St. Louis convention to call another National convention to hear and consider the report of said committee; now,

THEREFORE, The National Executive committee of the St. Louis convention does truely issue this call for a national convention of all anti-sub-treasury Alliance men in the United States to be held in the city of Memphis, in the state of Tennessee, on the 16th day of December, 1891, to hear and consider this report of the committee and take such final action in the premises as may seem proper and best for the general welfare.

Let all local organizations of the Farmers' Alliance and industrial and other farmers' and industrial organizations send full delegations, the number from each such local organization to be determined by itself.

[Signed] WM. S. MCALLISTER, Chairman.
ROBERT W. NICHOLS, Secretary.

BOUGHT A JUDGESHIP.

Roger A. Pryor Swears That He Paid Tammany Hall $10,000 For a Judicial Nomination.

NEW YORK, Nov. 18.—Tammany Hall has been known for years to allot nominations upon its city tickets for positions in the different courts to the men whose campaign contributions would be most liberal. In times past it has been known that men have paid $10,000 to $15,000 and even $20,000 for nomination to long term, high salaried judgeships.

Under the corrupt practices act, which requires candidates to swear to their election expenses, we have a new example of an enormous contribution made to the Tammany campaign fund by a candidate for judge, General Roger A. Pryor, who was appointed to a judgeship by Governor Hill, as it was then claimed, because he only desired to hold the office until the expiration of the term for the honor of having been a judge, was renominated for a full term by Tammany Hall. He now swears, in accordance with the law's requirements, that he gave up $10,000 in cold, hard cash to Tammany for election expenses, and nearly $2,000 more in various ways.

W. J. FLORENCE DEAD.

Death Came While the Actor Was Unconscious and He Practically Slept Away—Joe Jefferson Deeply Affected.

PHILADELPHIA, Nov. 20.—Wm. J. Florence, the actor, died at the Continental hotel, this city, at 8:30 o'clock last evening. Death came as a startling surprise to those in attendance upon the sick man, for reason that his condition had been considered as improving during the afternoon and early evening. Only Mr. Florence's sister-in law, Mrs. Barney Williams, of Brooklyn; his sister, Mrs. Norman Wiard, of Washington, and Dr. Patrick Donnellan were with him when he passed away. He had been apparently getting better, and the physicians had no idea that the end was so near.

As all of Mr. Florence's male relatives had gone to their homes in New York and Brooklyn, Proprietor Kingsley, of the Continental Hotel, took temporary charge of the affairs. Telegrams were sent in all directions, notifying relatives and friends that the end had come. An undertaker was summoned and by midnight the work of embalming the body had begun. Mrs. Florence will left England for New York on Saturday.

W. J. FLORENCE,
As Sir Lucius O'Trigger in "The Rivals."

Mr. Florence was nearly 61 years of age, he having been born at Albany, N. Y., July 26, 1831. His name originally was Conlin, but as he had adopted the stage name of Florence, he legalized his right to the latter by an act of assembly passed by the New York legislature.

GRANT'S REMAINS.

Congress Will Again be Importuned to Have Them Removed to the Arlington Cemetery.

NEW YORK, Nov. 19.—A Washington special to the *Tribune* says: The effort to remove the body of Gen. Grant from Riverside to Arlington National cemetery will be renewed at the coming session of Congress. Ever since the failure of the attempt in the last Congress the friends of the removal plan have been quietly but actively and zealously at work; some of the objections then raised have been overcome, and considerable confidence is expressed that the attempt this winter will be crowned with success.

That there is a strong sentiment in favor of the movement among the veterans of the Union armies, as well as among the officers of the regular army who served in the war of the rebellion, is manifest. The sentiment is bounded by no sectional lines, but it is especially strong among the survivors of the Western armies which Grant led to victory, and at whose head he laid the groundwork of his fame and won glorious victories. The veterans of these armies, as well as of the Confederate armies of the South, must feel that his body ought to repose in Arlington cemetery, which, so long as the republic shall exist, will be cared for and beautified by the government; and this feeling is shared by the survivors of the Army of the Potomac, whose later triumphs and grandest achievments were won under his personal direction and leadership. They urge that Grant was of the nation, and that the nation has a paramount right as well as duty to possess and care for his tomb and build a worthy monument to his memory.

But the advocates of the removal of Gen. Grant's tomb to Arlington are not disposed to halt there; they maintain that all the great military chieftains and leaders of the union armies—Sherman, Thomas, Meade, McClellan, McPherson, Logan and all the rest—should, like Sheridan, be laid beneath the towering oaks and green sod of Arlington, within view of the capitol of the nation which they sought to save and perpetuate.

AN AMERICAN SHIP IN THE LEAD.

The Shenandoah Defeats all Competitors in a Race to Europe.

NEW YORK, Nov. 20.—The Maine shipbuilding men have scored a victory in the triumph of the gigantic ship Shenandoah, which has just completed a race from San Francisco to Havre, France, at which port a cablegram announces she arrived yesterday. On August 1, four sailing vessels left San Francisco for Europe, and it was understood at the time that there would be a lively race. Shipping men were greatly interested in the race.

The ships engaged in the race were the Shenandoah, the British ship Strathearn, the S. D. Carlaton, of Rockport, Maine, and the British ship Balkomah. The M. P. Grace left at the same time for New York. The destination of the four racers was Havre. The time of the ship's voyage was 109 days. None of the other vessels in the race have yet arrived. The Shenandoah carried 5,000 tons of wheat, the largest cargo ever carried in one vessel.

HER BONES CRUMBLE LIKE CHALK.

Michigan Physicians Puzzled Over a Most Extraordinary Case.

CROSWELL, Mich., Nov. 19.—Mrs. Jennie Watson began about three months ago to complain of a stiffness of the joints, accompanied by a dull pain. The other day she had so far regained strength as to get out of her bed. She had no sooner assumed a standing position than the bones of her leg broke in a half dozen places. She was placed upon her bed again and she raised her arms, letting them fall heavily. The bones in both arms cracked in several places.

Several of the woman's ribs were also broken in her paroxysms of pain. Her physicians have been unable to set the injured members. Mrs. Watson suffers the most intense pain. The medical fraternity here are greatly puzzled and at a loss how to treat the case.

The Washington Alliance.

DAYTON, Wash., Nov. 20.—The State Farmers' Alliance last night elected B. F. Ravens, president. Resolutions were adopted favoring the sub-treasury scheme; the third party movement and free and unlimited coinage of domestic silver; also resolutions were adopted favoring a tariff for revenue only and the elections of presidents and United States senators by the direct vote of the people.

Oklahoma Wants to be a State.

OKLAHOMA CITY, Nov. 19.—The commercial club of this city has issued a call for a delegate convention to be held in Oklahoma City, December 15, composed of delegates chosen from each political division of Oklahoma and the Indian Territory, to discuss the advisability of statehood and the boundary lines of the proposed state.

Houk's Majority.

KNOXVILLE, Tenn., Nov. 23.—The majority for Houk, Republican, over Williams, Democrat, for Congress, is between 7,500 and 8,000.

UNLIMITED COINAGE.

President Searles of the Mining Congress Comes Out Flat-Footed on the Silver Question.

DENVER, Col., Nov. 20.—When the Mining congress resumed its session yesterday the committee on credentials reported 559 delegates from 31 states.

Hon. Niles Searles, ex-chief justice of California, was recommended for permanent chairman and it was decided to consider the subject of mining laws in reference to mineral land entries, locations, working of claims, the coinage of silver and the laws having reference to the location of claims. The report was accepted after a protracted discussion. Seth L. Larabee of Maine was selected as secretary.

In accepting the position of president, Judge Searles made an eloquent address, in the course of which he emphatically indorsed unlimited coinage of silver.

Adjournment for lunch was taken, and on resuming in the afternoon the congress appointed one vice president from each state.

Senator E. O. Wolcott was called upon. In the course of his words the Senator set at rest all doubts as to his position upon the silver question. "The work of the congress," he said, "will be the most beneficial to us all in the fund of information we shall gather and in the fact that it brings closer together men from all over the United States engaged in the same industry. Until some new light crosses my vision that is not yet dimmed, I shall so long as I remain in public life vote for the free and unlimited coinage of silver."

Three cheers were called for and given with a will, the entire audience rising and applauding to the echo.

E. R. Holden was called to the platform as the leader of the faction that calls for the coinage of American product only. He predicted disaster and ruin to the banking and general commercial system of the country, if foreign nations were allowed to unload their silver upon the United States, and receive gold in return. He asserted that Mexico, in another year, would produce more silver than this country, and that one small district in Australia was preparing to produce more silver than Colorado. All that was wanted was the encouragement of free coinage.

Charles S. Thomas, of Colorado, replied to these arguments in a succinct review that boldly advocated free and unlimited coinage as the only way to correct the abuses of the mines. The committee on resolutions will report to-day.

Emphatic Resolutions Adopted in Favor of Bi-metallism.

DENVER, Col., Nov. 20.—The committee on resolutions, appointed by the mining congress yesterday afternoon, were in session until 2 o'clock this morning, when they agreed upon their report. The resolutions are as follows:

WHEREAS, The demonetization of silver worked a practical violation of every contract then existing in the United States, entailed uncounted losses, reduced prices more than 30 per cent., and its effect is practically to make debts perpetual, as it takes from the debtor the ability to pay; that it causes contraction in the currency: that we believe the certificates of the government backed dollar for dollar by gold or silver coin, on deposit in the treasury of the United States, is a safe and sound currency, and has been approved by the people.

Resolved, That the first National Mining congress is unalterably in favor of the principle of bi-metalism, as approved by Jefferson and Hamilton, enacted into law by Congress in 1795, and accepted by the country for all public and private business of the first 80 years of our country's history. That we believe gold and silver—not one to the exclusion of the other—are the money metals of the constitution. That we are opposed to any law which treats silver as a commodity; that we believe that gold and silver should have by law equal rights, uses and monetary purposes, and to that end we demand of the Congress of United States the enactment of laws by which silver shall be coined free in all the mints equally with gold and to have with it full and unrestricted monetary power and that they be in the ratio of 16 to 1; and when the coinage is represented by treasury notes each dollar shall represent 412½ grains of standard silver, or 25.8 grains of gold.

WHEREAS, By section 3693 of the revised statutes of the United States, the faith of the United States is pledged to the payment of its obligations in coins or its equivalent; and

WHEREAS, By section 3694 it is provided that the coin paid for duties on imported goods shall be set apart as a special fund and shall be applied, first, to the payment in coin of the interest on the bonds and notes of the United States; second, to the purchase or payment of one per centum of the entire debt of the United States to be made up in each fiscal year which is to be set apart as a sinking fund, and the interest of which shall in like manner be applied to the purchase or payment of the public debt, as the secretary of the Treasury shall from time to time direct; Third, the residue to be paid into the treasury, and

WHEREAS, Millions of dollars of duties on imported goods have been paid into the national treasury since the year A. D. 1878, in silver coin and silver certificates, not one cent of which has been by any secretary of the Treasury at any time devoted to the first and second objects hereinbefore specified, and

WHEREAS, Every secretary of the treasury since the passage of the Bland bill has violated and disregarded said provisions,

Resolved, That our senators and representatives in Congress assembled, be requested to take, without delay, such steps as shall be necessary to ascertain why the treasury department refuse to obey the statutory requirements and to ensure the vigorous enforcement in the future.

WHEREAS, The Supreme court of the United States at the October, 1890, terms thereof, while conceding that no direct adjudication thereon had been made, declared the legitimate interferences of several of its decisions to be "that the exception of the mineral lands from grants in the acts of Congress should be considered only to apply to such lands as were at the time of the grant known to be so valuable for their minerals as to justify expenditure for their extraction," and

WHEREAS, This dictum of the Supreme court, if it should become law, would invest the Pacific railway companies holding grants of land from the government, with a vast number of the best mines discovered within the limits of said grants by prospectors and miners who have located thereon in good faith and developed and sold therein in honest belief that the said grants were limited to agricultural lands only, as declared in the acts of Congress making them.

Resolved, That the Congress protests against any construction of the statutes of the United States which will result in such a system of wholesale confiscation and the consequent enrichment of the great combinations already enjoying the bounty of the government, and calls upon the representatives of the people in Congress assembled to take such prompt and immediate action as may be within the constitutional prerogative to destroy the threatened danger.

Resolved, That the alien act, at least so far as it operates to exclude foreign capital from investment in mining lands in the territories, is false in principle and pernicious in effect, and that, therefore, the interests of the mining territories demand at the hands of Congress immediate repeal.

WANTS A PENSION FOR MRS. DAVIS.

A Virginia Editor Thinks Provision Should Be Made for Her.

RICHMOND, Va., Nov. 20.—Mrs. Jefferson Davis and her daughter, Miss Winnie Davis, have left the city for Memphis. The Richmond *Dispatch* in an editorial on Mrs. Davis says: "The Southern states ought to vote a pension to Mrs. Davis, and Virginia should lead the movement. It is nothing but fair and proper that we should put her on the same footing that the government places the widows of its Presidents. The duty devolves upon the states that composed the confederacy, as the confederacy is a thing of the past. It cannot be a very costly precedent for us, inasmuch as there will never be another confederacy; therefore never another widow of a confederate President."

TO ESTABLISH A BLACK CAT FARM.

A Company Organized for the Propagation of Bootjack Victims.

SAN FRANCISCO, Cal., Nov. 20.—James Wardner, of the Consolidated Black Cat company, is here from Fair Haven, Wash. He is one of the stockholders of a novel company just organized on Puget Sound for the propagation of black cats. An island is to be purchased so that the cats can not intermix with other cats of the surrounding regions, and there the black-cat breed is to be perpetuated. The black cats will live on fish, thus the expense of running the big cat ranch will be reduced to a minimum.

The cats are to be grown for their fur, and the projectors expect to make millions out of it. Most of the original stock will be brought from Holland.

The First Steel Derrick.

BARRE, Vt., Nov. 20.—The first steel derrick ever made in the United States was raised at the granite quarry of C. E. Taylor & Co., yesterday. The boom has a radius of 71 feet, and the mast is 99 feet high, it being the highest unsupported metal column in the world.

UNDER THE NEW TARIFF.

Supt. Porter Gives Figures Showing a Wonderful Building up of the Wool Industry—Inland Cities Booming.

ST. LOUIS, Nov. 23.—Robert B. Porter, superintendent of the eleventh census, made an address last night before the Commercial club of this city, in which he gave an extensive array of figures and facts concerning the marvelous growth of the country generally during the past decade in respect to its agricultural, commercial, manufacturing, mining and other interests.

Mr. Porter read from the division of manufactures an interesting statement in regard to the woolen and cotton manufactures, which is made public for the first time. The following preliminary figures, subject to future correction, are for 1890. The increase is over 1880. The figures show the advance of the woolen industries in the United States during the past decade:

Number of establishment, 2,963; increase, 274. Number of sets of cards, 9,110; increase, 1,519. Number of combing machines, 866; increase, 348. Number of spindles, 3,357,587; increase, 1,109,592. Number of looms, 74,690; increase, 21,879. Number of knitting machines, 39,130; increase, 26,092. Value of rolls and yarns, $35,906,387. Value of shoddy and waste, $9,314,686. Value of hosiery and knit goods, $66,205,942, increase, $37,038,715. Total value of all woolen manufactures, 1890, $344,299,666; increase, $77,046,753.

The year 1889-90 was a comparatively dull year in the woolen manufacture, and is now undergoing comparison with the year 1879-80, which is recognized as the most prosperous year this industry has ever known in the United States. Notwithstanding the increase shown, there has been a great reduction in the market value of woolen goods, running from 10 to 30 per cent, and hence the value of the product given for 1890 indicates a much greater quantity of production than the same value for 1880, or any previous year. These values are values at the mills, exclusive of commissions and expenses of sale department.

SPRINGER FOR THE SPEAKERSHIP.

A Famous Crowd Going to Washington to Boom the Illinois Man.

CHICAGO, Nov. 21.—The "101" Democratic members of the Illinois General Assembly who achieved a national reputation in their persistent loyalty to Gen. John M. Palmer, in the long senatorial contest of last winter, announce that they will leave for Washington on December 1 to assist William H. Springer, of Illinois in his canvass for the speakership. Speaker Crafts to-day said: "Yes, we are going to Washington to help out a good fellow, who is entitled to the best in the land. He is always courteous, has the ability to distinguish himself as a presiding officer or as a member of the floor, and I think Illinois deserves something for electing Gen. Palmer. We want Springer elected, and if the Democratic house follows his leadership we can carry Illinois next year."

THEY WILL OPPOSE PROHIBITION.

Iowa Democrats Will Keep the Issue Alive for Partisan Purposes.

SIOUX CITY, Iowa, Nov. 24.—The bold assertion of State Senator W. O. Schmidt, of Davenport, here Sunday, proves that the Democratic managers in this state will prevent, if possible, the repeal of the prohibitory liquor law by the legislature for the purpose of keeping alive the temperance issue in the Presidential campaign next year.

Senator Schmidt will be the recognized Democratic leader in the Legislature, and he declares that he is opposed to voting for any Republican bill for the repeal of prohibition, or for any bill except the Democratic caucus bill. It must be that or nothing.

This is the senator's response to the fact that enough Republican members to secure its passage will probably stand ready to vote a reasonable compromise license bill. The manifest purpose of the Democratic leaders may make an entirely new situation in this state.

WILL OUTRANK ALL OTHER PORTS.

Millions of Bushels of Grain To Be Shipped from Baltimore.

BALTIMORE, Nov. 21.—There are now under charter about fifty steamships to load grain at this port during the months of December and January. The aggregate amount of cargo is 375,000 quarters, or 3,000,000 bushels of grain. For December alone the charters aggregate about 1,840,000 bushels. From these figures it can readily be seen that the facilities and bottom are fully equal to all possible receipts from the great grain fields in the West. The railroads have obligated themselves to meet all demands. The year will close with Baltimore's grain trade and shipping interests outranking all other Atlantic ports.

INITIAL MOVE TO OUST BRICE.

The Republican Committee to Meet and Formulate a Plan of Action.

YOUNGSTOWN, O., Nov. 21.—Judge King, chairman of the Republican state central committee, last evening issued a call for a meeting of the committee to be held Friday evening, November 27, at the headquarters of the Lincoln League club, in Columbus, to take action regarding the commencement of proceedings to prevent Calvin S. Brice from being sworn in as United States Senator from Ohio.

Big Fire in St. Paul.

ST. PAUL, Minn., Nov. 18.—St. Paul last night suffered one of the most disastrous fires in its history, the buildings damaged being those of Griggs, Cooper & Co., wholesale grocers, and Farwell, Ozmun, Kirk & Co., wholesale hardware. The total loss is estimated at from $900,000 to $1,000,000. The losses are covered by insurance.

Commander-in-chief Palmer, of the G. A. R., wants the federal government to purchase Mt. McGregor, where General Grant died, and establish there a sanitarium for consumptive soldiers.

The Mormon church choir, 300 strong, which takes part in the services at the temple in Salt Lake City, has decided to visit Chicago during the World's fair and compete for the first prize in the Eisteddfod.

ONE ENJOYS

Both the method and results when Syrup of Figs is taken; it is pleasant and refreshing to the taste, and acts gently yet promptly on the Kidneys, Liver and Bowels, cleanses the system effectually, dispels colds, headaches and fevers and cures habitual constipation. Syrup of Figs is the only remedy of its kind ever produced, pleasing to the taste and acceptable to the stomach, prompt in its action and truly beneficial in its effects, prepared only from the most healthy and agreeable substances, its many excellent qualities commend it to all and have made it the most popular remedy known.

Syrup of Figs is for sale in 50c and $1 bottles by all leading druggists. Any reliable druggist who may not have it on hand will procure it promptly for any one who wishes to try it. Do not accept any substitute.

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FOREIGN NEWS.

NO RUSSIAN WHEAT.

Contrary to General Expectation the Czar Promulgates a Prohibitory Mandate—The London Market Affected.

ST. PETERSBURG, Nov. 21.—Contrary to the announcement made a few days ago that nothing further would be done in connection with the question of exporting wheat from Russia until the czar's return from Livadia early in December, an ukase from his majesty was issued to-day prohibiting the export of wheat and wheat products from Russia. This prohibition, which will go into effect on Monday next, will be executed under the same conditions as those governing the prohibition recently decreed against the export of oats.

American Railroad Securities Boosted.

LONDON, Nov. 21.—1 p. m.—The announcement of the Russian prohibition against the export of wheat influenced the market for American railroad securities, which became strong.

36,000 STRIKERS.

The Dissatisfied Coal Miners in France Are Gaining Many Accessions to Their Ranks.

PARIS, Nov. 18.—Dispatches received here to-day from various places in the department of Pas-de-Calais show that the striking coal miners are gaining many accessions to their ranks. The strikers number 36,000 and no doubt is entertained that in a very short time a majority of the men still remaining at work will quit and join the great body of strikers.

The authorities are taking every precaution to guard against disorders, and though in some places the miners display a very bitter feeling, there has as yet been no serious disturbance of the peace, only a trivial outbreak here and there, that has speedily been suppressed.

As in all labor troubles in France, there is danger that the socialistic element may incite rioting, and as a matter of fact, prominent socialists are at work among the discontented and striking miners, spreading their lawless tenets. They are closely watched, however, and upon the least indication of a general resistance to the law, they will speedily be lodged in jail. To prevent the patrols appointed by the strikers from approaching the pits in their endeavors to induce the workers to quit, and also to guard against an attack either against the men working or upon the property of mine owners, strong detachments of cavalry and infantry have been stationed about the various pits.

FRANCE AND RUSSIA.

M. de Giers's Recent Mission to Paris was to Bring About a Treaty of Alliance.

PARIS, Nov. 20.—Notwithstanding the semi-official denial which came from Weisbaden yesterday of the report that the object of M. de Giers, the Russian foreign minister, in visiting Paris was to conclude a treaty of alliance between his government and that of France, the *Gaulois* which is the organ of the Count of Paris, publishes an article this morning, which shows that it is that paper's belief that that alone is the reason for the Russian minister's visit. The *Gaulois* appeals to all Frenchmen to silence their discords during M. de Giers's stay in Paris. It says:

"We are all agreed as to the advantage to be derived from an alliance with Russia. Some day, perhaps, such an alliance will restore to us the integrity of our territory and power."

M. de Giers had interviews to-day with President Carnot, M. Ribot, minister of foreign affairs, and M. de Freycinet, minister of war and president of the council. This evening he will dine with President Carnot.

A TENANTS' RIGHTS BILL.

The Liberal Leaders in England Forced at Last to Recognize the Rights of the Tenantry.

LONDON, Nov. 21.—The Liberal leaders have decided to incorporate in the platform approved at the Newcastle conference an English tenants' rights bill. This decision is one of the most important steps that the responsible chiefs of the party have ever taken.

This resolution on the part of the Liberals has been hastened by the movement of the Conservatives in the same direction. The history of the Conservative party presents no change more surprising or more sudden than that which has occurred on the English land question under a dread of what would happen to the landlords' interests through an uprising of laborers and farmers under Liberal banners.

Belgium Wants to be Neutral.

BRUSSELS, Nov. 18.—A recently published pamphlet, written by Privy Councillor Woeste, and supposed to have been inspired by King Leopold, gives emphasis to the Belgian desire for neutrality in the event of war. It suggests that the French charge of partiality on the part of Belgium toward Germany is designed to pave the way for an attempt by France to annex Belgium. After quoting an official letter from Count Benedetti, the famous minister of Napoleon Third, to Prince Bismarck, proposing the absorption of Belgium by France, the pamphlet closes with the contention that Belgians are justified in erecting a line of fortresses on the Meuse, in fortifying Antwerp, Namur and Liege, and in desiring to guard the frontier against invasion at every point. King Leopold, it adds, has no secret personal aims and no understanding with the German emperor; his sole policy is to maintain the neutrality and independence of Belgium.

Preparing for War.

BERLIN, Nov. 19.—The German war office has ordered that a large number of portable tents be manufactured for the use of the eastern army corps with the view to the protection of the troops from inclement weather in the event of war with Russia. The towns along the frontier of Germany are few and far between; at least the towns where it would be possible to quarter large bodies of troops, and the war office is therefore only taking a proper measure of precaution to care for the soldiers should a war break out.

Australia's Big Loan.

MELBOURNE, Nov. 18.—The Victorian parliament has passed a bill providing for a loan of £10,000,000, which sum will be devoted to the construction of productive works.

ADVICES FROM SAMOA.

King Malietoa Has Requested the Faipule to Declare Mataafa a Rebel—Affairs in Hawaii.

SAN FRANCISCO, Nov. 18.—The steamship Australia arrived this morning seven days from Honolulu. Advices received at the islands, October 22, are to the effect that the situation in Samoa was strained and that at King Malietoa's request the faipule had agreed to issue a proclamation declaring Mataafa a rebel. The president of the council in announcing the king's wish to the faipule is reported to have said: "It is now time for the government to be strong and seize Mataafa and prosecute him.

Hawaiian planters held a convention at Honolulu beginning October 26, and discussed a number of important topics, among them the foreign labor question and advisability of extensive raising of coffee and tea on the islands. Ex-Attorney General Ashford published an article, October 30, in which he charged the press of Honolulu with being afraid to frankly discuss the situation arising out of the changed conditions of reciprocity with the United States, produced by the free sugar sections of the McKinley bill. A Honolulu bulletin, commenting on the letter, says: "The United States does not want to disturb our autonomy. Those reported utterances of her public men in favor of a protectorate are based on the false light in which the Hawaiian situation is presented by such writings as appear in a Kaloo newspaper and to which the Ashford letter bears a close affinity. The reasons for Hawaiian independence are as strong to-day as they ever were."

The United States steamer Pensacola is still at Honolulu; the Charleston had not arrived there when the Australia left the islands.

BARRILLAS THREATENED.

The Guatemalan President Finds Notes in His Desk Warning Him of Assassination.

CITY OF MEXICO, Nov. 21.—Telegams recently received from Guatemala say that political excitement is increasing there and that hardly a day passes that President Barrillas does not find notes under his plate, on his bed, in his desk, etc., threatening him with death. He has notified the Salvadorian government that he would expel Salvadorians who sought refuge in Guatemala, whenever it was proven that they had conspired against a friendly government. His aim is to live in peace with his neighbors. The Mexican government denies that any request has been made by Guatemala to preserve neutrality, but if the request is made it will be considered.

There is great complaint here of bad mail service, especially in regard to mails from the United States, and the delay attending their distribution. Letters are also very frequently lost. The New York mail generally arrived here in six to seven days, but that from San Antonio, Texas, is eight days out while it takes ten days for it to come from New Orleans or St. Louis, and it often occurs that a six or seven days' mail will arrive in a bunch.

The price of petroleum has been advanced about 100 per cent by some of those who handle it here, and steps are being taken to import it from the United States.

DO NOT WANT ANY INTERFERENCE.

Uncle Sam Asked to Keep His Hands Off of Hawaii.

BALTIMORE, Nov. 19.—Celso Caesar Moreno, of Washington, the American agent of the national party of Hawaii, was in Baltimore last night. He has several letters from a leader of that party in Honolulu that tells of a political ferment there. A Hawaiian leader, who was one of the revolutionists of 1889, asks Mr. Moreno to see Secretary of State Blaine and find out what attitude the United States would assume toward the proposed change of government if effected in the Pacific islands.

His letters also particularly beg that the secretary will keep his hands off the domestic affairs of the Hawaiians, and that he will not permit the ships of the United States navy to interfere against the interests of the native revolutionists, who are expected to assert themselves, overturn the present government, overthrow Queen Liliuokalani and set up a republic before the Hawaiian election, which would in the natural order of events be held in February.

Will Not Issue a New Loan.

ST. PETERSBURG, Nov. 19.—The *Bourse Gazette* to-day publishes a denial of the report that the government intends shortly to issue a new five per cent loan. The *Gazette* states that the imperial bank holds gold to a sufficient amount to meet the charges on the external loan for the next four years.

FOREIGN NOTES OF REAL INTEREST.

A bill for the suppression of the slave trade was introduced in the German reichstag Tuesday.

Much suffering exists in the tinplate regions of Wales on account of the depression of that industry.

It is understood that Bismarck will take up a permanent residence in Berlin and attend the Reichstag regularly.

The Russian department of imperial control reports that the present state of affairs in Europe fully warrants the large extra credits asked by the minister of marine.

It is expected that there will be a material reduction in the estimates regarding the sugar beet crop in Germany and France, and this expectation has had the effect of hardening the prices of sugar.

The Russian minister of finance has issued a decree prohibiting the mixing of more than eight per cent of the grains, the export of which and their products is prohibited, with wheat destined for export.

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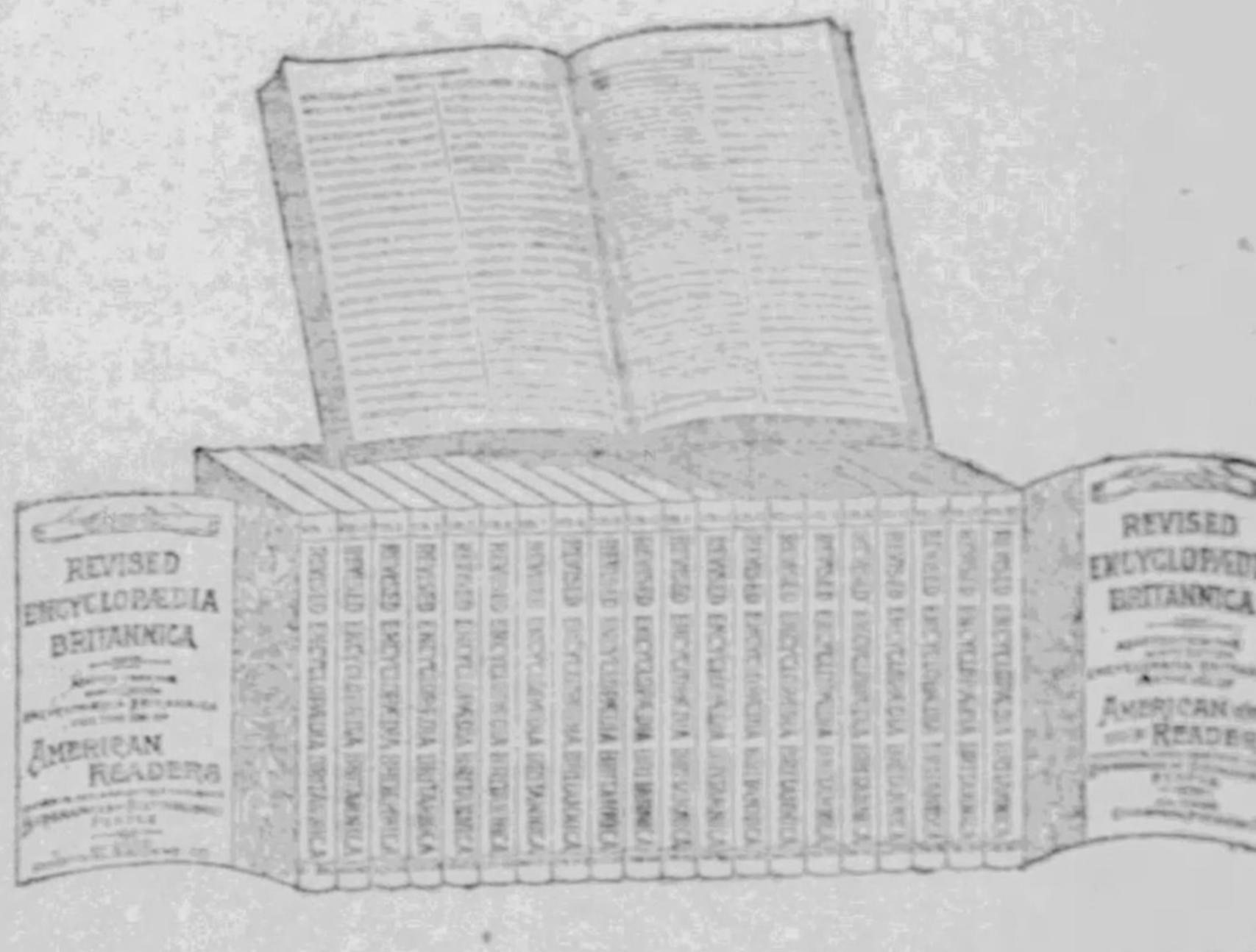

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WASHINGTON.

THE WAR REPORT.

Work on Coast Defenses Progressing Rapidly—Indians as Soldiers—Decrease in Desertions—A General Improvement.

WASHINGTON, Nov. 21.—The following is a synopsis of the annual report of Secretary of War Proctor:

In the line of coast defense, sites for fortifications have been procured, and engineering work has begun on batteries for mortars and emplacements for guns, at New York, Boston, San Francisco, Hampton Roads and Washington. The north wing and center section of the gun factory at Watervliet has been completed and is nearly equipped. A south wing, doubling the capacity, is now being constructed. Provision has already been made for the manufacture by the government of 98 breech-loading steel rifled guns of high power, and 100 more have been contracted for with private manufacturers.

Coast Defense Problem Settled.

The problem of adequate coast defense has practically been settled. Fortunately it has not been a question of party politics. There has been much discussion and some differences of individual opinion in respect to the rapidity with which the work should be executed and as regards details. It has been generally recognized, however, in Congress and by the public press as a national concern—a thoroughly American policy. This policy necessarily contemplates a system of land defenses as its most important feature. We have some 4,000 miles of sea coast, exclusive of Alaska. No great naval power has more than a few hundred miles of coast to defend, and yet even they protect their harbors with heavy fortifications and high power guns. Two appropriations of $500,000 each for the purchase of sites for fortification and sea coast defenses were made by the last Congress.

The Artillery and Militia.

There are now 26 first lieutenants and 13 second lieutenants in each regiment of artillery. The number of lieutenants can be reduced without seriously embarassing the efficiency of the organization, so that seven regiments of two battalions of four foot batteries each, and one battalion of two light batteries will cost no more than the present five regiments.

The present method of allotment of the annual appropriation of $400,000 for arming and equipping the militia, which is prescribed by the act of February 12, 1887 (24 Stats., 401), and which gives to each state an amount proportionate to its congressional representation, is not such as to produce the best results. The aid given different states is very disproportionate. The amount of government aid received by some states is not more than half that received by others that maintain double the number of men in their national guard.

The Indian Soldiers.

In March last a general order was issued authorizing the enlistment of one company of Indians for each of the 26 regiments of white cavalry and infantry serving west of the Mississippi river. This action was taken after careful inquiry into the conduct in the past of Indian scouts and police employed in a military or quasi-military capacity. The results have been very satisfactory. Seven companies, three of cavalry and four of infantry, have been recruited to their full complement, and seven others partially, and the reports indicate that the organization of these will be completed at an early day.

It is not only an important step toward their civilization, self-support and control, but is the cheapest and best insurance against further Indian troubles.

Army Posts Abandoned.

Twenty-eight army posts, about one-fourth of the entire number June 1, 1889, have been abandoned since that date. Ten or twelve more can be abandoned as soon as suitable shelter for the troops is provided at more central points.

The National Cemeteries.

There are 82 national cemeteries, in which are buried 328,115 soldiers. Each cemetery is under the care of a superintendent who served in the army of the United States and was disabled from active service in the line of duty.

Chickamauga Park.

The act of August 19, 1890, established a National park at Chickamauga, and placed its supervision and control under the War department. The act authorized the appointment by the secretary of War of a commission of three, to have immediate charge of the park, and provided that each commissioner named should have actively participated in the battle of Chickamauga or one of the battles about Chattanooga.

The commission has made good progress, in view of the obstacles encountered in acquiring the land. Deeds for a small portion have already been received and are in the hands of the attorney general for investigation of title. Not being able to obtain some of the land at a price deemed reasonable, proceedings for condemnation were had. In these cases the land has been appraised, and title can be procured as soon as the money is paid in court. The great part, however, is now awaiting appraisement, but it is probable that title to most of it will soon be obtained.

Expenditures.

The following expenditures were made for the fiscal year ending June 30, 1891:

Salaries and contingent expenses	$ 2,150,646 53
Military establishment, support of the army and military academy	25,344,199 72
Public works, including river and harbor improvements	16,061,478 96
Miscellaneous objects	7,894,439 46
Total	$51,450,764 68

Appropriations for fiscal year ending June 30, 1892:

Salaries and contingent expenses	$ 2,022,830 00
Military establishment; support of army and military academy	26,239,170 77
Public works, including river and harbor improvements	8,611,614 22
Miscellaneous objects	3,099,553 95
Total	$39,183,425 05

Estimates for the fiscal year ending June 30, 1893:

Salaries and contingent expenses	$ 2,086,178 00
Military establishment, support of army and military academy	26,299,170 77
Public works	13,208,393 00
Miscellaneous objects	4,381,861 60
Total	$45,975,603 37

As I am about to retire from this department, I desire to acknowledge the earnest and loyal co-operation which I have at all times received in its administration from all its officers and officials, and the encouragement and support which I have ever had from you.

REDFIELD PROCTOR, Secretary of War.

PAYMENT FOR SLAVES.

A Claim Filed in Washington That May Lead to Some Peculiar Complications.

WASHINGTON, D. C., Nov. 18.—A case which will cause unusual interest has just been discovered in the Bureau of Indian depredation claims. In 1836 two negro slaves were stolen by the Creek and Seminole Indians. They were valued at $1,300 and never recovered.

In the following year a commission was appointed to adjust Indian depredation claims, and $1,300 was allowed for the settlement of this claim. Since that time, however, there has never been a fund out of which the amount could be paid, until last year, when Congress established a bureau for the settlement of Indian depredation claims and authorized it to liquidate all such which were found to be correct.

A claim for the loss of these slaves has just been filed with all the proofs and testimony in the case. An allowance of interest for 54 years is also asked. It is held by legal authorities to be a legitimate demand, but, on the other hand, if indemnity is allowed by the government it might be constructed to involve an acknowledgment that the negro slaves were personal property and thus establish a precedent by which remuneration could be asked for all the slaves liberated by the emancipation proclamation.

RECIPROCITY TREATY WITH MEXICO

A Treaty May be Made Public Early in January.

WASHINGTON, Nov. 19.—Hon. Thomas Ryan, United States minister to Mexico, has been here for a few days conferring with the State department upon the commercial relations between the two countries with especial reference to the reciprocity clause of the McKinley bill. It is now understood that before January 1, 1892, an agreement will be officially made public by which both countries will have the benefits of reciprocity.

Probably coffee and hides are the principal products of Mexico that will be admitted free of duty. It is not yet determined what products of the United States will be reciprocally admitted by the Mexican government. As a matter of fact, coffee and hides have been on the free list with Mexico since 1872. It is naturally considered equitable that corresponding concessions should be made by that country in the matter of duties on imports from the United States. Minister Ryan expresses the fullest confidence that Mexico will consent to this, and, indeed, is more than willing to join in any fair reciprocal arrangement which will promote the largest and freest commercial relations.

Highest of all in Leavening Power.—U. S. Gov't Report, Aug. 17, 1889.

ROYAL BAKING POWDER

ABSOLUTELY PURE

MINNEAPOLIS WINS.

The National Republican Convention to be Held in That City on June 7 of Next Year.

WASHINGTON, Nov. 24.—The Republican National committee yesterday decided to hold the next convention in Minneapolis, Minn., on June 7.

At a secret session of the committee yesterday every state and territory was represented, either directly or by proxy, except New Mexico, whose representative, Mr. Ryesron, was detained on the railway. The first business after the roll call was the acceptance of the resignation of Chairman Quay and Treasurer Dudley. The resolutions of commendation which were adopted by the committee last summer, when the resignations were presented, were laid before the committee and unanimously readopted.

The action of the executive committee in naming Mr. J. S. Clarkson, of Iowa, as chairman and W. G. Barbour, of New York, as treasurer of the committee was approved. The committee took up the case of the Utah representation, involving a contest between Messrs. McBride and Bartch, and after a special committee had examined the merits of the case, Mr. McBride was recognized as the member of the committee from Utah. Dennis T. Flynn, of Oklahoma, presented his credentials as a member of the committee. These were approved, and Mr. Flynn admitted, thus increasing the membership of the committee to 45.

Mr. Garrett A. Hobart, of New Jersey, was elected vice chairman of the committee, and after deciding to allow one hour to the representatives of each city competing for the honor of being the meeting place of the Republican convention, the doors were opened at 12:40 and the representatives of the press were admitted.

The first business done in the open session was the call of states in alphabetical order for the presentation of the claims of the cities aspiring to the honor of entertaining the Republican National convention. The claims of the several cities were then set forth by their champions. M. H. De Young and Congressman McKenna spoke in favor of San Francisco; ex-Senator Palmer, Representative Allen and Hon. Mark Brewer pleaded for Detroit; Senator Washburn, Governor Merriam, Senator Casey and M. M. Johnson set forth the advantages of Minneapolis; Judge C. R. Scott, of Omaha, spoke for that city; J. Sloat Fassett and Senator Hiscock urged the selection of New York City; Governor-elect McKinley and ex-Governor Foraker eloquently set forth the advantages of Cincinnati; Mayor Gurley spoke for Pittsburg, Pa., and Hon. W. R. Brady made a short plea for Chattanooga, Tenn.

At 10:30 in the evening the committee went into executive session and commenced balloting. Minneapolis won the fight on the last ballot, seven of which were taken, and resulted as follows:

First formal ballot—New York, 10; Chicago, 0; Omaha, 3; Minneapolis, 14; Cincinnati, 8; San Francisco, 5; Detroit, 2; Pittsburg, 1; Chattanooga, 4.

Second ballot—New York, 11; Omaha, 4; Minneapolis, 13; Cincinnati, 12; San Francisco, 2.

Third ballot—Minneapolis, 13; New York, 10; Cincinnati, 13; Omaha, 4; San Francisco, 7.

Fourth ballot—Minneapolis, 13; New York, 7; Cincinnati, 14; Omaha, 4; San Francisco, 8.

Fifth ballot—Omaha, 3; Detroit, 0; Minneapolis, 17; Cincinnati, 15; New York, 7; Chicago, 0; St. Louis, 0; San Francisco, 5; Chattanooga, 0; Pittsburg, 0.

Sixth ballot—Omaha, 4; Minneapolis, 20; Cincinnati, 15; New York, 5; San Francisco, 3.

Seventh ballot—Minneapolis, 29; Cincinnati, 15; New York, 3.

The committee designated June 7 as the date for holding the convention and then adjourned.

EMIGRATION CONFERENCE.

Secretary Foster's Instructions to Major Brackett, who will Represent the United States at the Meeting.

WASHINGTON, Nov. 21.—Major Fred Brackett, special foreign agent of the United States, will attend the international conference on emigration (which opens in Paris on Wednesday next), under orders from the Treasury department.

Jules Simon will preside, and the conference will last four days. The delegates will go to Havre to inspect the vessels engaged in carrying emigrants and the general arrangements for the accommodation of emigrants. Secretary Foster's instructions to Maj. Brackett, in defining the position of the American government, state that the conference is composed of delegates from European countries, where the chief problem is emigration, whereas in the United States the problem is exclusively immigration. The secretary adds that the government and people of the United States are not averse to the immigration of meritorious, self-sustaining persons, but that public opinion and the laws of the country are crystalizing definitely in opposition to further immigration of persons belonging to helpless, defective and criminal classes. He suggests that some method of effective inspection of emigrants is desirable, and that any proper measure for preventing the immigration of these classes will receive the hearty co-operation of the United States.

NEW TIMBER REGULATIONS ISSUED.

Wholesale Destruction of American Forests Will Hereafter Be Controled.

WASHINGTON, Nov. 21.—Commissioner Carter, of the general land office, with the approval of the secretary of the Interior, has issued a form of permit to be granted to persons applying to cut timber from the public lands under the act of March 3, 1891. Among the stipulations in the permit is one forbidding the cutting of more than fifty per cent of the timber of each class growing on any acre. Monthly statements under oath are required, giving descriptions of the tracts from which timber is cut, the amount cut, and how disposed of.

No trees shall be cut or removed that are less than a specified number of inches in diameter, except for needed roadways through the timber. The person cutting timber is required to cut, remove and burn or otherwise dispose of the tops and brush of trees, etc., to prevent forest fires, and he is held liable in damages for the spread of any fire attributable to his neglect.

GEORGE DIDN'T PAY HIS TAXES.

The Father of His Country Indicted Under an English Statute.

WASHINGTON, Nov. 21.—An old book was brought to the court-house of the little village of Fairfax, Wednesday, by one of the residents of that village. The book, upon inspection, was found to be one of the most valuable of revolutionary times. It contains the record of all the criminal proceedings of the place before the revolution broke out. In it are entries going to show that George Washington was indicted under the laws of King George for not paying his taxes. It is also shown by this interesting volume that the cherry tree destroyer had several narrow escapes from being sent to jail for contempt. In addition to these notes there are many others that will throw new light upon the early life of Washington.

The Treasury department has paid out $10,500,000 on account of pensions since the 1st instant and will pay out $2,000,000 more on that account before the end of the month.

Death of Mrs. Cyrus W. Field.

NEW YORK, Nov. 25.—Mrs. Cyrus W. Field died yesterday, aged 72.

The waterways convention will meet in Detroit, Mich., on December 17.

FOREIGN NEWS.

FONSECA HAS RESIGNED.

The Dictator Compelled to Step Down and Out—A Revolution at Rio de Janeiro.

LONDON, Nov. 23.—Intelligence has just been received here that a revolution broke out in Rio de Janeiro to-day. The object is the overthrow of Da Fonseca.

A later dispatch from Rio de Janeiro says Da Fonseca has resigned in favor of Floriano Peixotto. If this is true, the the incipient revolution may be quelled and peace restored without bloodshed.

The feeling at Rio, however, is very bitter against the dictator. He attempted to run things in a high-handed manner, and has been summarily brought to book.

What the outcome will be it is impossible to prognosticate, but one thing is certain, though, and that is that Fonseca's reign is over for all time to come.

A ROYAL SPENDTHRIFT.

Millions Squandered in Gambling and Riotous Living by Ex-King Milan of Servia.

NEW YORK, Nov. 23.—The Paris representative of the *Herald* cables his paper as follows:

Politics is not always amusing, and just now, when statesmen in every part of Europe have so many and such grave cares to conceal, we owe some gratitude to monarchs like King Milan, who do something to divert their fellow creatures. You might not recognize him in the short, stout, stylishly dressed man with gray whiskers whom you saw driving past you on the boulevard in a hired brougham or barouche.

This royal scion of a race of hog raisers once elbowed emperors. He literally flung away his money. Last year he hired a special train to take him to Carlsbad. That cost him 40,000 francs. The other day, at the wedding of the daughter of a Jewish banker, he spent 5,000 francs on a bouquet of orchids. His prodigality was at the root of all his troubles when he resigned in Servia. He thought nothing of running up to Vienna for a game of cards, and one night he was so thoroughly "cleaned out" in that city that he had to put his crown in pawn. This got to the ears of the emperor of Austria.

A few hours later Milan's debts were all paid off. The royal delinquent went to the bank, and promised the emperor he would never play again. By midnight he had lost 200,000 florins more, though, and his crown had once more gone to the pawnbrokers. That day he forfeited the protection of Austria. A year later, after having involved himself in all kinds of financial scandles and domestic difficulties with his consorts, he was forced to abdicate.

A fortnight ago he appealed to the regents for a further sum of 4,000,000. In exchange for his promise not to cross the Servian frontier and his abandonment of all his private and public rights in the country, even to his citizenship, they expressed their willingness to pay him the money. But before he got a chance to collect it, his creditors pounced down on the king. They saw that he had come to the end of his resources, and that his ex-subjects would do no more for him. They attached the money. And if Milan gets half a million of his four millions he will be lucky.

The political results of the affair may be serious, for, although he has abdicated, King Milan is the heir apparent to the Servian throne, and in the event of his child's death he might yet succeed him. A revolution in Belgrade would be disastrious to Servia.

It would be easy to overthrow the little king who has no strong following. And this would make a breach for Russia, who, as every one knows, has always wished to re-establish her influence in Servia.

Austria, on the other hand, could not look on at such a change unmoved. She holds Milan in reserve as a last card. If the Russophiles were to overthrow the reigning child king, Alexander, and Russia hurl her troops into Servia on the pretense of restoring order, Austria would be forced to make a counterstroke, war would be declared, and from Servia it would spread all over Europe.

France, too, would be dragged into the quarrel. It would be impossible to prevent her from helping Russia.

ASIATIC TYPHUS.

The Plague Caused by the Russian Famine is Threatening Millions in Germany and Austria.

BERLIN, Nov. 24.—The worst fears of Russia's neighbors as to the results of the famine among her peasants seem about to be realized. German physicians are confident that the plague caused by the famine is about to cross the boundary into Austria and Germany. Warning telegrams were received on Friday from Dr. Michnavitch of Kazan that a disease exactly resembling Asiatic typhus has broken out in that government and is carrying off its scores of victims daily. The few physicians in the government are powerless to stay the progress of the plague, which has already begun to creep over the boundaries of adjoining governments.

The whole region which will be within two weeks at the mercy of the plague, Dr. Mitchnavitch estimates, includes some 18,000,000 inhabitants. German and Austrian medical men advise in public meetings and in the dailies that the two empires establish a strict quarantine on their eastern boundaries at once, to prevent as far as possible the progress of the disease westward.

De Giers Received by the Kaiser.

BERLIN, Nov. 24.—De Giers, the Russian foreign minister, was received this morning by Emperor William. The conference lasted twenty minutes. Nothing is known of what transpired, but it is believed that nothing further than the usual courtesies subsequent to an interview with the emperor. De Giers breakfasted with Caprivi.

FOREIGN NOTES OF REAL INTEREST.

The Spanish ministry has resigned.

M. DeGiers has left Paris and started for Berlin.

The Pope is said to speak of his death as not far distant.

The Russian army divisions have appeared near the Galician frontier.

A credit of $100,000,000 is asked for in the German budget to provide a new field gun.

A revolt is in progress in the North of Persia. In a recent battle with the insurgents over 200 were killed.

The arms factory at Stoir, Austria, are busily engaged in filling a large order of the Roumanian government for Mannlichers.

Fighting between the troops and the strikers is reported from Lens, France. It is stated that the cavalry had to ride into the mob with bare sabres, in order to disperse the strikers.

The petitions committee of the French chamber of deputies has referred to the ministers the memorials which have been presented to it asking for the completion of the Panama canal under the intervention of the government of France.

Influenza is spreading in France and Germany. The epidemic has closed several schools in the department of Gers, France, and one school in the Pere la Chaise quarter of Paris. The epidemic has extended all over Berlin, where the painter, Spangenburg, with many others, has succumbed to the disease.

He Replenished the Earth.

CANTON, O., Nov. 24.—(Special.)—Wm. Burkis, of Beach City, died suddenly, aged 65. He was thrice married, and was father of 26 children, 21 of whom are living.

Brooklyn's Water Famine Ended.

BROOKLYN, N. Y., Nov. 24.—The water famine is ended, and the service has been resumed.

GENERAL NEWS.

THE LATE GOV. HOVEY.

General Sorrow Throughout Indiana at the Chief Executive's Untimely Death—Sketch of His Life.

INDIANAPOLIS, Ind., Nov. 24.—(Special.)—The citizens of this city were yesterday informed of the death of Governor Hovey by tolling church and fire bells. The flags on all public buildings were also half-masted.

THE LATE GOVERNOR HOVEY.

The city is in mourning and general sorrow is manifested throughout the state. The burial will take place at Mt. Vernon to-morrow.

Before his death the patient's mind wandered, and in his delirium he referred to the part he took in the battle of Champion Hill. He said during one of these periods:

"My forces were in line, and I turned to Grant, saying, 'shall I bring on the battle?' 'No,' said Grant, 'wait, Hovey, until McPherson's right swings into sight.' We talked, Grant and I, and then I saw McPherson's right. So did Grant, and he said to me: 'Hovey, you may bring on the fight.' I turned to General McGinnis to give the command, and that instant the rebel force opened fire throughout its entire front, and the battle was on."

Governor Hovey's Successor.

INDIANAPOLIS, Ind., Nov. 24.—Lieutenant Governor Ira J. Chase, of Danville, who succeeds Gov. Hovey as chief executive, was notified of the latter's death yesterday. In response he came to this city immediately. He will take the oath of office to-day.

Sketch of His Life.

Alvin Peterson Hovey was born in Posey county, Indiana, on September 6, 1821. He was educated in the Mount Vernon common schools, studied law, was admitted to Mount Vernon bar in 1843, and practiced with success. He was a delegate to the constitutional convention of Indiana in 1850. In 1851 he became circuit judge of the Third judicial circuit of Indiana, which office he held until 1854, when he was made judge of the Supreme court of Indiana. From 1856 to 1858 he served as United States district attorney for Indiana. During the civil war he entered the Union service as colonel of the Twenty-fourth Indiana Volunteers, in July, 1861. He was promoted to the rank of brigadier general of volunteers in April 28, 1862, and breveted major general for meritorious and distinguished services in July, 1864. He was in command of the eastern district of Arkansas in 1863, and of the district of Indiana in 1864-65. Gen. Grant, in his official report, awarded to Gen. Hovey the honor of the key battle of the Vicksburg campaign. General Hovey resigned in October, 1865, and was appointed minister to Peru, which office he resigned in 1870. In 1886 he was elected to Congress on the Republican ticket. He was serving his first term as governor of Indiana when he died.

FLOWER IS A CANDIDATE.

The New York World Says Roswell Will be Right in it Next Year for President.

NEW YORK, Nov. 19.—The New York *World*, in a local headed "Flower is a Candidate," says:

Seven years ago two New York Democrats were candidates for the nomination of President of the United States. One was Grover Cleveland, the other was Roswell P. Flower. One was governor of the state, the other held no office. The governor won.

Next year New York will almost surely contain two aspirants for the nomination. One will then be a United States Senator, the other will hold no office. But these two do not comprise the possibilities. There may be a third, and the third will then be governor.

Ever since Roswell P. Flower carried the Empire state by a majority which approaches and may reach 50,000, there has been much talk of this kind. It has come chiefly from prudent Democrats who are not on the inside of party or factional management.

The *World* then proceeds to give the reasons obtained from the Democrats who hold these views. They reason in this way: First, that New York's electoral vote is necessary to Democratic success; next, that the machine is against Cleveland, and that he cannot secure the New York delegation; and that the nomination of a New York man by other states contrary to New York's wishes would be a fatal error. Third, that the workers are now for Hill, who can defeat Cleveland in securing the state delegation, but Hill's want of popularity with the great majority of Democrats would defeat him at the polls. For these and similar reasons Flower would seem to be the most available man.

A TIDAL WAVE

Strikes the Pacific Mail Steamer China, and Nearly Wrecks the Vessel on the Outward Trip.

SAN FRANCISCO, Nov. 24.—The Pacific mail steamer China, which has just arrived from the Orient, was struck on the outward trip by a tidal wave. First Officer Smith was on the bridge at the time. "I saw an immense wall of water dead ahead," said he, "and as it came down on us there was an overhanging curl to it like a breaker. The steamer poked her nose into the big mountain of water and the next minute everything was floating on deck. I barely saved myself from being washed overboard. The steerage steward, who was forward, was caught by the wave and washed the whole length of the ship and was taken out of the steering gear with his leg broken. The iron door of the butcher shop was torn from the hinges. One lifeboat was washed from the davits, and another stove in." It is believed the wave was caused by the Japan earthquake.

Tin Plate Company Incorporated.

COLUMBUS, O., Nov. 23.—(Special.)—The Piqua Tin Plate company, of Piqua, O., was incorporated to-day with a capital stock of $10,000. The incorporators are: Messrs. E. A. Hunt, James Hicks, J. G. Battello, C. B. Jamison and W. C. Johnson.

It is said that President Harrison will go outside Oklahoma for a governor of that territory and will appoint an old friend, Judge Tackett.

INFANTILE SKIN AND SCALP DISEASES CURED BY Cuticura

EVERY HUMOR OF THE SKIN AND SCALP of infancy and childhood, whether torturing, disfiguring, itching, burning, scaly, crusted, pimply, or blotchy, with loss of hair, and every impurity of the blood, whether simple, scrofulous, or hereditary, is speedily, permanently, and economically cured by the CUTICURA REMEDIES, consisting of CUTICURA, the great Skin Cure, CUTICURA SOAP, an exquisite Skin Purifier and Beautifier, and CUTICURA RESOLVENT, the new Blood and Skin Purifier and greatest of Humor Remedies, when the best physicians and all other remedies fail. Parents, save your children years of mental and physical suffering. Begin now. Delays are dangerous. Cures made in childhood are permanent.

Sold everywhere. Price, CUTICURA, 50c.; SOAP, 25c.; RESOLVENT, $1. Prepared by Potter Drug and Chemical Corporation, Boston, Mass.

Send for "How to Cure Skin and Blood Diseases."

Baby's skin and scalp purified and beautified by CUTICURA SOAP.

Kidney pains, backache, and muscular rheumatism relieved in one minute by the celebrated CUTICURA ANTI-PAIN PLASTER. 25c.

OHIO OFFICAL VOTE.

Both the Taxation Amendment and the Constitutional Convention Lost—How the Counties Stood on the Election Round-Up.

The full and complete official vote of Ohio has been given out, the returns from Hancock county being the last to arrive at the secretary of State's office. The vote on governor is as follows:

VOTE ON GOVERNOR, 1891.

COUNTIES.	William McKinley, Jr., R.	James E. Campbell, D.	John J. Ashenhurst, Pro.	John Seitz, Peo.
Adams	2663	2486	127	441
Allen	3620	4632	262	551
Ashland	2270	2302	157	96
Ashtabula	6224	2422	541	224
Athens	4188	2416	278	232
Auglaize	2100	3589	96	443
Belmont	6294	5642	456	24
Brown	2702	3609	88	424
Butler	4235	5501	174	132
Carroll	2292	1665	107	69
Champaign	3724	2694	232	98
Clark	5789	4725	609	327
Clermont	3723	3837	131	171
Clinton	3469	2163	185	128
Columbiana	7113	5112	464	325
Coshocton	2637	3560	173	56
Crawford	2246	4400	122	428
Cuyahoga	24762	23188	756	1745
Darke	3654	4734	412	292
Defiance	1905	2676	121	798
Delaware	3149	2625	352	367
Erie	3761	3760	39	245
Fairfield	2875	4373	191	137
Fayette	2894	1971	152	189
Franklin	13256	14573	429	330
Fulton	2765	1720	277	97
Gallia	3298	1963	96	239
Geauga	2284	709	124	155
Greene	4158	2325	297	165
Guernsey	3359	2374	394	79
Hamilton	37487	31728	326	3186
Hancock	4715	4496	331	201
Hardin	3558	3144	200	279
Harrison	2553	1936	277	33
Henry	1660	2902	137	200
Highland	2284	3142	225	339
Hocking	1898	2257	171	168
Holmes	1186	3178	154	18
Huron	4138	3124	229	236
Jackson	3276	2538	211	199
Jefferson	4651	3249	316	50
Knox	3250	3218	214	382
Lake	2837	1118	126	46
Lawrence	4037	2691	124	93
Licking	4412	5290	176	283
Logan	3718	2221	207	291
Lorain	4981	3099	423	69
Lucas	9879	8493	237	160
Madison	2533	2185	174	39
Mahoning	5604	5177	241	269
Marion	2395	3219	163	104
Medina	3203	2111	166	71
Meigs	3853	2276	166	63
Mercer	1502	3109	49	811
Miami	4788	4016	344	268
Monroe	1428	3411	92	27
Montgomery	11971	12305	521	189
Morgan	2386	1966	182	41
Morrow	2211	1953	240	184
Muskingum	6678	5862	301	70
Noble	2447	2033	127	29
Ottawa	1597	2928	51	109
Paulding	2868	2756	106	61
Perry	3214	3285	151	147
Pickaway	2767	3571	150	34
Pike	1585	1765	64	303
Portage	3298	2829	235	461
Preble	2930	2769	283	37
Putnam	2114	3525	195	301
Richland	3963	4765	240	185
Ross	4536	4328	228	55
Sandusky	2778	3511	115	401
Scioto	3337	2036	119	76
Seneca	4023	4899	267	405
Shelby	2144	3016	100	284
Stark	9465	9627	407	377
Summit	5566	5016	411	345
Trumbull	5722	2919	461	188
Tuscarawas	4557	5099	195	334
Union	2970	1919	158	417
Van Wert	3372	3510	166	67
Vinton	1609	1611	52	27
Warren	3640	2392	140	79
Washington	4799	4301	158	74
Wayne	3935	4593	391	42
Williams	2729	2545	140	121
Wood	5339	4570	324	179
Wyandot	2083	2873	124	82
Totals	386739	365228	20190	23472

McKinley's plurality, 21,511.

Harris's vote, 373,968; plurality, 27,061.
Poe's vote, 373,858; plurality, 28,227.
Cope's vote, 373,395; plurality, 27,548.
Richards's vote, 373,816; plurality, 28,571.
Williams's vote, 373,433; plurality, 28,059.
Greene's vote, 374,136; plurality, 29,422.
Carson's vote, 373,284; plurality, 27,657.
McNeal's vote, 371,677; plurality, 27,568.

Thirty-one thousand one hundred and seventy-two men voted for governor who did not vote for lieutenant governor. This indicates that about 31,000 voters made the mistake of putting the X before the name of the candidate for governor instead of before the name of the party whose ticket they intended to vote, and that in this army of blunderers the Democrats had a majority of 5,300.

The official vote is now in the hands of the printers and will be out about to-morrow. The summary on amendments is: Taxation amendment yes 303,177, no 65,014; constitutional convention yes 99,784, no 161,722. The total vote for governor is 796,529.

As it requires a majority of the total vote of the state to carry an amendment the taxation amendment is lost.

A CHANCE FOR JONESY.

Two-Office Hill May Resign and Give the Freight-payer an Opportunity to Extinguish Himself.

WASHINGTON, D. C., Nov. 24.—Gov. Hill will take no chances of staying off the good committees. This might happen if he were not here in person when the Senate meets December 7. He has engaged his rooms at the hotel from that date. Everybody is asking: Does this mean that the governor will resign and give Lieut. Gov. Jones a chance to fill the chair at Albany for about three weeks?

The governor refused to say when he expected to come to Washington. He told the hotel people, however, that he wanted the rooms on the date given, and they expect he will occupy them at that time. New Yorkers here believe that Hill has tied Jones down with all sorts of promises and put everything dangerous out of his reach.

The rumor that Governor Hill is to take Senator Brice's place as chairman of the National Democratic Executive committee is float again, and it is said to have been arranged to-day at a conference between the governor, Senator Gorman and others. This would mean the selection of Governor Hill as National committeeman from New York in place of Herman Oelrichs, about which there may be some trouble.

REDUCTION OF INDEBTEDNESS.

Kansas Grangers Paying Off the Encumbrances on Their Lands.

TOPEKA, Kas., Nov. 23.—An official report of the mortgages recorded and released in 50 of the eastern counties of Kansas shows a reduction of $302,407 indebtness during October. For five months the net reduction of farm mortgage indebtedness in Eastern and Central Kansas was $2,300,000. The excess of releases on farm property as shown by the report is proportionately greater than town property. In Eastern Kansas the per cent of releases is eight per cent over new mortgages recorded on city mortgage, and 56 per cent in Central Kansas. The excess of farm mortgages released in Eastern Kansas is seven per cent, and in Central Kansas 25 per cent. The total excess of farm mortgages released in 50 counties in Eastern and Central Kansas is 20 per cent.

THREE TRAIN ROBBERS BALKED.

They Were After the Los Angeles Express, But Didn't Get It.

SAN FRANCISCO, Nov. 24.—Particulars of an attempt at train robbery have just come to light. Last Saturday, a little after 8 p. m., the Los Angeles express stopped at Pixley, Cal., on its way south. When about to start again the trainmen were warned that three men, masked and armed, were waiting in the shadow of the tankhouse just beyond the depot. They had been loitering about there during the afternoon, and were seen at the last minute by some Chinese, who gave the alarm.

The train was backed some distance and then ran by the ambush at a high rate of speed. No clue to the robbers has been found as yet. It is a favorite plan of the robbers to board trains just as they are pulling out of a station.

Prairie Fires.

DENISON, Tex., Nov. 24.—News has reached here of disastrous prairie fires a few miles west of Colbert Station, I. T. Great quantities of hay is said to be destroyed and much damage done to buildings occupied mostly by poor settlers. Much suffering will probably result.

A LONG-HEADED SCHEME.

Englishmen in Chile Sold Their Products for Gold and Paid Their Help in Depreciated Paper Money.

SAN FRANCISCO, Nov. 20.—An officer of the San Francisco said that as far as he could learn the war in Chile was instigated, and in a measure maintained by an English syndicate of capitalists, who were engaged in nitrate and other business in that country. They sold their products to the outside world for gold and paid their help in paper money, which was badly depreciated even before the war, but after the war began the depreciation was 50 per cent greater. "One gold dollar of Chilean money would buy three paper dollars, and you could get $2.40 in paper for one silver American dollar. At Coquimbo the English capitalists own immense smelting works where $250,000 worth of copper was smelted every week. This valuable output was sold for gold and the labor was all paid in paper money.

There has been much talk about Chile's ability to strike heavy blows in case of a war with the United States. An officer on the San Francisco says in the capture of Valparaiso the Congressionalist squadron played no part worthy of mention. The Esmeralda, Cochrane, Acoucaqua and Chiggins were all armed with heavy Armstrong rifles, and did not attempt to engage Forts Pratt and Callao at the entrance of the harbor, but kept well out of range. At Iquique they kept five miles out to sea and not a shell fell in the town. "I never saw such poor gunnery before," he said. "Why, at two thousand yards I saw the Cochrane keep up a fire on the Vina Del Mar, and not a shot struck the fort, which, by the way, is a very extensive work and offers a large target. When the four congressional vessels were firing at Fort Callao, the fort was struck a half dozen times only out of over three hundred shots."

BRADSTREETS SUED.

A New Orleans Merchant Claims That the Commercial Agency Injured His Business and Credit.

NEW ORLEANS, Nov. 24.—John G. Grant, furniture dealer, who a short time ago asked his creditors for a respite, filed a suit against Bradstreet's commercial agency, claiming $35,000 damages. Petitioner alleges that defendant's company on July 14, 1891, published the following report concerning the plaintiff:

"Is unfavorably regarded by the local trade, who do not think it advisable to grant him the extension asked for. His methods have been criticized ever since he has been here, and those consulted now claim to have never had any confidence in him. There was an article in a local paper charging him with hypocrisy, dishonesty and immorality. Up to this time the charges have not been refuted."

Plaintiff alleges that said statement is malicious and slanderous, and was made with a view and for the purpose of injuring him and preventing his creditors from granting him the respite asked for.

NEWSY DISPATCHES CONDENSED.

Mrs. James G. Blaine, jr., denies the report that she has abandoned her divorce suit against her husband.

Eleven Arapahoe Indians are en route to Washington after cash for lands purchased by the government.

The governor of Texas has announced that he will call a special session of the legislature in March to elect a Senator.

Five hundred more miners at Washington, Ind., struck Saturday, bringing the whole number in Indiana up to 4,000.

A number of indigent Hungarian Jews, assisted to Canada by the Baron Hirsch fund, have crossed the line into the United States.

A bill has been passed by the lower branch of the Cherokee legislature, providing for the removal of all intruders from the nation.

Finance and Trade.

THE FINANCIAL SITUATION.

MONEY.—During last week the New York money market showed fairly easy conditions, in spite of increased demand for loans, and the disquieting rumors of financial insecurity in the great European money centers. The imports of gold have declined to insignificant proportions, but this is correctly regarded as a temporary matter. Call loans in New York ranged during the week between 5 and 3 per cent, averaging about 4 per cent, which was the rate at which renewals were made. Time money was offered in abundance, but lenders were very exacting as to the furnishing of gilt-edged collateral. Rates were 4 to 4½ per cent for 30 to 90 days, and 5 to 5½ per cent for 4 to 6 months.

The money markets at all European centers were easy, and this was the chief reason for disbelief of the alarming rumors concerning the general financial situation abroad. London reported 60 to 90 day bank bills discounted at 2⅞ per cent. The open market rate at Paris was 2⅝ per cent; at Berlin 3¼, and at Frankfort 3⅛ per cent. The total gold imports for the week were a little less than a million dollars.

STOCKS.—Stagnation ruled in Wall street during the greater portion of last week. There was a fair demand all the time for bonds and first-class dividend-paying stocks; but there was an absence of speculative demand. To put the conditions into other words, men were willing to buy for investment, but unwilling to venture money in speculation. HENRY CLEWS & CO., speaking of the dull market, say, under date of Saturday:

> The chief cause of the prevailing inactivity, however, is to be found in the European markets. At present, the financial centers of the Continent are exposed to a very serious extent of sympathy with a variety of unhealthy influences, most of which have been long in operation and seem to be now reaching a culmination.
>
> There, as in this country, there has been a great deal of revolution in the organization of industry; which has resulted in the formation of large corporations, for the most part floated on an inflated capitalization and financed upon loose speculative methods. The bourses are glutted with these unstable issues, and in too many cases the banks even are dangerously loaded up with them and yet dare not force them to sale.
>
> Again, the competition for foreign commerce as between the European states has been increasing in severity, with profitless results and with consequent involvements to some of the commercial banks that expose them to distrust. Further, the Baring suspension and South American affairs generally have started an industrial and commercial reaction throughout Europe, which is attended with declining prices and with the obstructions to credit that always attend such a state of things.
>
> These evils are aggravated by a failure of the crops that threatens to deplete Europe of the gold so greatly needed to buttress the banks under such adverse conditions. Added to all this, there is a condition of international relations which threatens to precipitate the great conflict between the Eastern and Western powers which has been so long impending and has each succeeding year seemed to become more inevitable.

SILVER.—The market for silver bullion showed but little change during last week, though there was a firmer tone at the close because of an increased demand for export. Large receipts of Mexican silver dollars at New York are noted. Silver bullion closed at New York on Saturday at 94⅞ cents per ounce, which is equal to 73⅜ cents for the value of the pure metal in the United States silver dollar.

A LARGE VOLUME OF BUSINESS,

And Confidence Not Shaken in the Future of Domestic Trade.

NEW YORK, Nov. 21.—R. G. Dun & Co's weekly review of trade says: Much has happened of late to depress business and shake confidedce, and yet confidence is not shaken, and the volume of business is still close to the greatest ever attained. Prices are settling downward with enormous production, but the fact that such production continues, shows that the low prices are not ruinous. Alarm about the money market has passed, and n0 dicturbance is apprehended this year. Industries on the whole are well employed, and it is especially noteworthy this week that there is a better tone in branches of trade which have been most embarrassed.

A distinctly better tone in woolen good is due to the appearance of a spot demand, clothiers having worked off their stocks to a great extent. Woolen sales continue of good volume, though western fleece is weaker.

The most stubborn iron market ever known gives surprise to many, for in spite of unprecedented production the prospect of accumulation of stocks does not disturb strong makers, who reckon that it may be well for the country to hold much larger stocks than heretofore, so that sudden fluctuations may not be so readily produced.

Receipts of wheat at western centers at the rate of more than a million bushels daily, and exports are also large, but the price has declined 2⅝c on sales of 28,000,000 bu. The speculation in corn is yielding, the price being 8c lower for spot, while pork products are unchanged, and oats 1½c higher. Oil has declined 1c but sugar is a shade stronger, and coffee has risen ⅝c on account of Brazilian troubles which render commerce with that country peculiarly uncertain.

Cotton receipts continue to exceed last year's week by week, notwithstanding the reported shortness of crops, and while the exports for the crop year thus far are smaller than a year ago, stocks of principal ports are 1,200,000 bales against 600,000 last year at the same date.

The business failures throughout the country during the last seven days number 285, as compared with a total of 291 last week. For the corresponding week of last year the figures ware 274.

WE GIVE A SET OF HARNESS (as shown in Illustration) FREE to any one who will sell Six Sets for us. Regular price for this Harness is $12.00. We sell it for spot cash with order for $5.25 in order to introduce our goods and show Buyers of Harness how to save money. We are the largest manufacturers of harness in America, and use only the best Oak Tanned Leather in our work. We sell Harness for $5.25 per set and upward. If you want a SET OF HARNESS FOR NOTHING order a sample set and sell Six for us. The money paid for sample will be refunded when you order the Six Sets (same as sample). Address all orders to

FOSTER BUGGY AND CART CO.,
Pike Bld'g, CINCINNATI, O.

WRITE for our FREE Illustrated CATALOGUE.

We sell BUGGIES FOR $38.25 and UPWARD.

REVIEW OF THE WEEK'S BUSINESS.

OFFICE OF THE TOLEDO BLADE,
Wednesday, Nov. 24, 1891.

The following shows changes in Government bonds during the past week:

	Nov. 24.	Nov. 17.
U. S. 4's registered	117¼	116
U. S. 4's. coupons	117¼	116½
U. S. 2's	100	99½
Pac. 6's of '95	111	111

NEW YORK, Nov. 21.—The weekly bank statement shows the following changes:

Reserve, increase	$3,870,600
Loans, increase	5,400
Specie, increase	3,934,600
Legal tenders, increase	1,236,500
Deposits, increase	5,402,400
Circulation, increase	38,400

The banks now hold $13,822,150 in excess of the requirements of the 25 per cent rule.

THE DAY ON WALL STREET.

Close of the Stock Market in New York This Afternoon.

NOON—Money easy at 3 per cent; market showed little animation after 11 o'clock and even less movement, but the tone in the main firm and prices were maintained at the same level throughout the hour.

3 p. m.—Money closed easy at 2@3 per cent. Bar silver, 94¼. The stock market closed dull, but firm at fractional advance over opening figures.

	Opens.	High.	Low.	Close.
Atch.	43⅝	43¾	43⅜	43⅝
A. C. O.	29¾	29¾	29½	29¾
A. S. R.	89	89	88¾	89
C. S.	61¾	61½	61¼	61½
C. C. C.	70¾	71¼	70¾	71¼
C. B. Q.	101⅝	102	101½	102
C. Gas	62	62⅜	61⅝	62¼
Cordage	94	94	92½	93½
D. H.	123¾	125	123¾	124½
D. & L.	136¼	138⅝	136½	138⅝
Erie	30⅛	30⅜	29⅞	30⅛
H. V.	28¼	28⅜	28⅜	28⅜
J. C.	114	114¼	114	114⅛
Lead	16⅜	16⅜	16⅜	16½
L. S.	124¼	124¼	124	124¼
L. & N.	77½	77⅞	77½	77⅞
M. P.	60¾	61	60⅝	60¾
N. E.	38¼	38⅜	38	38¼
N. P.	26⅝	26¼	26⅛	26⅜
N. P. Pfd	71¼	71½	71	71½
N. W.	117¾	117½	117¼	117⅜
N. Y. C.	114¾	115	114½	114¾
N. A.	17¾	17⅞	17⅝	17⅝
P. M.	37	38⅜	37	38
R. T.	10⅝	11¼	10⅝	11⅛
R. I.	84¼	84¾	84¼	84½
Read	37⅞	39½	37⅞	39½
Silver	....	....	....	....
St. Paul	76¼	76½	76⅛	76½
T. C. I.	39¼	39⅝	39¼	39⅝
T. Pac	12⅜	12½	12⅜	12½
U. Pac	40⅞	41¼	40⅞	41⅛
Wabash	....	....	....	....
Wab. Pfd	27⅜	28	27⅜	28
W. U.	....	....	....	....

Trade.

During the past week the general trade of the country was of seasonable proportions. In leather and hides there was much dullness. Collections reported fair.

The Grain Markets To-day.

All leading markets were very dull this forenoon. There was a lack of news from Eastern points at Chicago, at which place trade was unusually slow. Prices went to a lower basis, on lower Liverpool and London cables. At the former place wheat was 1½d lower; futures 1d lower; and at the latter city cargoes were 3d off. The Russian ukase business was on the tapis for a rise, but it has lost its potency and will very likely be put to sleep. Corn, excepting for November delivery, was steady. The May option at Chicago at noon was about ⅛c higher. November, in which there is a pinching of shorts, opened at 62½c and rose to 70c, or 8c higher than on yesterday. At New York November corn was 1c higher, at 71c.

December wheat at Chicago opened at 93⅝c, eased to 93¼c, and then stood at 93⅛c, ⅝c decline on yesterday's figures; at Toledo it opened at 98c and fell to 97½c, ⅝c lower; at New York it started at 106c, eased to 105⅝c, and then held at 106c, ⅞c lower; and at St. Louis it opened at 93⅝c, and after touching 93⅞c, dropped to 93⅛c, ⅛c decline.

This afternoon trade in wheat was active, but there were no sustaining influences, and there was a break in prices, the close being nearly at the lowest figures of the day. Corn for November closed firm.

At Toledo December wheat closed at 97½c, ⅜c off from the highest figures of the day; at Chicago it was 1⅛c off, at 92⅝c; at St. Louis it was 1⅛c decline, at 92⅞c, and at New York it was ⅛c down and was 1c off, at 105⅝c.

November corn closed at Chicago at 67c, 4½c down.

Chicago Tips.

CHICAGO, Nov. 24.—(Special from Wright & Haughey.)—Foreign markets gave the cue to our traders to-day and selling became general. The absence of any sort of interest made the decline easy and increased receipts in the northwest gave the bears renewed courage. Liverpool closed a penny lower, London 3 pence lower, Berlin 1¼ marks lower, and Paris 20 centimes lower.

Eastern wires were down till near the close, so that there was no support from that quarter, and when New York had been heard from there came orders to sell. Some of our prominent operators were persistent sellers during the session. Clearances from two ports, 376,000.

Corn opened with the further options lower, but nothing offered for November. The small amount which inspected contract made buyers anxious, and when November advanced to 70 cents there was little for sale. Soon after it sold to 67 cents, closing at 67½ cents.

Short interest in this month is so scattered that it cannot be traced. Year and May closed nearly ⅛c lower than yesterday, with estimates 430 cars. Provisions ruled steady, closing at small advance after a light trade. Estimates 50,000 hogs.

AT THE TOLEDO EXCHANGE.

The Close at Toledo.

This afternoon there was an active market for wheat at lower prices. Corn was steady. Rye, dull. Clover seed active, steady.

No. 2 soft red wheat, 97¾@98¼c, 1¼c decline as compared with yesterday; No. 3 soft red, 93½c; No. 2 white, 94c.

December wheat, 98c, and finally 97½c, 1¼c decline; May wheat, 105c, 105¼c, and to close, 104½c, 1¼c lower.

Prices of November and December wheat, to-day:

	Opened.	Highest.	Lowest.	Close.
November.				
Toledo	....	....	....	98¼
Chicago	....	....	....	....
New York	....	....	....	105¼
St. Louis	92¾	92¾	92½	92⅝
December.				
Toledo	98	98	97	97½
Chicago	93¾	93¾	92¼	92⅝
New York	106	106¼	105⅝	105⅝
St. Louis	93¼	93¼	92⅞	92⅞

Corn—No. 2, 54c; No. 3, 47c.

Oats—No. 2, about 32c; No. 2 white, 35½c.

Rye—No. 2, 95c; rejected, 86c.

Clover Seed—Prime, cash, $5.25; February, $5.32½; March, $5.37½; No. 2 seed, $5.00.

Wheat on passage increased two million bushels.

Estimates at Chicago for to-morrow: Wheat, cars, 480; corn, 400; oats, 280. Cars at Chicago, to-day: Wheat, 462; corn, 770; oats, 326; rye, 71.

C. A. King & Co. report farmers' prices: No. 2 soft red wheat, 95c; white wheat, 89c; corn, old, 50c; new, 43c; rye, 92c.

Flour—Best grades No. 2 soft red winter, $5 00@5 25; fair quality, $4 50, in job lots; spring patents, car lots, $5 15.

Toledo Produce Market.

This morning there was a good market for the season. The supply of vegetables was ample for demands. In poultry the evidences of approaching Thanksgiving are seen. Turkeys and chickens are in fair supply, and by to-morrow dealers expect full stocks. Butter plentiful at steady prices. Eggs sell at outside figures. Meats sold at previous prices; supply good. Prices at wholesale:

Butter—Creamery, 29@30c; dairy, 24@26c; ordinary grades, 18@20c.

Eggs—Cold storage, 20c; fresh receipts, 23@24c.

Poultry and Game—Pheasants, each, 25c; quail, doz., $1 25@1 80; turkeys, dressed, 11@12c; chickens, 9@10c; ducks, 9@10c.

Vegetables—Turnips, bushel, 30@35c; beets, bushel, 35c; parsnips, bushel, 50c; rutabagas, bushel, 35c; endive, doz., 20c; celery, doz. bunches, 25@30c; cabbages, doz., 25c; potatoes, bushel, 35c; sweet potatoes, barrel, $2@2 75; spinach, bushel, 50c; carrots, bushel, 35c; oyster plant, doz., 35c; squashes, doz., 60@80c; Hubbard squashes, doz., 75c@$1 00; pumpkins, doz., 75@$1; onions, bushel, 90c; lettuce, lb., 5@6c.

Fruits—Oranges, box, $3@3.25; lemons, box, $5@5.25; pears, bushel, $1.50@1.75; apples, bushel, 75@90c; cranberries, crates, $2.75; Malaga grapes, keg, $7@7.50; new layer figs, lb, 12½c; new dates, lb., 5@5½c; cocoanuts, bag, $4.

Fresh meats—Dressed hogs, per 100 lbs., $4.75; beef, 4@5½c; calves, 7@7½c; lambs, 7@7½c; mutton, 6c.

Salt meats—Heavy mess pork, $12.50; short mess, $14.00; short clear mess, $15.00; hams, sugar cured, 18 lbs. and over, 11c; 15 lbs. average, 11½c; 12 lbs. and under, 12c; shoulders, 8c; breakfast bacon, 13c.

Lard—Kettle-rendered, tierces, per lb., 8c; bbls., 8¼c; half-bbls., 8¼c; 50-lb. tins, 8¼c; refined lard, bbls., 6½c; 50-lb. tins, 7c.

Hides—Green, heavy steers, 5c; light hides, steers and cows, 3½c; calf, 6c; kip, 4c; cured, hides, heavy steers, lb., 4½c; calf, 6½c; kip, 4½c; bulls and cows, 2½c; tallow, 3½c.

Hay—Best timothy, loose, per ton, $11 00@12 00; mixed hay, $9 00@10 00.

Wool—Washed, 25@28c; unwashed, 16@18c.

Grain and Produce.

DETROIT, Nov. 24.—Wheat—No. 1 white, cash, 95c bid; No. 2 red, cash, 96½c; December, 96¾c; May, 103¼c. Corn—No. 2, cash, 51c. Oats—No. 2, cash, 35c asked; No. 2 white, 35½c. Rye, 94½c.

CINCINNATI, Nov. 24.—Flour easy. Wheat firmer at 97½c. Corn firmer; mixed ear at 44c; No. 2 mixed, old, at 58c. Oats easier at 33¾@36½c. Rye firm at 97@97½c. Provisions firm. Whisky steady; sales, 787 barrels.

MILWAUKEE, Wis., Nov. 24.—Wheat easy; December, 88⅝c; No. 2 spring, 91c; No. 1 Northern, 94c. Corn easier; No. 3 new, 46c. Oats easier; No. 2 white, 34½@35c; No. 3 white, 33½@34½c. Barley dull; sample on track, 40@64c; Rye quiet; No. 1, 94c.

ST. LOUIS, Nov. 24.—Close—Wheat lower; cash, 93⅝c asked; November, 92¾c, nominal; December, 92⅞c; May, 99¼c asked. Corn lower; cash, 43c; November, 43c, nominal; year, 40⅝c asked; January, 39⅝c, nominal; May, 40½c asked. Oats lower; cash, 32c; November, 31½c bid; May, 32¾c. Pork, dull at $9 25. Lard, $6 05. Whisky steady at $1 18.

NEW YORK, Nov. 24.—Wheat—Sales, 720,000; declined 1¼@1½c on large increase of grain on passage; reacted ¼@½c and dull. Corn—Receipts, 121,875; sales, 192,000; firm, ½@1c up, 70@72½c. Oats—Receipts, 197,825; sales, 19,000; dull and steady at 39@40½c. Cotton—Quiet and unchanged; futures, December, 2c lower; others 1 to 4 points higher.

LIVERPOOL, Nov. 24.—Close—Pork and flour—Demand poor; prices unchanged. Lard—Demand poor; spot, November, December and January, 33d, dull. Wheat—Demand poor; winter, 8s 7½d, steady; spring, 8s 8½d, steady. Corn—Demand poor for spot and good for futures; spot and November, 6s 5½d, steady; December, 6s 3½d, steady; January, 5s 4½d, steady.

CHICAGO, Nov. 24.—December wheat opened ⅜c lower, at 93⅝c, and sold off to 92⅞c. May corn opened ¼c lower at 43⅛c. January pork 2½c higher, at $11 17½, and sold to $11 12½. January lard 2½c higher, at $6 22½.

11:00 a. m.—Wheat, December, 93⅛c; May, 100⅛@100¼c. Corn, December, 47¼c; May, 43⅛c. Oats, December, 32⅝c; May, 33c. Pork—December, $8 45; January, $11 25. Lard—December, $5 12½; January, $6 25. Short ribs—December, $5 67½; January, $5 70.

1:15 p. m., close—No. 2 wheat easy; cash, 92¼@92½c; November, 92¼@92½c; December, 92⅝@92¾c; May, 99⅝@99¾c. No. 2 corn unsettled; cash, 56c; November, 60c; December, 47¼c; year, 47¼c; January, 42¾c; May, 43c. No. 2 oats easy; cash, 33c; December, 32c; May, 32¾@32⅞c. Mess pork steady; cash, $8 50; December, $8 42½@8 45; January, $11 17½@11 20. Lard easy; cash, $6 10@6 12½; December, $6 10; January, $6 20. Short ribs easy; cash, $5 70@6 00; January, $5 62½@5 65; May, $5 92½. No. 2 rye easy at 89c. No. 2 barley quiet at 59@60c. No. 1 flax seed steady at 96½c. Prime timothy seed steady at $1 22c. Butter steady. Eggs steady. Whisky, 1 18.

Live Stock.

KANSAS CITY, Mo., Nov. 24.—Cattle—Receipts, 6,724 head; shipments, 1,538 head; market dull and lower; steers, $2 20@5 85. Hogs—Receipts, 13,250 head; shipments, 1,800 head; market steady.

ST. LOUIS, Nov. 24.—Cattle receipts, 1,500 head; market strong. Hogs—Receipts, 3,500; market steady; fair to choice heavy, $3 70@3 85; mixed, $3 30@3 70; Yorkers, $3 30@3 50. Sheep—Receipts, 600 head. Market steady.

CHICAGO, Nov. 24.—The *Evening Journal* reports: Cattle—Receipts, 9,000 head; slow; wires down, no orders for shippers to the East, and not sufficient sales to make quotations. Hogs—Receipts, 40,000; prime heavy and packers steady; light grades 5@10c lower, and are now down to the lowest prices ever known; rough, $3 40@3 60; prime packers, $3 75@3 85; prime heavy, $3 90@4 00; light, $3 25@3 50. Sheep—Receipts, 5,000; lambs, $4 75@5 25; sheep, $3 50@4 50.

The Stock of Wheat.

MINNEAPOLIS, Nov. 23.—The northwestern stock of wheat is 18,902,827 bushels, an increase for the week of 2,047,280 bushels. A year ago the total stock was 18,825,000 bushels. The *Northwestern Miller* gives the private stock of wheat at Minneapolis at 1,495,000 bushels, and the *Market Record*, the stock in country elevators of Minnesota and the two Dakotas as 8,057,550 bushels, an increase of 190,000 and 1,109,900 bushels respectively over a week ago. There is altogether 8,460,800 bushels at Minneapolis, and 4,384,400 bushels at Duluth.

Cotton.

MEMPHIS, Tenn., Nov. 23.—Cotton—Market steady; middling, 7 9-16c; receipts, 7,180 bales; stock, 125,409 bales; shipments, 5,802 bales; sales, 6,400 bales.

ST. LOUIS, Nov. 23.—Cotton—Market steady; middling, 7⅝c; receipts, 10,731 bales; shipments, 7,194; sales, 2,020 bales; stock, 30,148 bales.

LIVERPOOL, Nov. 23, 4 p. m.—Cotton—November 4 27-64d buyers; November and December, 4 27-64d value; December and January 4 27-64d buyers; January and February, 4 32-64d also 30-64d; February and March, 4 32-64@33-64d; March and April, 4 33-64@36-64d; April and May, 4 36-64@38-64d; May and June, 4 41-64@42-64d; June and July, 4 46-64@45-64d. Futures closed firm.

Louisville Tobacco Market.

LOUISVILLE, Nov. 23.—The offerings of leaf tobacco this week of new crop were good, which was the feature of the trade. It was taken freely and bidding was sharp. The present week may fairly be called the opening one for new tobacco. The market for old tobacco was steady to firm. The dark market was steady. Quotations of 1890 and 1889 crop tobacco in good order: Burley—Dark trash, $2 50@3 50; colory trash, $3 50@8 00; common lugs, $3 50@4 75; medium lugs, $4 75@6 00; good lugs, $6 00@8 50; colory lugs, $10 00@16 00; common leaf, $5 50@8 00; medium leaf, $8 00@15 00; good leaf, $13 00@18 00; fine leaf and selections, $18 00@33 00. Dark—Trash, $1 00@1 50; common lugs, $2 00@2 50; medium lugs, $2 50@4 50; good lugs, $4 50@6 00; common leaf, $5 00@6 50; medium leaf, $6 50@8 50; good leaf, $8 50@17 00.

Wool.

Bradstreet's says the leading wool markets report a quiet trade. Everything depends upon the season for heavy weights. Dealers who are anxious to dispose of their stocks are doing so at concessions, but the majority are waiting for an improvement in trade, and hence are not willing to offer special inducements to buyers in order to effect sales. Manufacturers are not as a rule well supplied with orders, and many of the mills are shut down on account of low water, hence the consumption of wool has been light. In domestic fleeces there is still very little doing. Quotations are inclined to go lower, but they do not form an exception in this particular to the market in general. California wools are flat, while the movement in Texas wools is very light. Territories are selling slowly, and prices are more in accord with the views of buyers. Pulled wools are in fair demand from the manufacturers of cheviots. Australian wools are selling more freely, but values are still weak. It is said that some large lines are being secured in the Australian markets for this country. The next London sales open November 24, but it is thought that very little wool suitable for this country will be offered. Carpet wools are still dull and hard to move. The large sale of carpets which has recently been made will have very little effect upon the wool market.

ST. LOUIS, Nov. 23.—Wool, receipts, 81,100 lbs.; shipments, 133,400 lbs. Steady; very slow to move. Prices unchanged.

Petroleum.

CLEVELAND, Nov. 24.—Petroleum slow; s w 110, 6½c; 74 gasoline, 7c; 86 gasoline, 10c; 63 naptha, 6½c.

Turpentine.

WILMINGTON, Nov. 24.—Turpentine firm, 31½c.